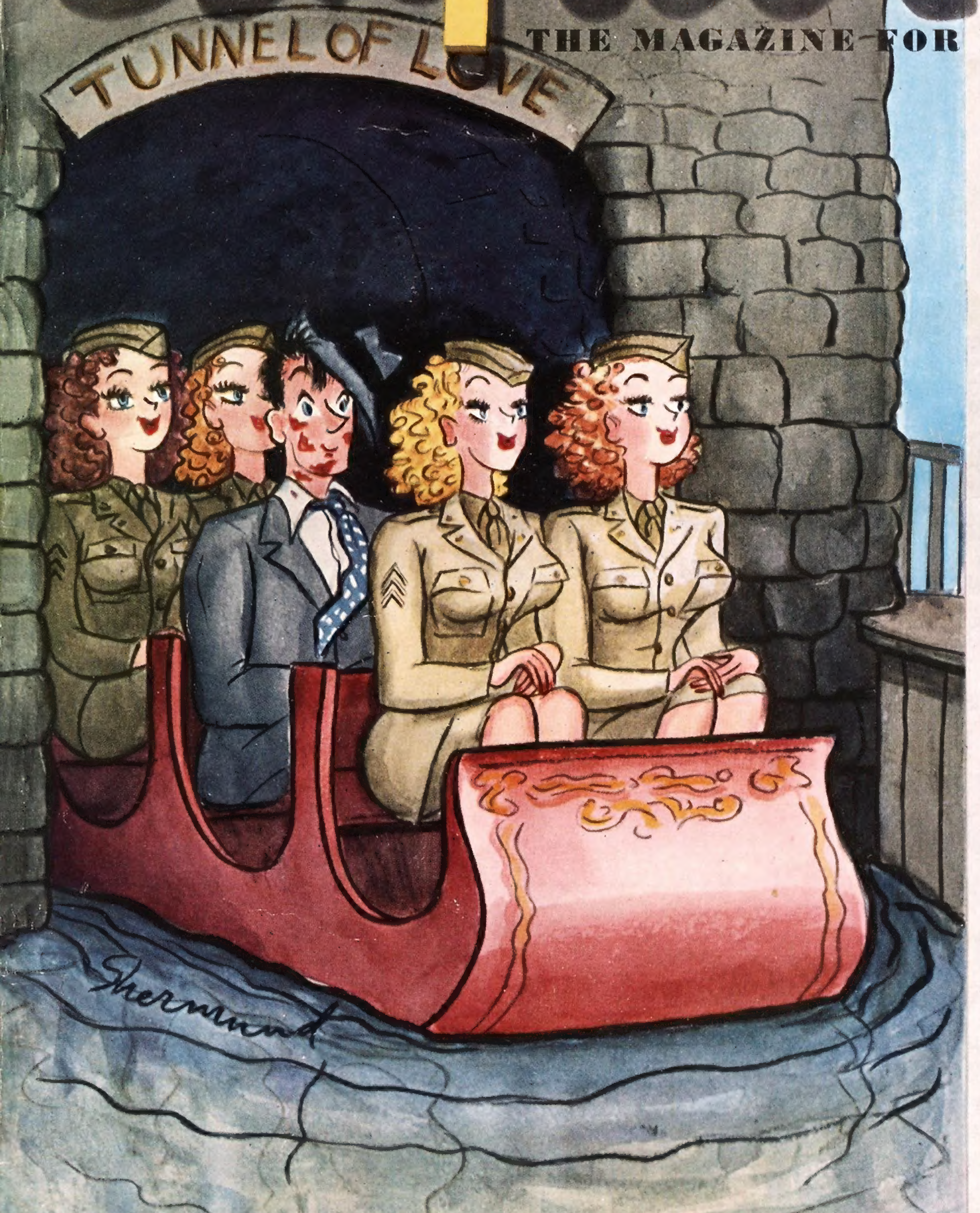
SEPTEMBER 1945

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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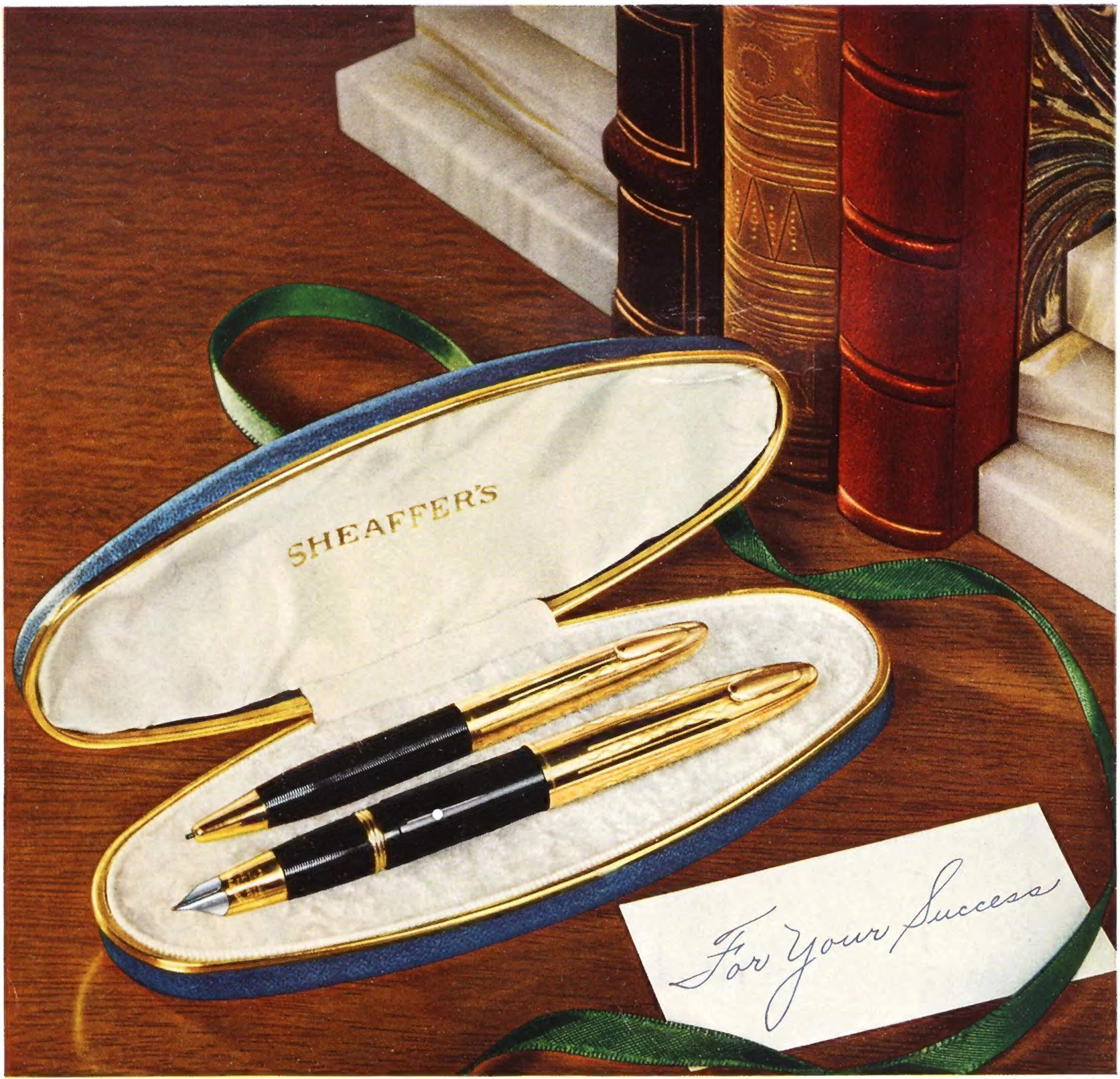

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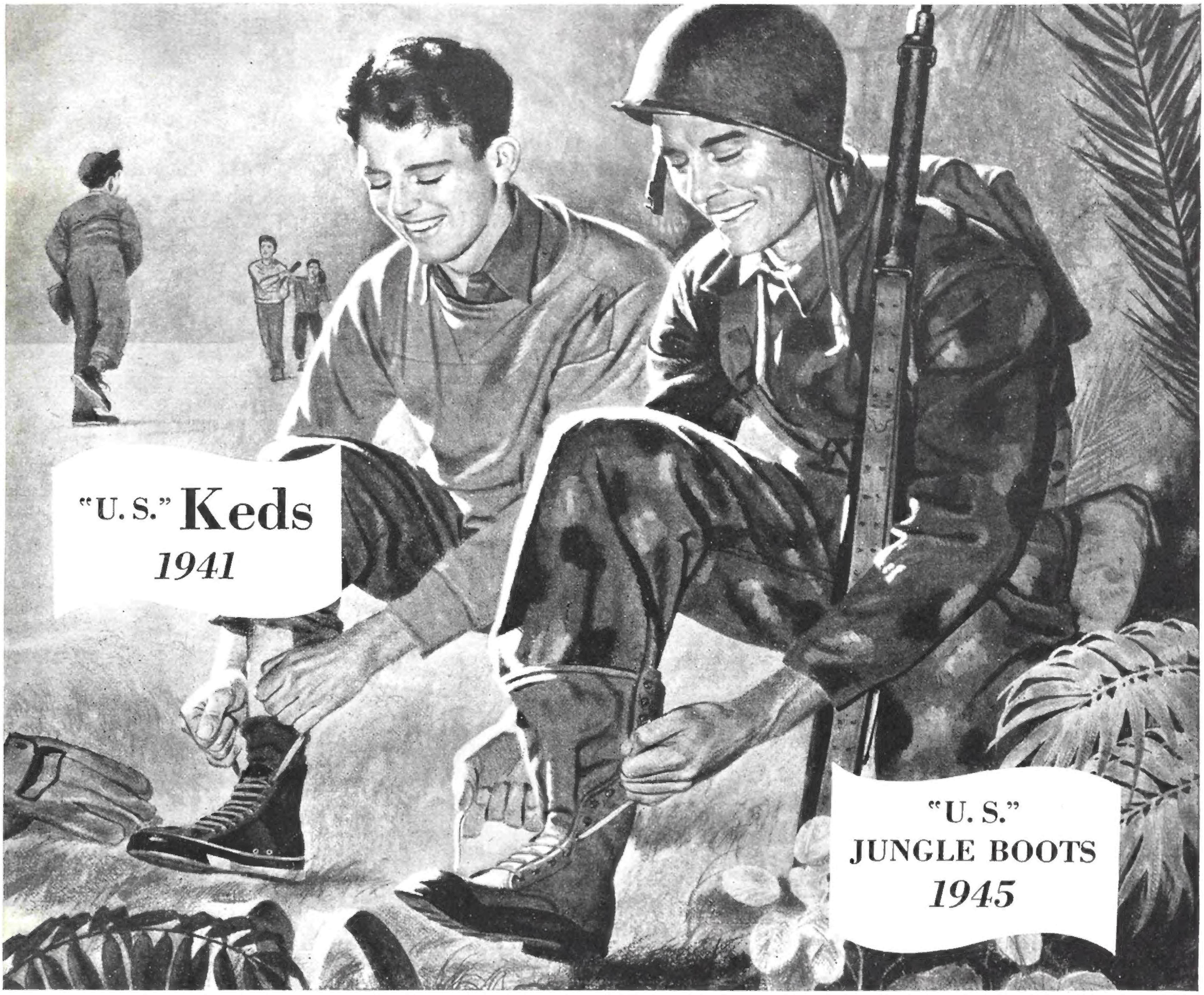

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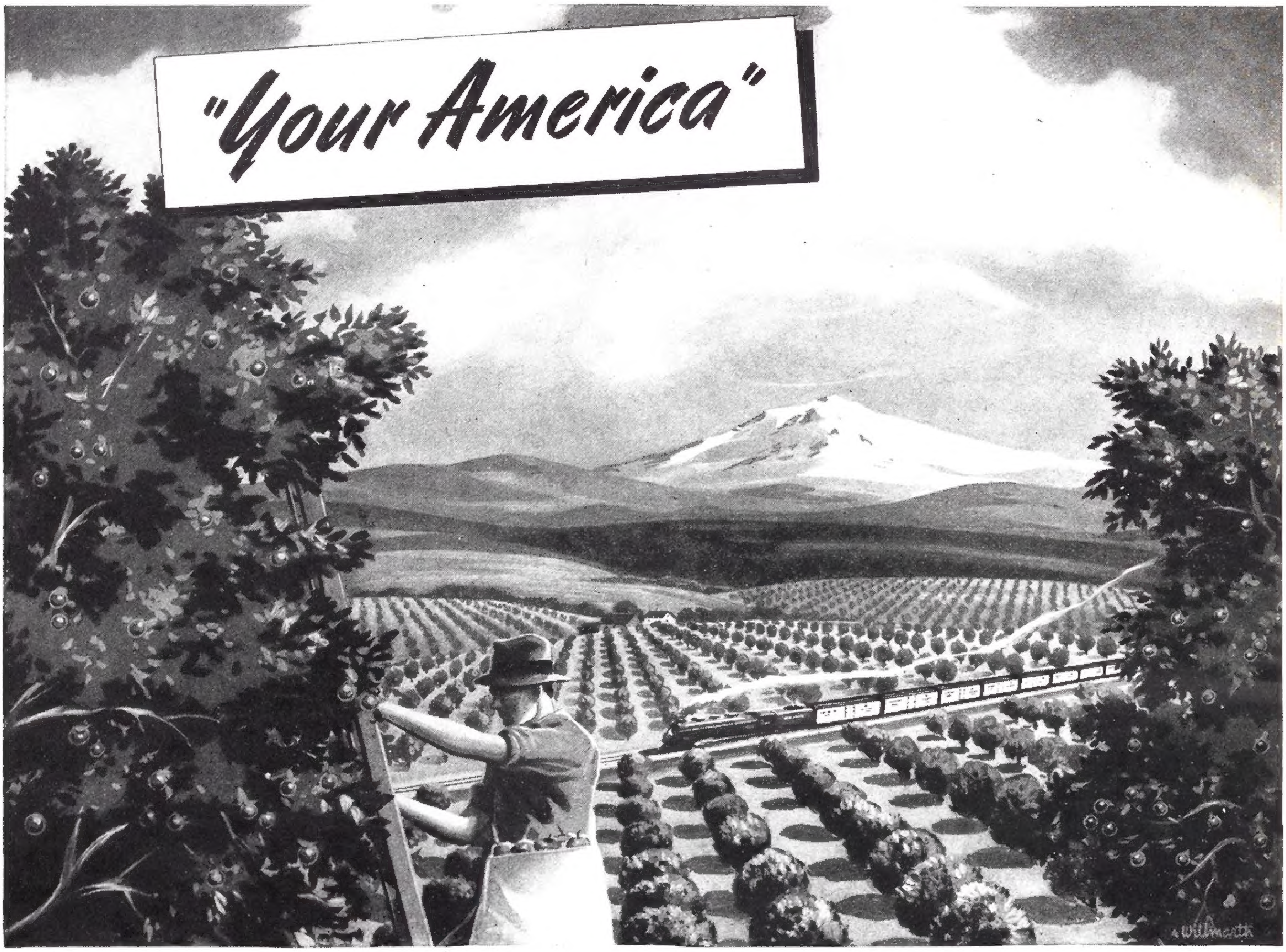
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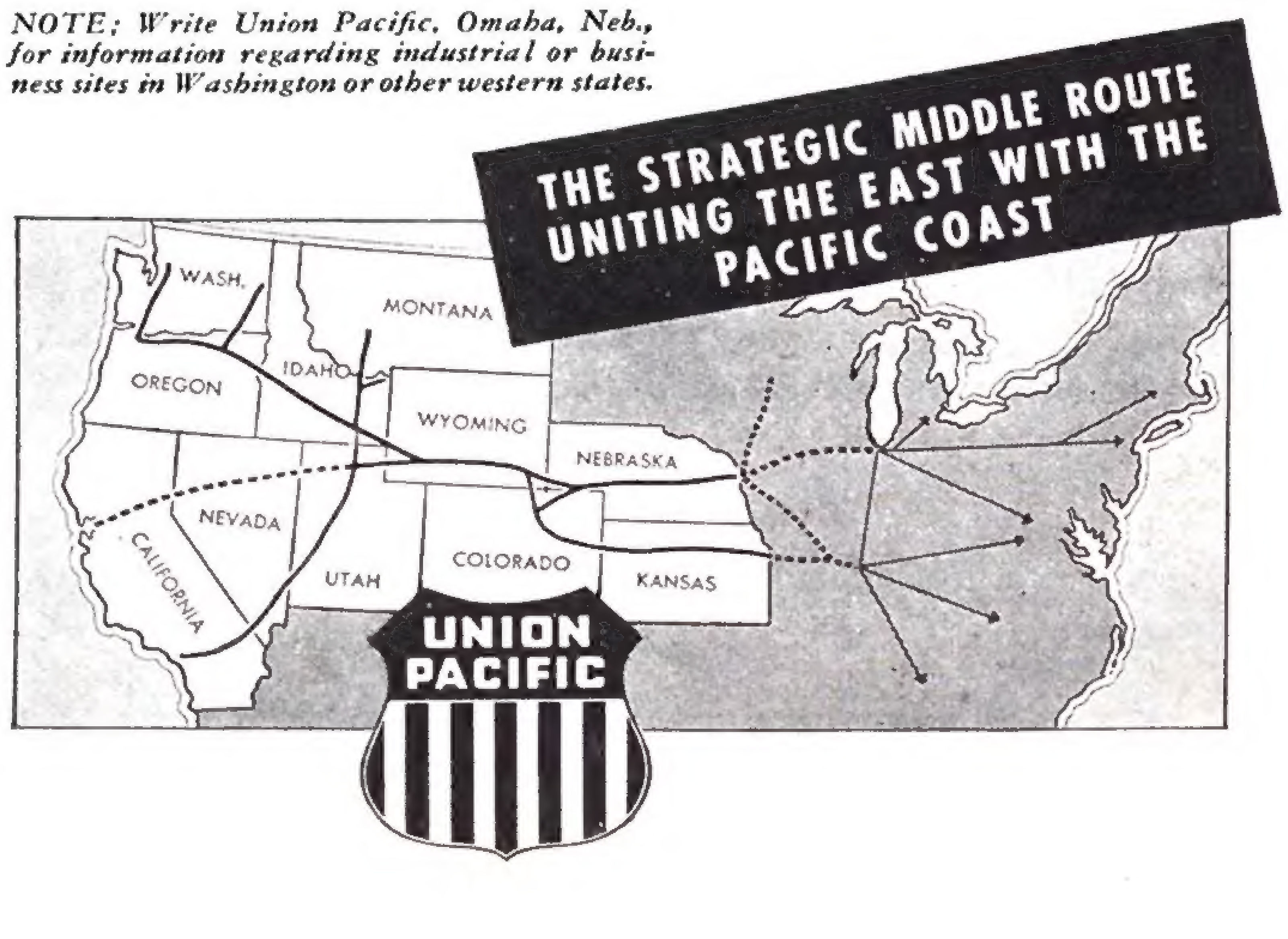
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Half Way to the Postwar Esquire

Esquire has always been known as a magazine devoted to change. "Off with the old and on with the new" has always been its policy. But that policy has been followed so constantly and so consistently, that the continuing changes in Esquire's format and features have been so gradual as to be hardly perceptible from one issue to the next. This September issue may seem at first glance to be something of an exception to that rule. From the front cover on in, throughout the issue, there are a number of novelties of make up and content that will probably strike the reader as being startlingly different. Naturally, we hope that you will find the differences both welcome and refreshing. But the point we want to make, first and foremost, is that they are all surface changes, and that as you look and read through this issue and the issues next coming up you will quickly realize that the apparent changes in Esquire all fall in that class described by the old saying to the effect that "The more it changes, the more it's the same thing!" In other words, Esquire beginning with this issue is just being more and more itself.

This issue is the first one to be put to press, in its entirety, since the end of the war in Europe, and thus it represents the first step in our reconversion program, to restore Esquire to its original character as a peacetime magazine for men. Hence such characteristic Esquire interests as art and fashion are again beginning to get a little more nearly their normal share of attention.

Then, too, because Esquire always was the most international of American magazines, in both its viewpoint and its contents, you will soon see its scope again greatly widened in this respect, as European contacts and communications return to normal.

So the changes already manifested with this issue represent a beginning rather than an end. You might call them a first payment, on account, on the bigger, better and brighter Esquire that you've got coming to you with the war's end. While paper restrictions obtain, it can't be bigger, but with its increased variety of color pages, its newly-styled layout providing for a lot more pictorial elements, and with its numerous new features, we're sure that you'll find it better and brighter than ever. But don't for a minute think that just because Esky has graduated from playing with dolls on the front cover that his spirit will be any the less forcefully felt throughout the magazine. There'll always be an Esky, and we promise you that he'll be gayer and funnier and more lightheartedly entertaining and amusing than ever, with each succeeding month that leads on from here into the postwar era.

David A. Smart

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esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T.M.REG.

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Editorial: ON THE PRESENT PROGRESS, AND FUTURE PROMISE, OF ESQUIRE

As you will have noticed, after even the most casual glance through this issue, there've been some changes made. There are changes in layout and typography and in the style and handling of the pictorial features. And since these changes are by no means haphazard, but part of a purposive and thoroughgoing plan for the broadening and strengthening of Esquire's specialized and intensive audience appeal, we'd like to talk about them in some detail.

We have for a long time realized that the uniform layout of our text features did little to intrigue the interest of the average reader who leafed casually through the magazine, pausing naturally at each cartoon and then passing on towards the next pictorial feature, without encountering any other visual element to pique his curiosity or focus his attention on the particular text feature that might occupy the remainder of the page. So we asked our art director to design individual layouts for each article and story, and the titles, subheads and by-lines now vary in position as well as in size. Something new has been added, at the same time, in the way of story illustration, or maybe it would be more exact to call it story illumination. Each story or article heading is now graced by the presence of a spot of art that illuminates the nature and character of the text feature which it introduces. It acts to strike the chord of its meaning, or its mood, rather than to attempt to serve as a prosaic "illustration." And to call these little title vignettes by any such informal term as "spots," when many of them represent the work of such figures of the fine arts as Wood, Gropper, Philipp, Hirsch and Kuniyoshi, is perhaps an abuse of our old and oft-asserted privilege of understatement.

You will note, too, that the editorial features have been enhanced both in appearance and legibility by a change from four-column to two-column make-up. Another dividend of the new make-up, with its straightaway treatment of the story and article headings, is that more text features can be accommodated in the same number of pages and, since many of them can now run right through in their natural sequence, the reader is much less often compelled to turn to the back of the book.

Because the number of pages is still held down by paper restrictions, we haven't been able to add any, but we have nevertheless managed to increase the proportion of color, and distribute it more evenly, by the use of small cartoons and other full color pictorial features. The result of this change in handling is that we now have thirty-two gravure pages devoted to the use of color, almost doubling the former customary eighteen to twenty. Also the full page features in full color are now handled more compactly, as complete and self-contained units, with their accompanying text running across the bottom of the same page, rather than by the previous use of a block of text on the page opposite.

The result of this stepping up of the efficiency of our format is to permit the addition of new color features, such as *The Actor of the Month* and *The Fashion Quiz*, while at the same time permitting our perennial parade of pin-up beauties to continue, since the advent of V-E Day has not perceptibly diminished the servicemen's clamor after glamor.

Thus, despite the continued pressure of wartime production restrictions, we have accomplished the first moves toward the full realization of the postwar Esquire. In other words, we'd say that with this issue we are meeting it somewhere near half way.

With the ending of the war in Europe, we expect now to be able to move forward rapidly toward a restoration of the international character that distinguished the magazine in its prewar days. Veteran readers will recall that the preponderance of our gala features for our holiday issues, up to and through 1939, were always of European origin, and that an important proportion of the magazine's writings in those days emanated from the Continental scene.

At this writing, plans are under way for the opening of European offices in the very near future, with a consequent re-establishment of contacts in the various Continental capitals as rapidly as conditions will permit. Thus it should not be many more months before Esquire begins to take on again that piquancy of flavor which characterized its editorial menu in the past, through the presence of a plenitude of foreign contributions, but has been more and more thinned out over the past five years. With the probable early and continuing improvement of transportation and communication in the months and years immediately ahead, we should undoubtedly more than make up for lost time in this respect.

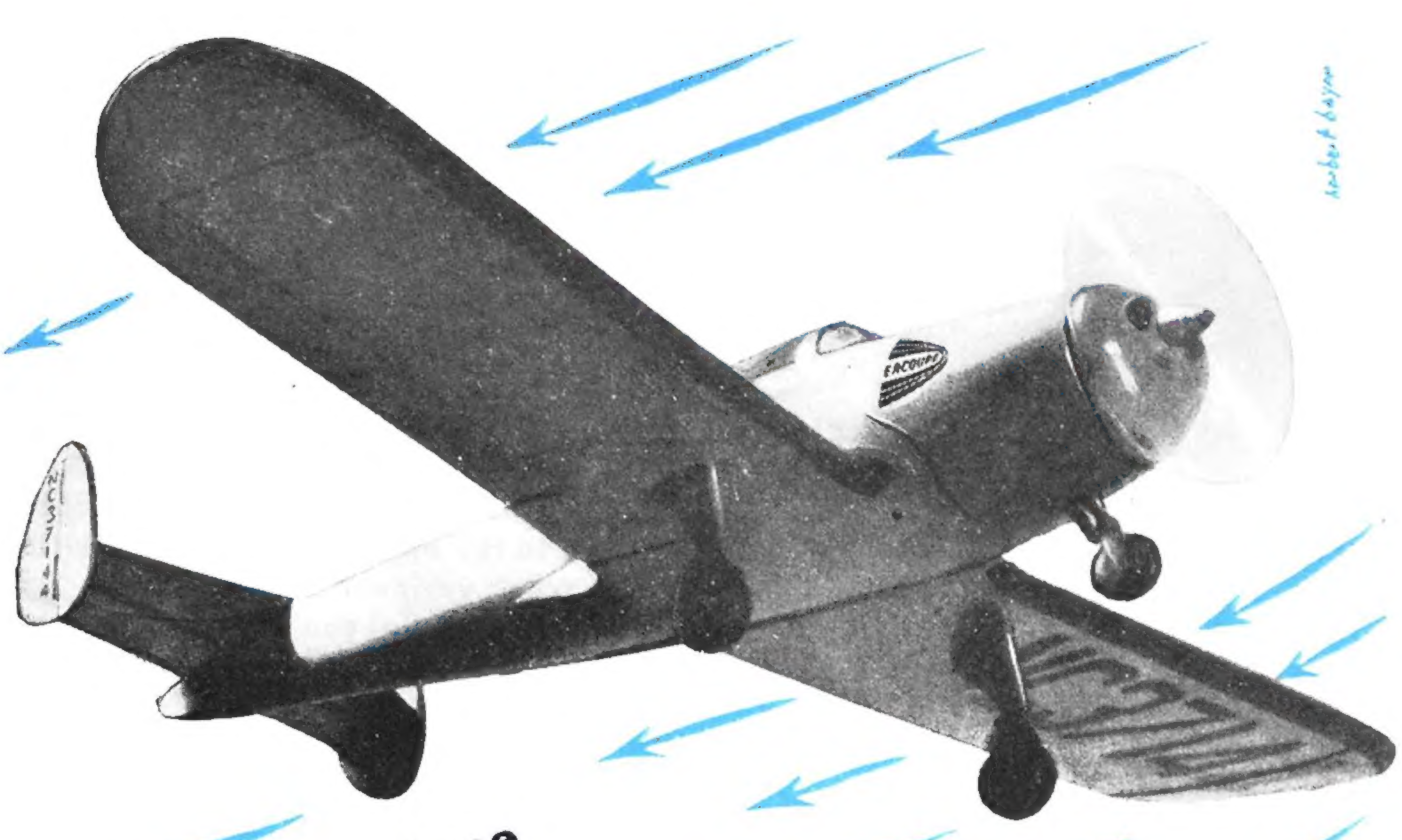
We anticipate a new interest in Europe, and a new sense of closeness to its people and its places, on the part of many of the men who have seen service in the E. T. O. in the recent past, and with this in mind we shall endeavor to bridge the gap between American and European interests more closely than ever before, to provide as complete a sense of vicarious contact with Europe through some of Esquire's pages as we now provide, say in the pages devoted to *Painting the Town with Esquire*, with the New York scene.

Europe is teeming with literary and artistic talent that has been hid, perforce, under a Nazi bushel during these past five years, and we feel sure that an extension of Esquire's avowed and established policy of encouragement and recognition to new authors and artists, to include those who have been cut off from their normal outlets of publication by the cultural blackout of the just-ended Dark Era of Occupied Europe, should result in an exciting new increase in this magazine's breadth and variety of contents, with a corresponding enhancement of its reader interest. We don't say that we will be able to find these newly unmuzzled authors and artists overnight. But we do say that we will make an honest and energetic effort to seek them out, and provide them with the hearing that, because of Hitler, they have lacked for half a decade.

Speaking of European authors and artists, there's one we meant to talk about on this page last month, when he appeared in our columns for the first time with that splendid story, *The Undefeated Radetski*. We mean Gerald Kersh, the British-born son of Eastern European parents, who has been called "The Kipling of this war." Turn to page 32 of this issue and you'll find, in *Irongut and the Brown Mouse*, one of his stories in the particular *genre* that earned him that designation. Just past thirty-five he has been literally everything, from a professional wrestler to a ranker in the Coldstream Guards (retired after being wounded in the Blitz), and is one of those big, rough, tough, life-lusty fellows of the Hemingway-Wolfe order, described as having "a line of friendships running from diplomats to barmaids." Author of a round dozen books (counting the first two, that he tore up, and the third that he withdrew after the issuance of the first fifty copies), his two most recently published in this country, *Faces in a Dusty Picture* and *Sergeant Nelson of the Guards*, have not had half the attention they merited, successful though they have been. Kersh is famous abroad and established over here with a faithful and growing following, so we wouldn't want to give the impression that we are in any sense claiming him as an Esquire discovery. He's a writer of prodigious output, for British radio programs and films as well as on work of his own, and if you haven't heard of him before, you can be sure that you soon will.

All we've "discovered" about Kersh is a half dozen of his stories that we consider prime fare for Esquire readers, but we cite him to you as a perfect example of the kind of author we'd like to discover for you, in the course of our newly intensified coverage of European talent sources in the months and the years immediately ahead.

We mean the kind of authors who abhor the pink-tea and lifted-pinky atmosphere of those circles infested by the literary camp-followers; the kind of authors who write beautifully of not necessarily beautiful happenings, and do it so truly and forcefully that they make you feel that it all happened to you. In other words, authors like Gerald Kersh. And stories like *Irongut and the Brown Mouse.*



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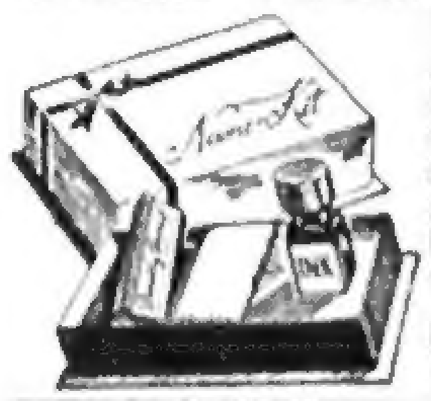

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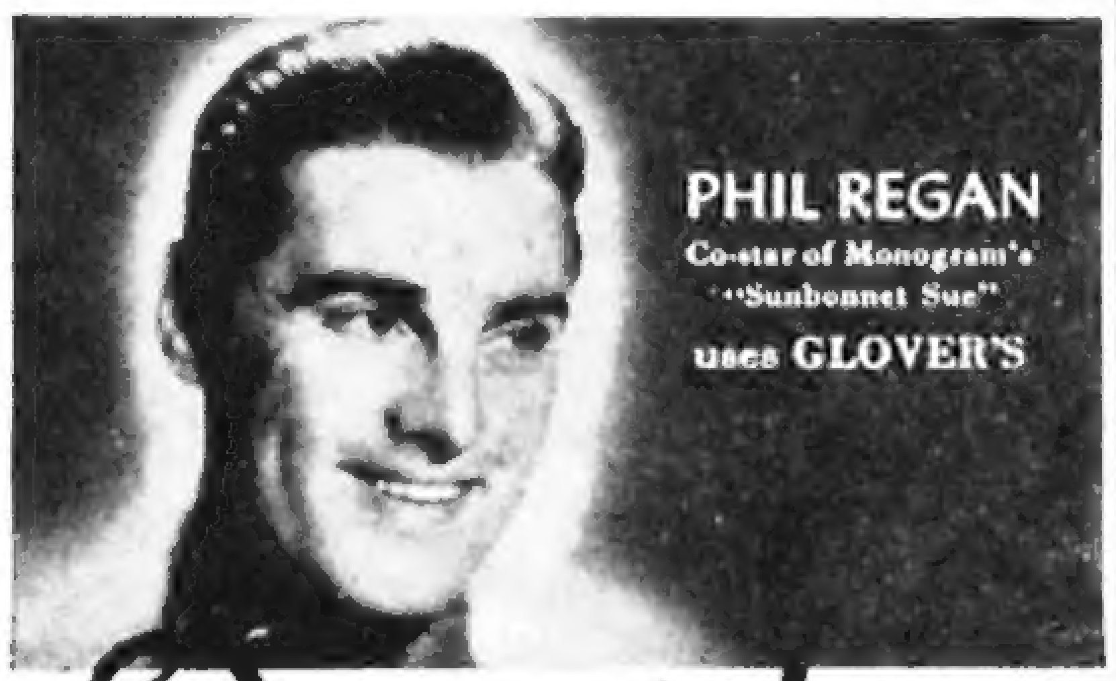
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TRIAL SIZE—Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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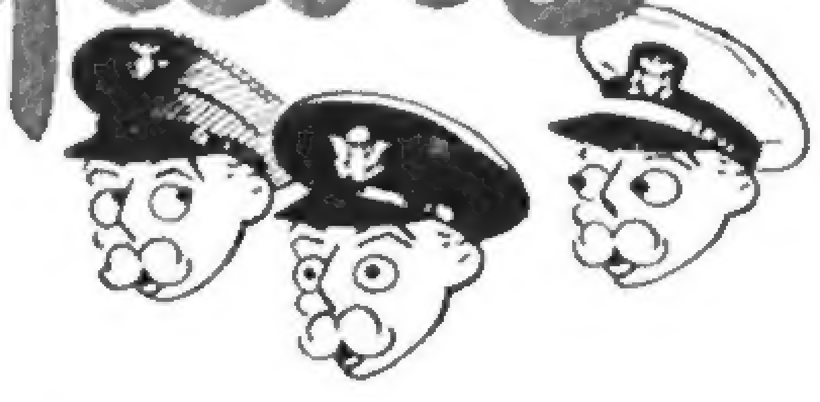
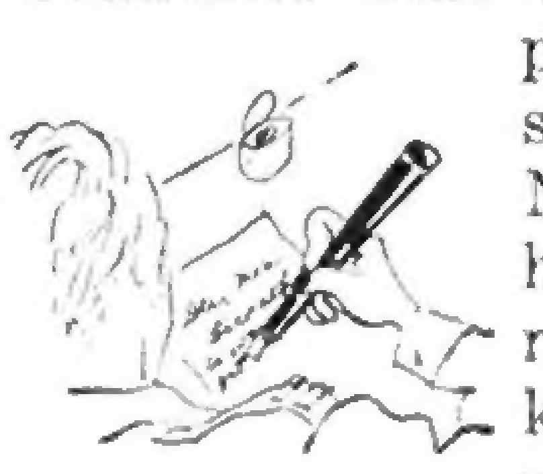
[ ] Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

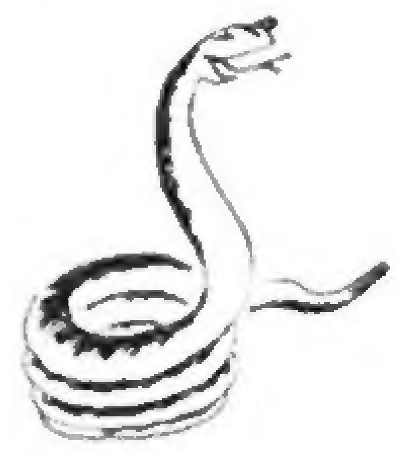
Talking Shop with Esquire



STRICTLY NON—G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



COMFORT OVERSEAS. Word comes from fellows now in the occupied countries that certain items are practically impossible to get. A New York shop has accordingly made up an 8 oz. kit which may be mailed anywhere without a request. Contents: razor with plastic handle and METAL head; 10 double-edged blades; rope-style cigarette lighter with extra wick; fountain pen and a plastic, collapsible drinking cup.



LOWLY REPTILE HITS SOCIETY. Snakes, lizards, alligators, highly polished and dyed in vivid hues, are now considered a lady's most cherished possession. 'Frigxample, the cobra quartet . . . handbag, belt, boutonniere flower and earrings all made of matching snakeskin. Fellows in the CBI region might like to send a gorgeous handbag made of lizard imported from the jungles of India. Indian lizard is the finest, strongest and most beautiful in the world, they say, and actually improves with wear.

VICE VERSE. "If ever fate played turnabout, could good dames eke existence as well as gals who go all out for the line of least resistance?" Above is an example of doggerel from a book of quips called "Pink and Blue Laughter". Sharp verse, wise cracks and broad and raffish cartoons.

FROM LINGERIE TO LAYETTES. With Christmas coming on apace, you might like to know about a personal shopping service which will do your bidding at the drop of a money order! The young woman who runs it has over 2000 "regular customers" on her books, 1500 of them in uniform, the rest, judges, lawyers, oil tycoons, etc. She buys engagement rings, trousseaux, fur coats, perfume, pajamas or pipes, etc. The world is her oyster, and there's no extra charge for the service.

Ranger

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La Cross

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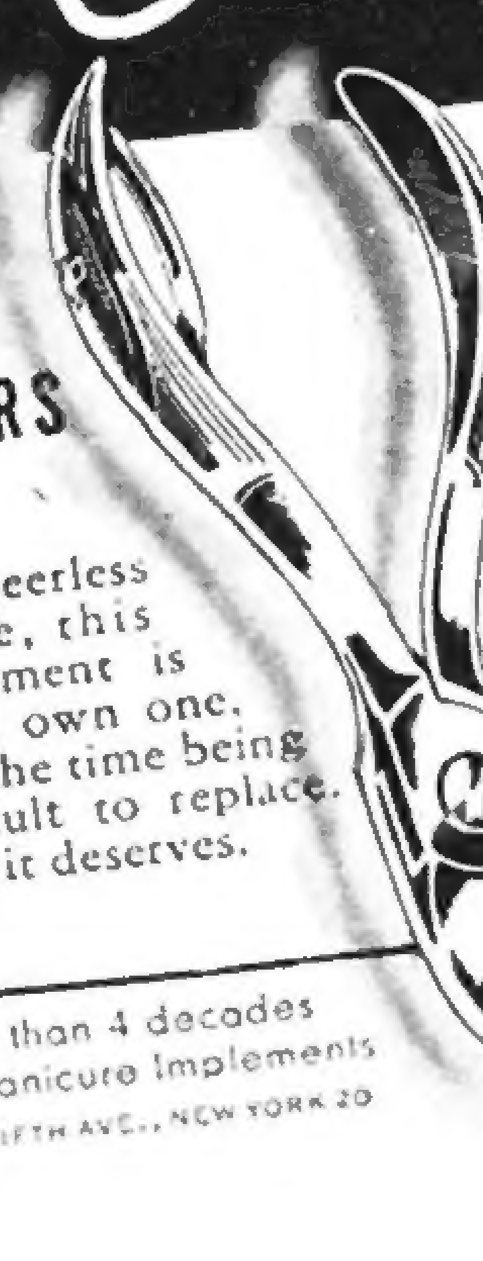
★



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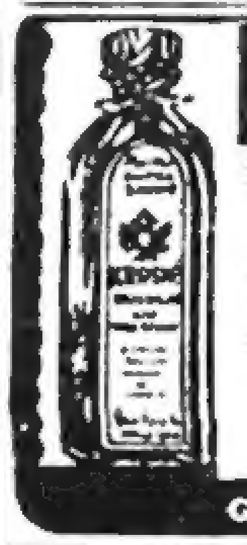

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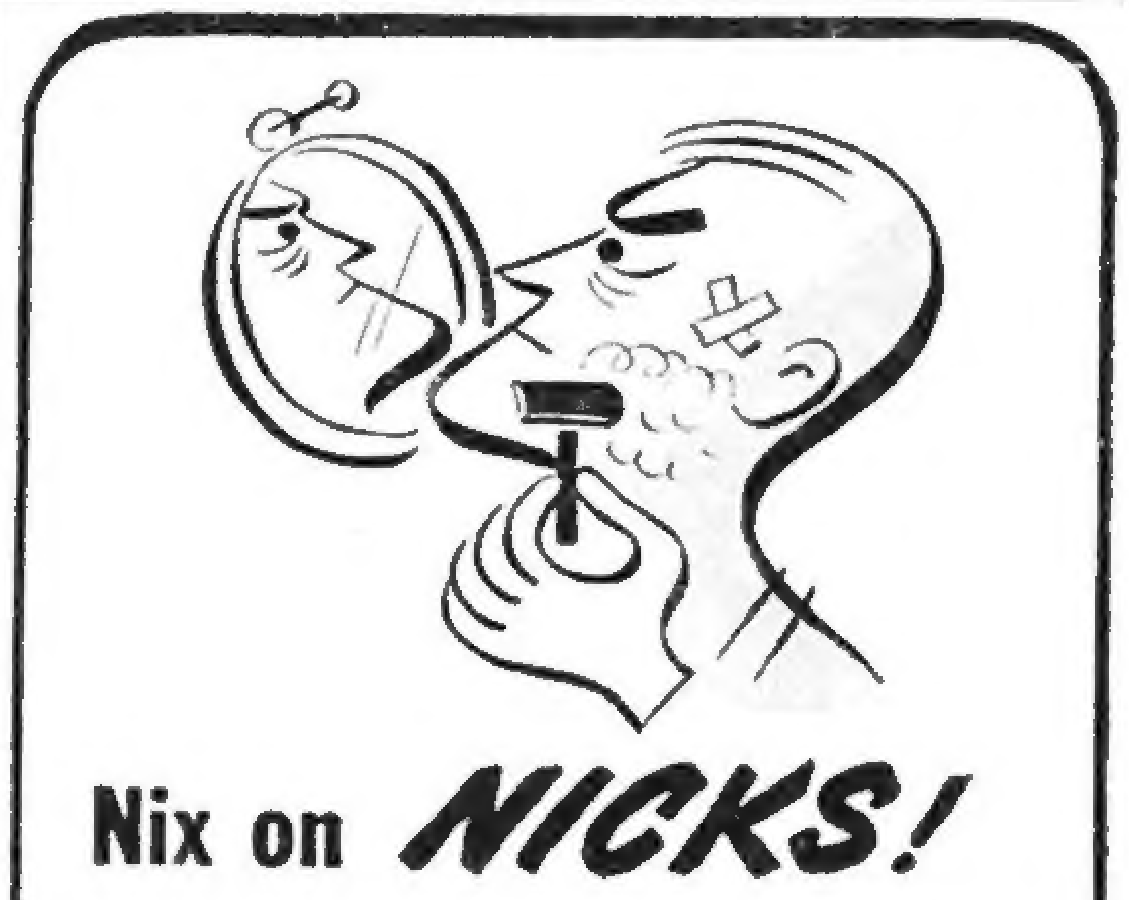

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P. S. to Gals: Keep a Spot-Stik purse-handy. Use Covermark cream to conceal larger blemishes.

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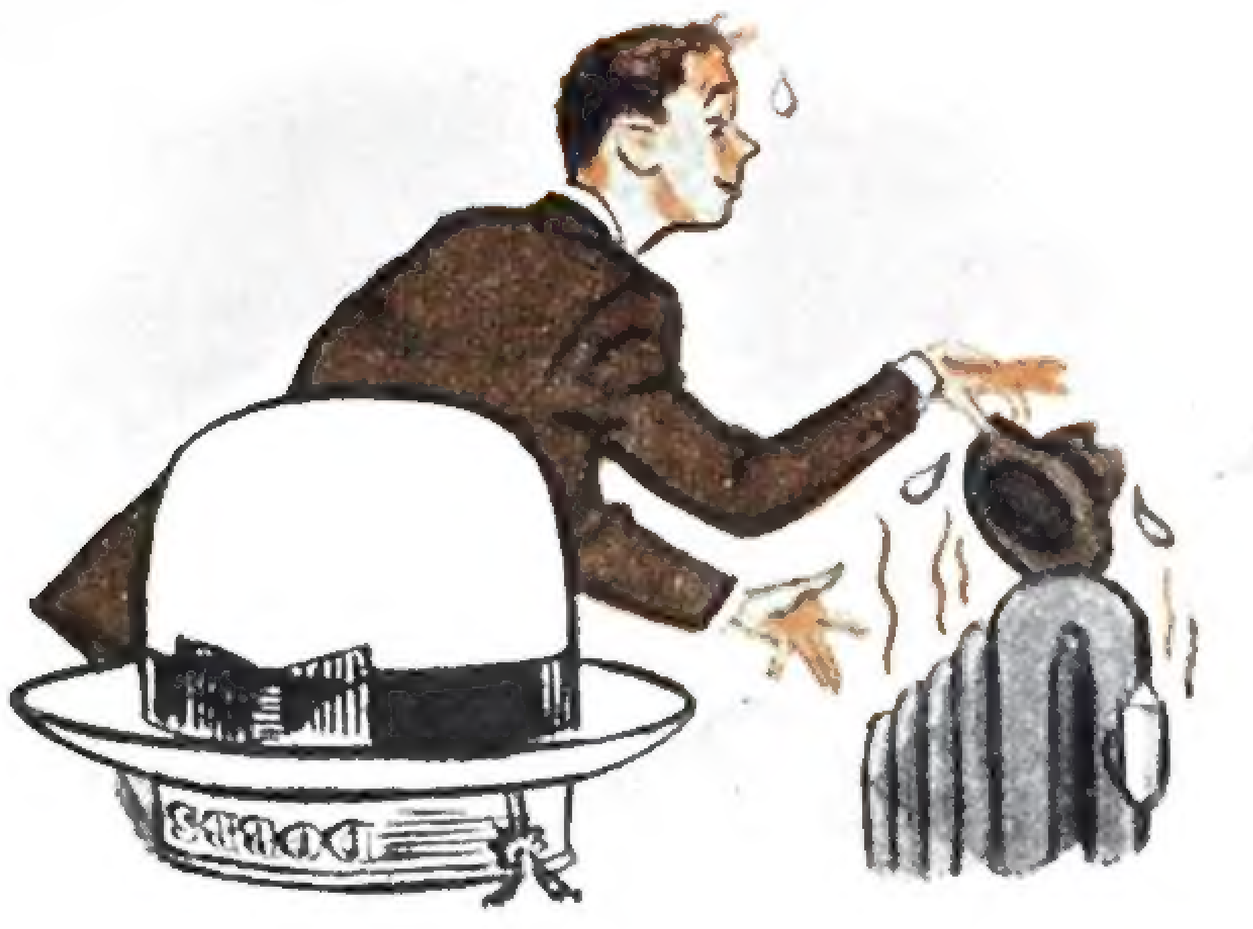
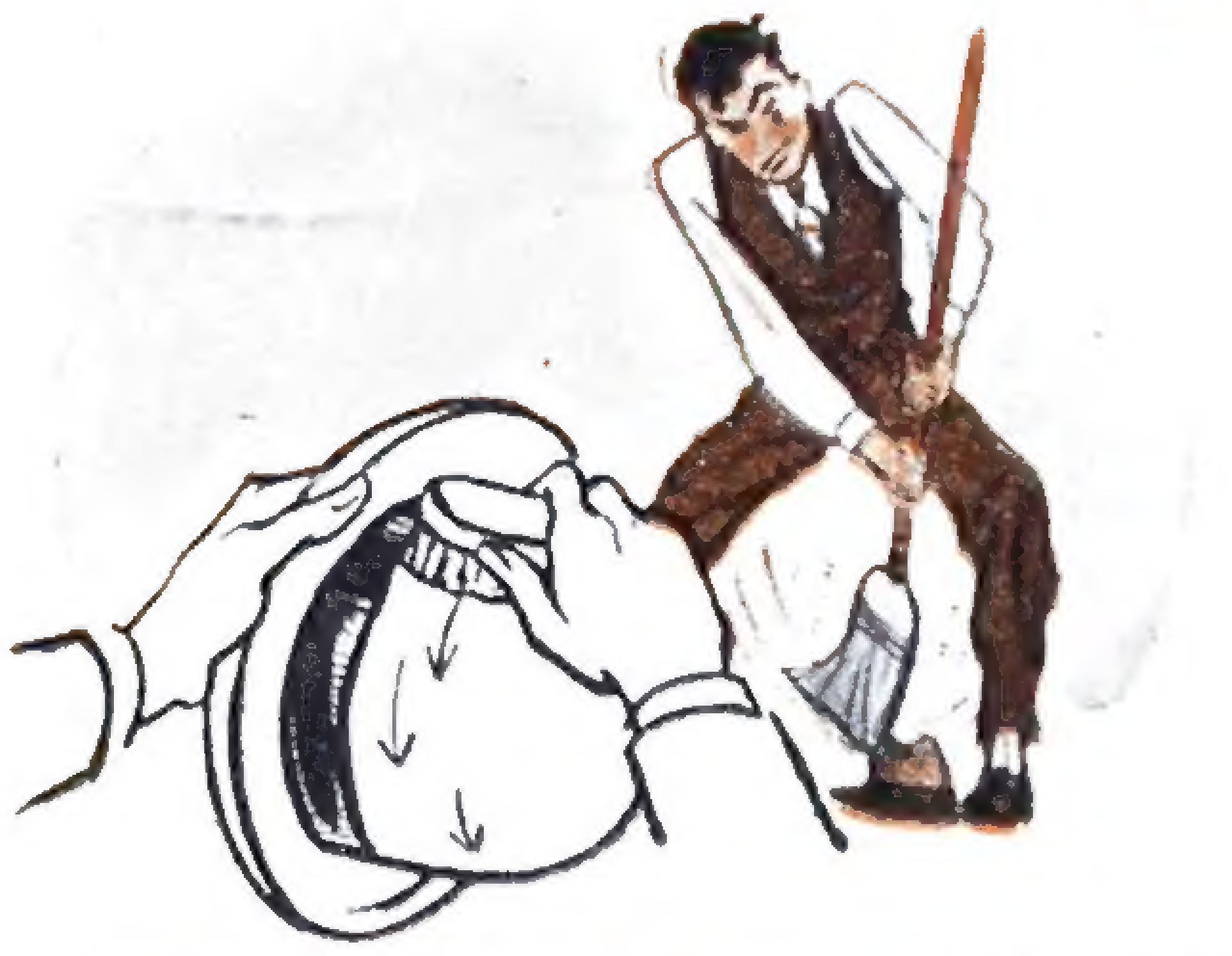
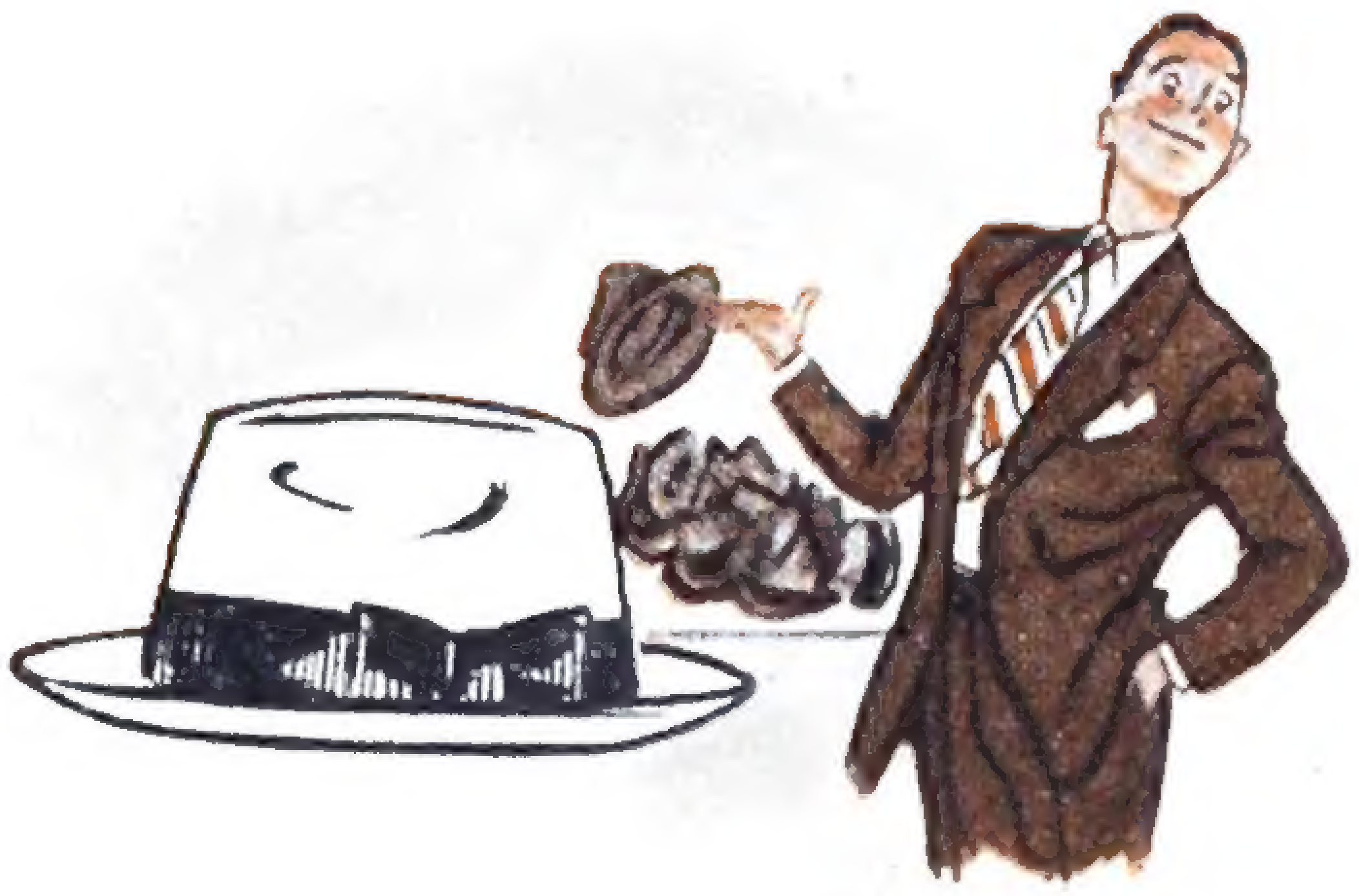
How to take care of your Dobbs!



RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY! If your Dobbs gets wet, punch out the crown, snap back the brim and pull down the sweatband. When it's dry, brush with a soft brush. Don't, please, put your Dobbs on a radiator to dry!

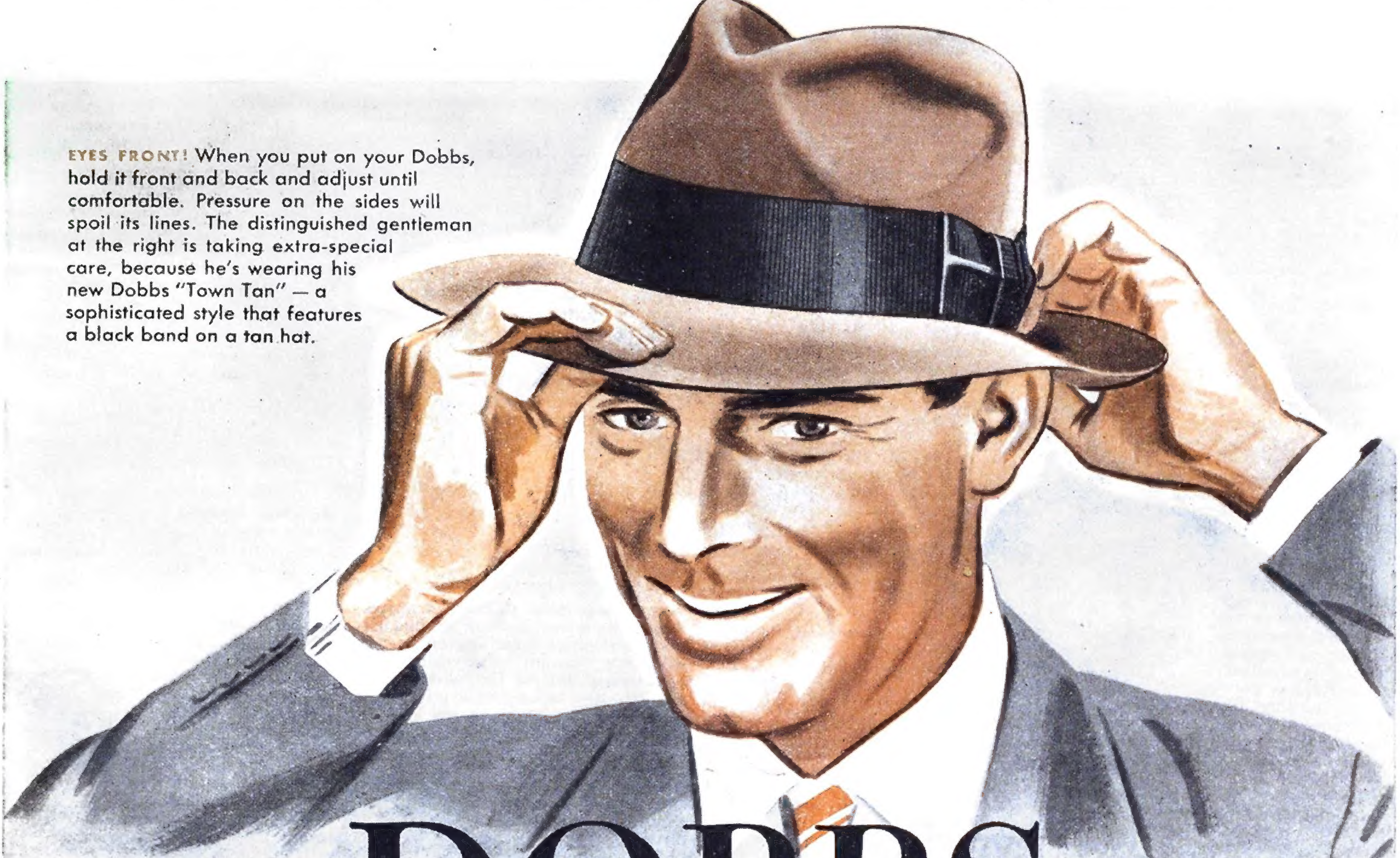


IT'S RIGHT TO GO LEFT! To brush your Dobbs, punch out the crown and snap back the brim. Then use a soft brush and brush with the nap, from right to left. Fine hats are sensitive, so be gentle!



PARKING REGULATIONS! When you park your Dobbs, snap back the brim and place flat on closet shelf. Dust the shelf frequently, and never, never put one hat on top of another. Keep spare hats in boxes.

EYES FRONT! When you put on your Dobbs, hold it front and back and adjust until comfortable. Pressure on the sides will spoil its lines. The distinguished gentleman at the right is taking extra-special care, because he's wearing his new Dobbs "Town Tan" — a sophisticated style that features a black band on a tan hat.



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The Sound and the Fury

boxing Carroll's compass

It is obvious that Mr. Sidney Carroll (Gone with the Windfall; July Esquire) is entirely unfamiliar with the northern territory of Australia and particularly Darwin. Had he substituted Adelaide, his article would have been 100% accurate.

The "city" of Darwin (pop. 2,000 in its palmiest days) would scarcely have compared with Sydney at any time and after the Japanese air attacks beginning in February, 1942, cash registers there were scarcer than copies of Esquire in the home of Mr. Frank Walker.

I spent twenty-one months in the Darwin area and my only memories are of monotony, loneliness, heat, dust and rain. Even the Japs were smart enough not to make a landing in that Godforsaken place.

Paul S. Weber, Warrant Officer
U. S. Army
Andrews Field   Washington 20, D.C.

home thoughts from abroad

While reading the May issue of your magazine here in the Battery C.P. we came across an article which, to put it mildly, we think is a damn lie. Paul Gallico says that the American soldiers are getting eye openers when they see the British women. I'll say they are. They are discovering the American women are the best in the whole damn world. The average English girl doesn't hold a match, let alone a candle, to the American girl. The only thing the G.I. thinks of when he sees the English girl is the better women back home. As for those beautiful uniforms, well—enough said.

Lt. C. F. McKee
Bavarian Alps

open letter to Mr. Paul Gallico

I have always read your articles and stories with interest, Mr. Gallico, and I respected you both for your subject matter and literary craftsmanship, then I read your article entitled "Ladies Only" in the May, 1945, issue.

Since the title excludes me from your reading audience I feel almost like an intruder, but you purport to tell my girl and my sister what I am secretly thinking; you reveal to them my insidious motive; you explain in detail my reaction to the English woman. These things I keenly resent mainly because not one of your statements based on "what you happen to know," bears any resemblance to the truth.

I certainly have acquired, in the months I've spent in England, the eyeful of another kind of girl that you talk about, and it has convinced me that when I go home I want to find our American girls just as I left them, and I don't mean soft, flabby and useless. That is an insult to our womanhood and a damned lie to boot.

Every English girl, as you say was, (until they stopped drafting women over here) doing something for the war effort—and in most cases complaining like hell about being forced into it. If she was a member of the Land Army, it was because she wanted to avoid being drafted into the A.T.S., or didn't care for factory work.

You have probably never seen the A.T.S. or W.A.A.F. uniform or you'd realize that to call it dashing requires a more than legitimate stretch of the imagination. Your Land Army's "attractive Aussie-type uniform" makes even a trim girl look gross and misshapen, and the girls take every opportunity to don civilian clothing. I have never heard of a Land Army girl cooking a dinner for a lonely G.I. or any other kind of G.I. Perhaps because they have no place to do so. They live in the hostels under the supervision of a severe matron they generally refer to as the "Ogress."

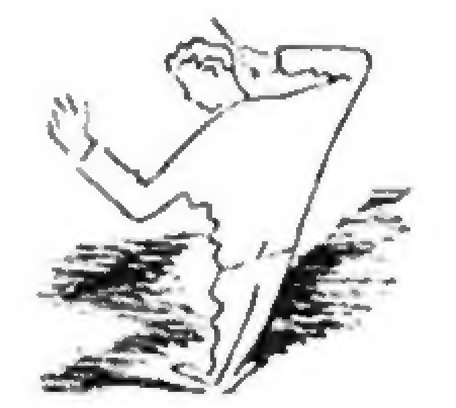
No, I don't ask our girls to turn their backs on the war. Those that don't join the services or work in war plants can help out as they have been doing by donating blood, rolling bandages, acting as hostesses at service canteens, and in many other ways.

But I'm fighting to keep our girls from regimentation and the necessity of doing hard physical work. If, when I get home, my girl has not developed formidable biceps and red, muscular legs, and doesn't know a blessed thing about the innards of a sick airplane engine, it is okay with me.

Sgt. Jerome G. Shapiro
E.T.O.

added fuss and feathers

The never-ending and tiresome tirades being launched by critic Leonard Feather are casting far more heat than light on the subject of American music. I have always believed that all lighter music was created for the enjoyment of the listener, and not as a subject of haggling debate. If Mr. Feather prefers swing to hot jazz he has a perfect right to do so. But why must he waste Esquire's space and the readers' time conducting a fanatical campaign against the real jazz, which is America's only distinctive contribution to musical culture.



Perhaps the reason for Mr. Feather's shoulder chip in regard to what he terms "Dixieland" is based on a personal grievance, and then again, he may earnestly hate the stuff. I don't know what lies at the bottom of his obsession, and I don't particularly care. But I do care to see that brother Leonard lays off this sour dig business. A lot of Esquire's readers, including myself, like New Orleans, and Chicago, etc., and resent Mr. Feather's off-color remarks. If Leonard Feather prefers Roy Eldridge to Muggsy Spanier he can say so, but it can be done without antagonizing fans of le hot, and prejudicing the unhip reader element.

Oh yes, speaking of opinions, I formed a few of my own during the years I have conducted a radio jazz show. Here is my all-time, all-star jazz band:

Cornet. . . .Louis Armstrong (1926-30)
Trombone. Kid Ory
Clarinet. . .Johnny Dodds
Piano. . . . .Jelly Roll Morton
Banjo. . . . .Johnny St. Cyr
Drums. . . .Baby Dodds
Bass. . . . . .Pops Foster

Jack Stanley
Minneapolis, Minnesota

testing to see if Esq can find a man

May I send a message to my brother through the Sound and Fury dept? He has been gone two years and I have tried everywhere to find him. He always read the Esquire and I thought maybe I could find him if I could send him a letter through your page. Please do not tell me you cannot do it as I have tried everything I know.

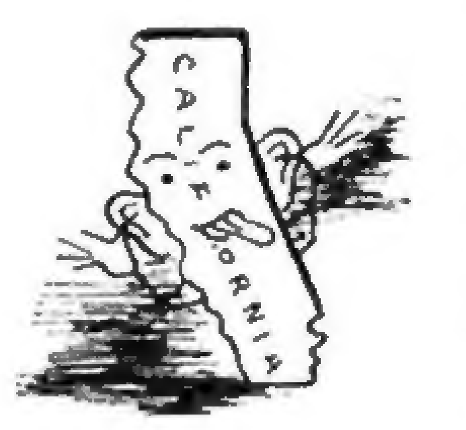
I just want to tell him that if he will wire or write me I will come get him at once and that we still live at Tipton, R 3.

Mrs. Marie Rayls.
R. I. Box 10, Muncie, Indiana

shaving on shaver's beard

You may regard this epistle in the light of a reply to Russell Shaver's letter in the May issue of your magazine. I regard this letter exactly as a form of the humor extolled by Parke Cumming's article "You'll Bust Your Sides Laughing."

Yes, Mr. Shaver, I am one of the "bellows-lunged, Ubangi-mouthed inhabitants" of that state, although the adjectives fit, I believe, far better in describing the Calif. phobe, of which the good Oregonian is a typical example. I did indeed nearly burst my sides laughing at this pitiful tirade. Nor will I waste my time offering rebuttals to his pitiful jibes. The State of California, which speaks for itself, needs no such defense. I might only point out that the sooner his kind clear out, in his case, to his rain-swept Oregon paradise, the happier the denizens of my state will be.



As far as I am concerned, he can take his Hood River apples, strawberries, and Rogue River pears and die from overeating. The "vermin" of California will applaud.

A Disgusted *Native Son*
(and damn proud of it!)
Mannheim, Germany

oh, to be in England!

I'm all for a bit of escapism and novelist's license myself. That's why, on reading in "If There Is Another Time" that Patricia had never heard of "on the wagon," I supposed there could be a few carefully nurtured gals sitting around alone in bars who had never heard the expression. That's why on reading Car's statement that there was no real jazz in the whole town, (beyond thinking that Leonard Feather—if he still remembers his old beat, and provided the haunts had not been replaced by a hole—could have corrected this libel forthwith), I merely flinched and struggled on. But when a barman in London can even produce a bottle of cognac, let alone leave it on a table with a customer—oh, brother!

Ken Wheeley
S/Lt. R.N.V.R.
Halifax, N. S.

from jazzmen to con men

I always got a kick out of the fact that while it takes all kinds of people, most of them have little or no imagination whatsoever regarding music, yet will state with authority whether it's good or bad. For me the most ethereal of all the arts is jazz, while criticism is the cheapest and most obvious fault possessed by man. Hence the scarcity of really talented musicians and the abundance of nowhere critics.

From much personal experience I can truthfully say and prove that most people would accept the noise of a cement mixer or glass breaking as music, depending on who said it was okay and who was serving it to them. To the majority all chords sound as one. Expression is something you make with your face.

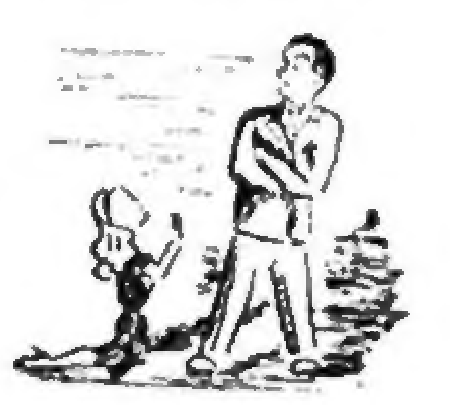
Introducing George Avakian, well-known and self-professed music critic. While I got a laugh out of his morbid and biased views in Esquire's '45 Jazz Book, it also made me feel sad to see them since I think jazz takes enough of a beating from the millions of tone-deaf squares without an egotistical misfit like him taking up space in an otherwise nearly serious jazz publication. A couple of years ago he ridiculed Art Tatum in a leading jazz mag and never fails to laud second-raters. This coupled with the masses considering con men like Guy Lombardo, Carmen Cavallero and many other big names as musicians leads me to get a nice doll book and really start carving.

A. J. O'Donnell
New York, N. Y.

the standing and the kneeling

It is regrettable that Sgt. Gene Philip Fortuna's clever, clever article in July Esquire re the new standing of males and the new kneeling of females in the U. S. is based on a false major premise.

For years and years the American Female has been aware of the magnificence of the American Male. Why else the millions of dollars and endless effort she spends on her appearance each year? Why else the fact that despite equal educational opportunities and proven ability she continues to be content with a very inferior economic position? If she has shown some spirit and independence, be sure it's because she knows the American male prefers her that way. When this war is over he will come home to the usual open arms and appreciative kisses (mutual); and he will not *assume*, but will *resume* his rightful place in the center of the spotlight while his beautifully groomed mate takes her place, standing, in its "penumbra."



Evidently the author of M. A. M. missed his share of normal feminine adoration before the war. His loud proclaiming is faintly reminiscent of the noises made by a few frustrated females who, failing to get the attention they want so badly from men, demand "equal rights" in lieu thereof. Indeed, is the "shrilly assertive feminist" now to be joined by the equally shrill and assertive frustrated male?

I wondered about Mr. Fortuna's frustation until I saw his picture in Backstage. The sergeant's face is so definitely not his Fortuna!

Mrs. Franklyn Tonnies
Pittsburg, Kansas

dusting off the male ego

The following is written in answer to the article "The Magnificent American Male" on page 54 of the July issue.

American men are no more magnificent than any other animal. The article seems just a little too egotistically fanciful for my blood.

Of course the grass is greener on the other side of the fence; you will also find that the servicemen who married foreign wives in comparison with their buddies who prefer the American girl are very few.

It seems to me that the author has pictured the "Magnificent Male" as wanting a sweet innocent with no hint as to a mind of her own.

Or does a man want a wife who not only will be a companion, housekeeper, mother to his children, keeper of the family budget, and cook—but a girl whose only interest is in making him happy and who loves him. You bet we're independent.

Be careful, Sgt. Fortuna, your fangs are showing.

(Miss) Janie Close
San Carlos, Calif.

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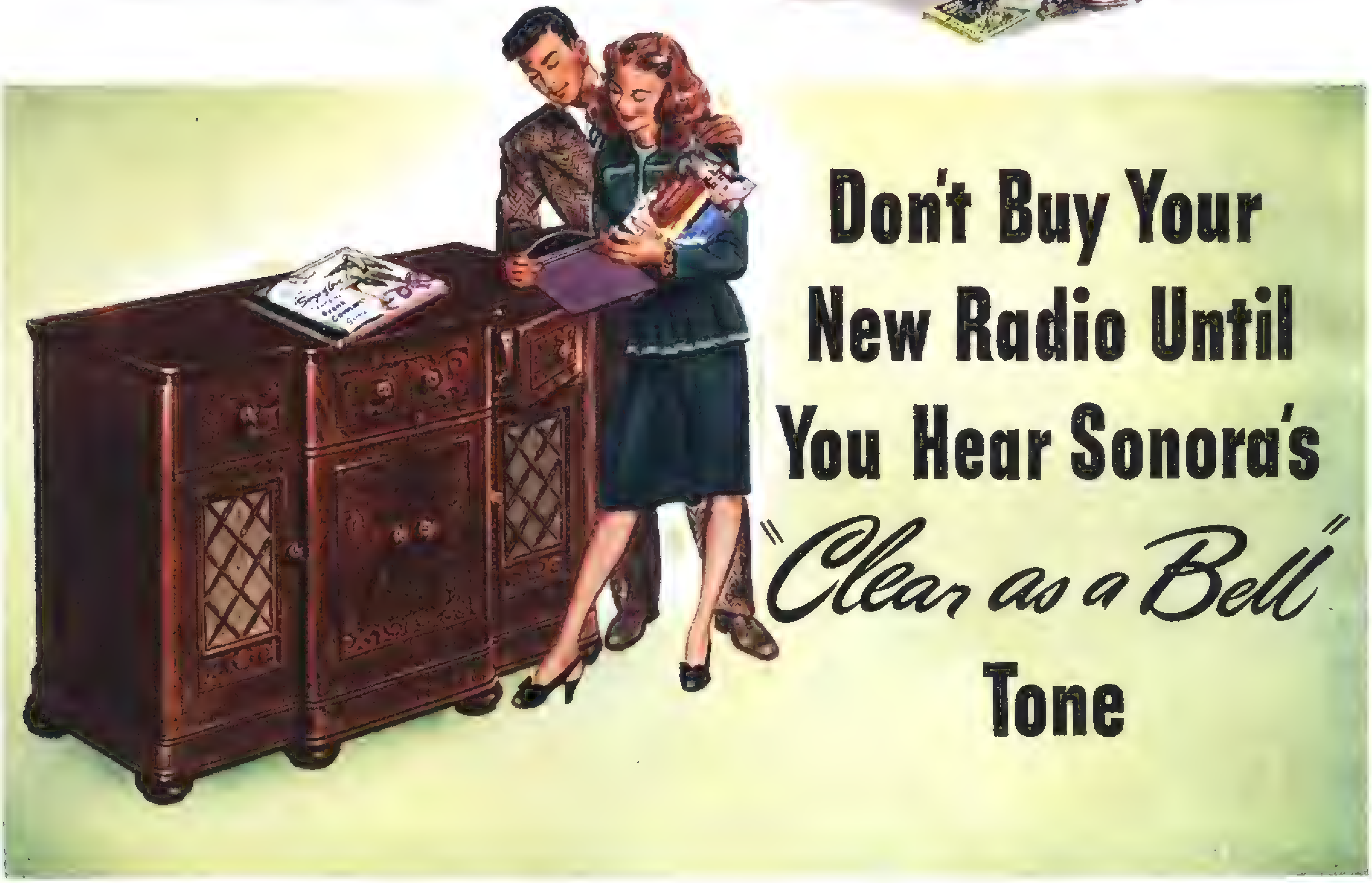
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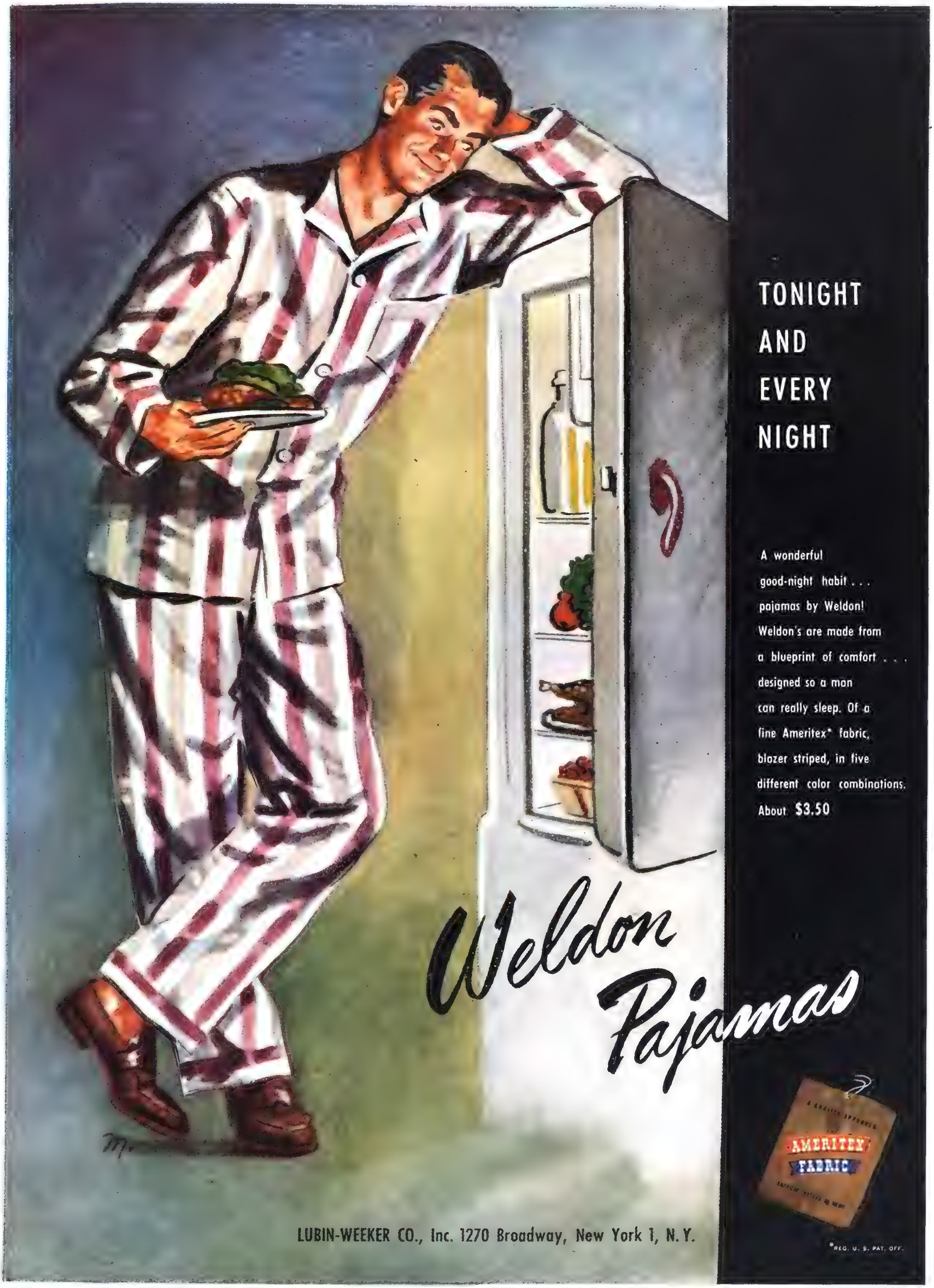
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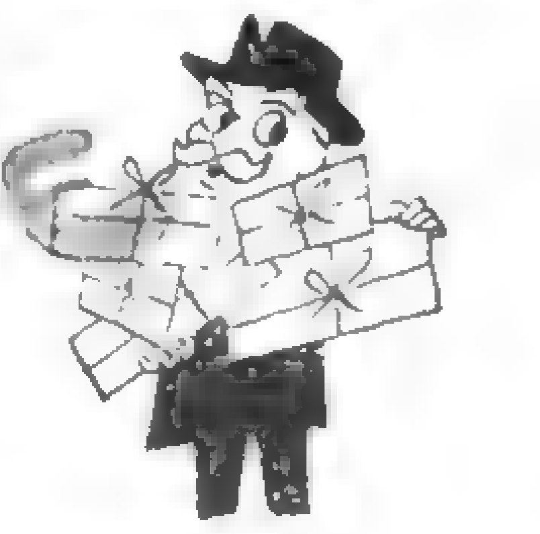
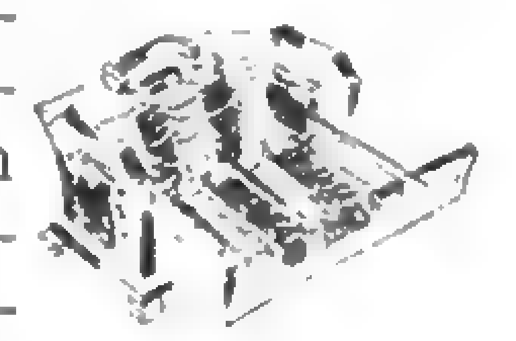
Talking Shop with Esquire



SMOKING KIT. Here's a nice gift to send pipe smoking gentlemen. Kit consists of four 4 oz. tins of variously blended tobaccos, a zipper leather pouch to house both the tobacco and briar pipe with oval bowl to facilitate carrying in pockets.

"I'LL RAISE YOU FIVE". When the gang gets together to make a presentation gift to the boss, they might well consider the following: a crystal lucite case which holds 300 unbreakable, nonskid poker chips and two decks of cards. When closed, the case is fastened by a slide catch on the top, and when open, with both sides dropped down, it may be used by the banker for reserve chips. Again for the boss, a bit of literary deception in the way of a gold-tooled, leatherette volume entitled "Encyclopedia". Upon opening same, we find an illustrated article on the romance of games, and underneath, a removable tray containing 7 game combinations . . . cribbage, backgammon, chess, checkers, etc. And an instruction book.



ALL THE TRIMMINGS. A decorative cork looks far more festive than the mundane variety. How about gay, colored corks topped with porcelain birds or fish?

SOBER-UPPER. From one of our two-fisted Canadian imbibers we have the following: "When objects both animate and inanimate appear to be issued in duplicate, try taking 2 oz. of Worcestershire sauce and drink it neat. Don't dally. Down the hatch. May taste like a shot of sulphuric acid, but stay with it. In ten minutes mists should disappear, everything is crystal clear."

Ranger

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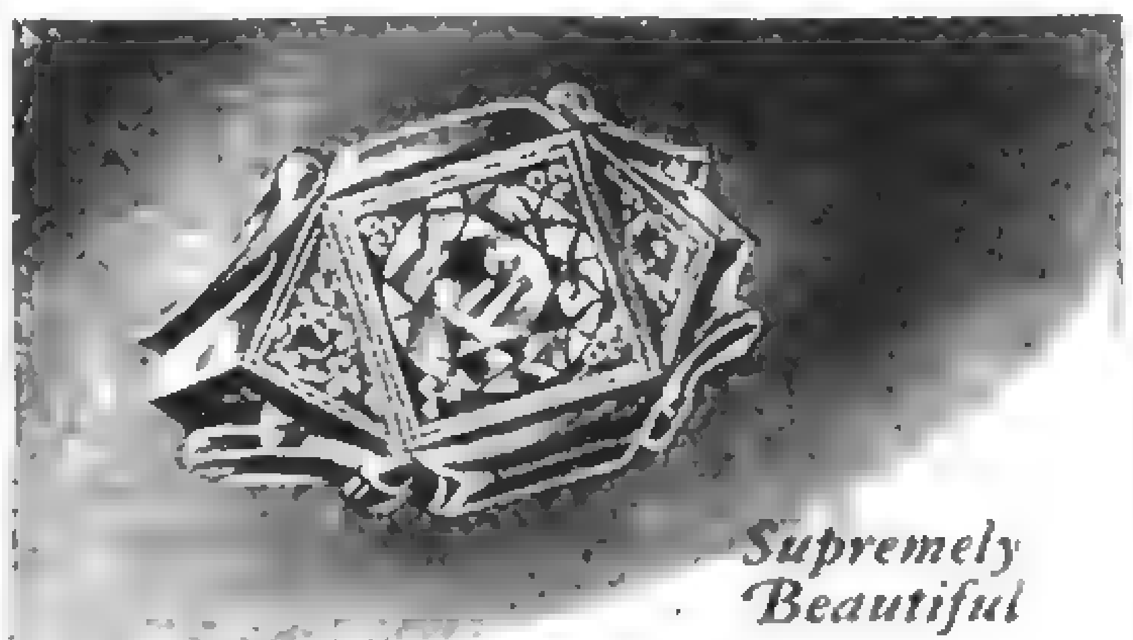

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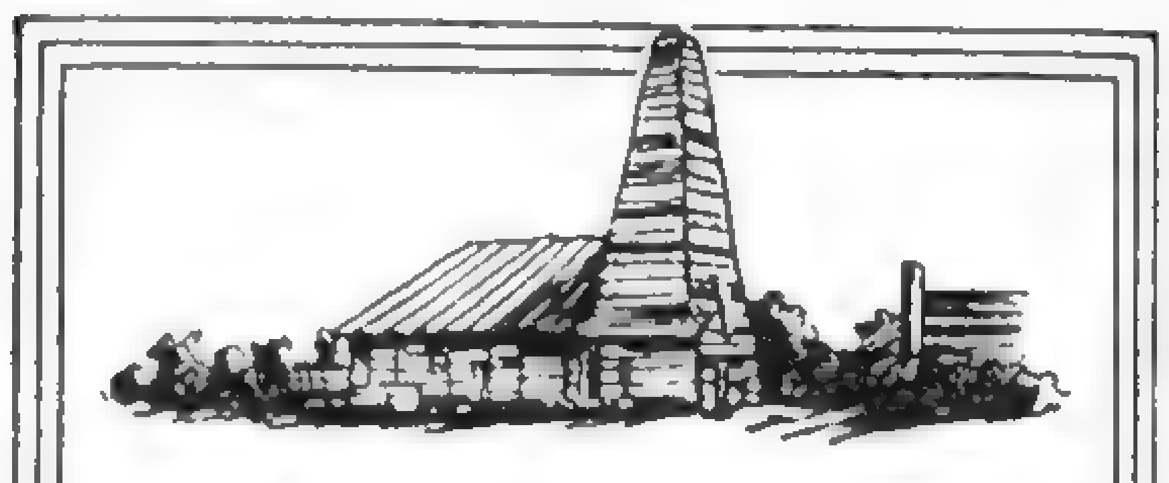

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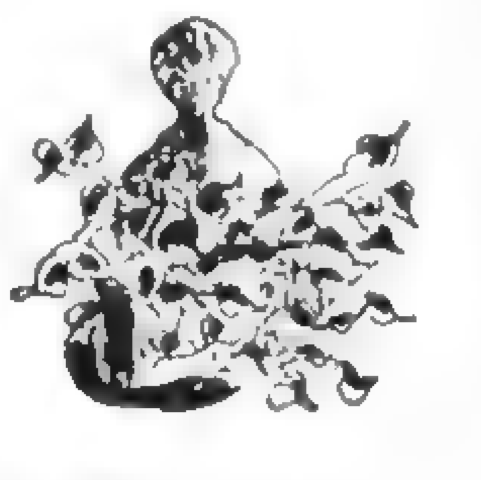

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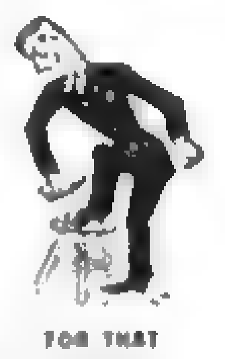

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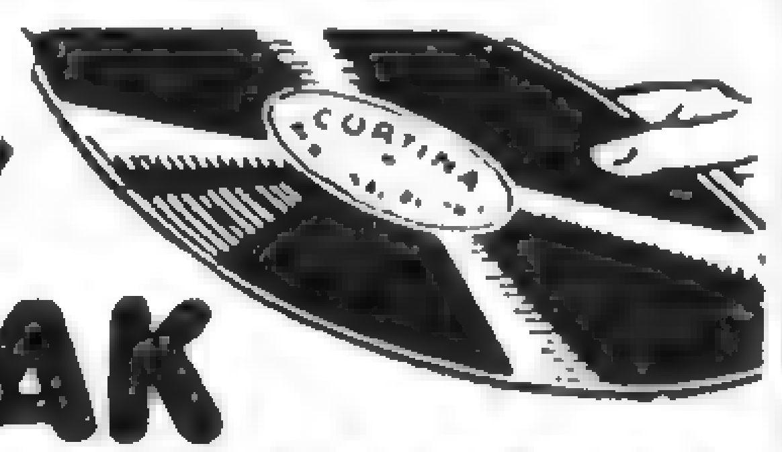

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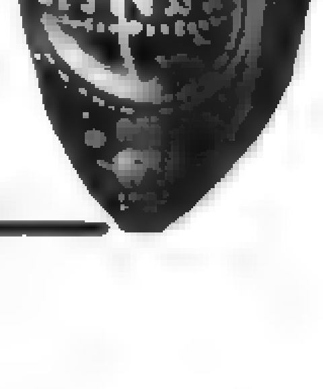

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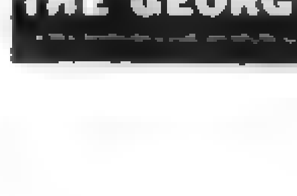

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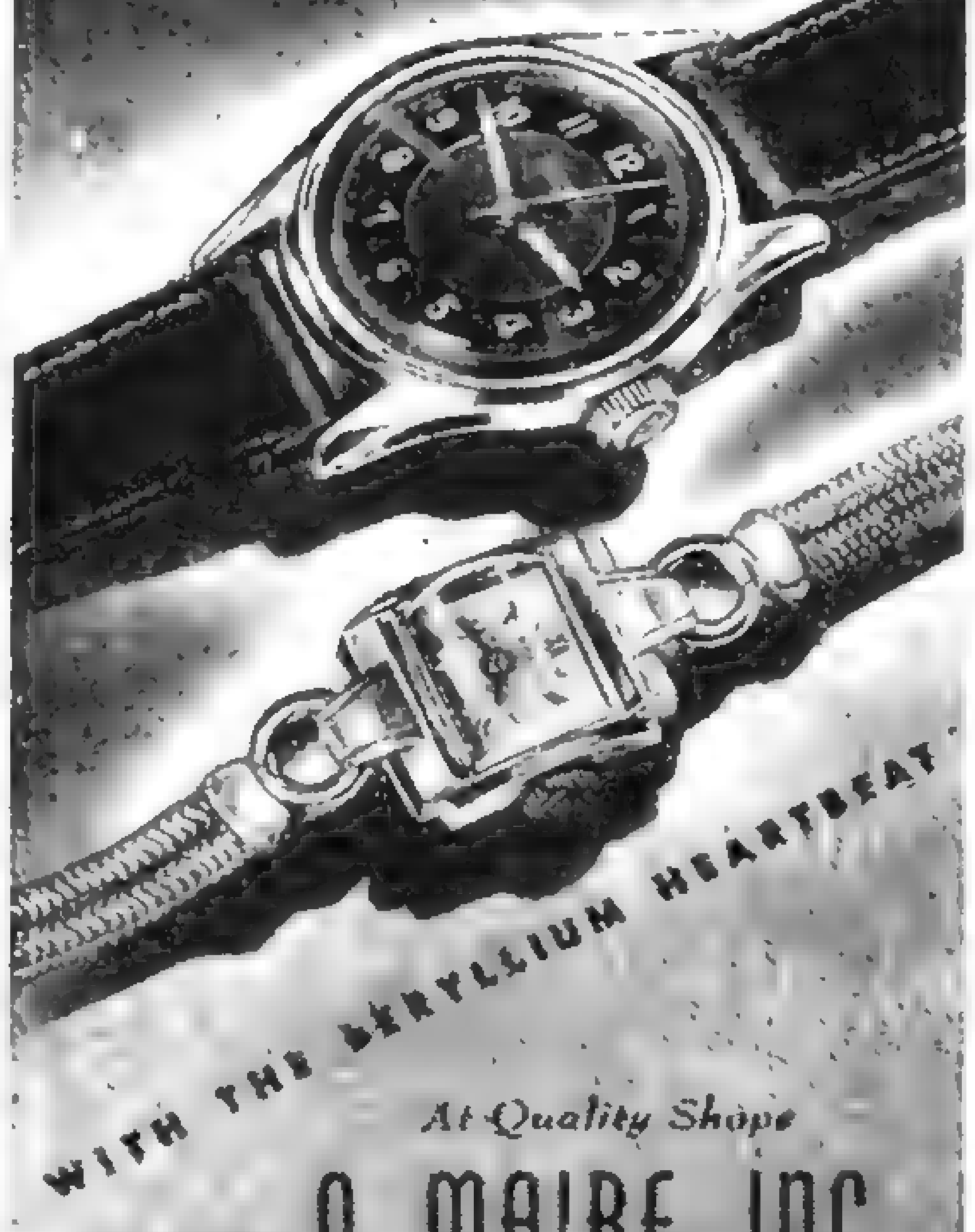

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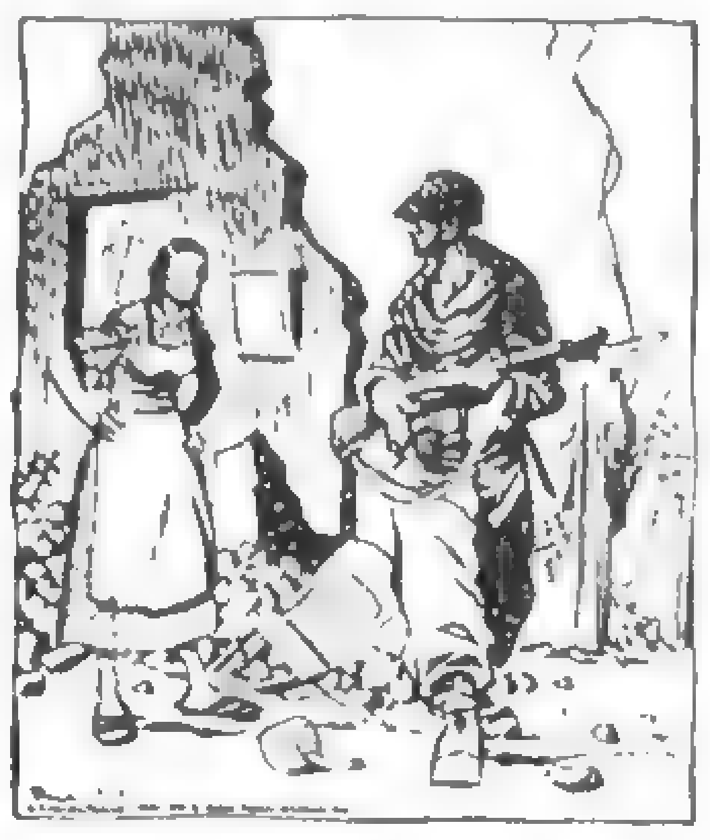

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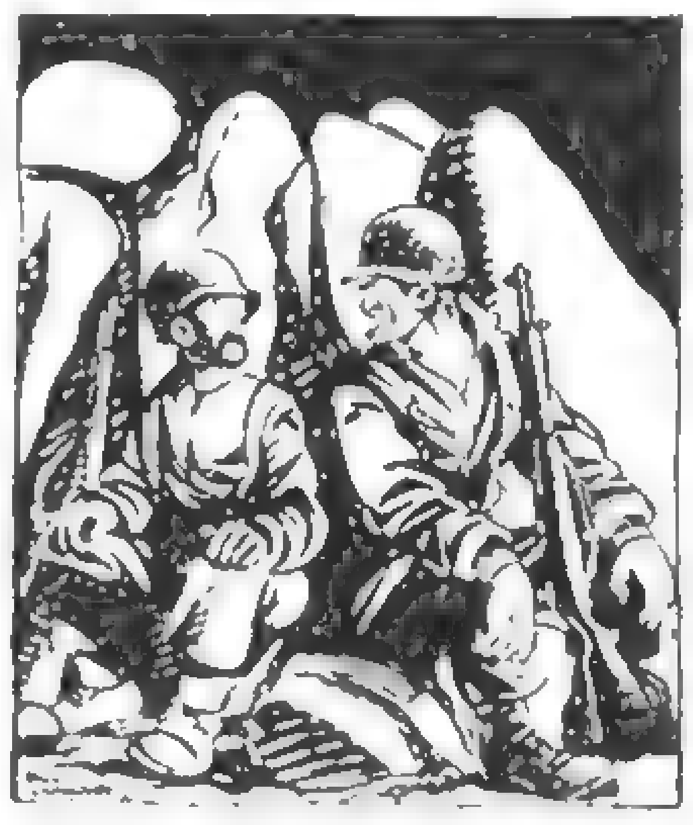

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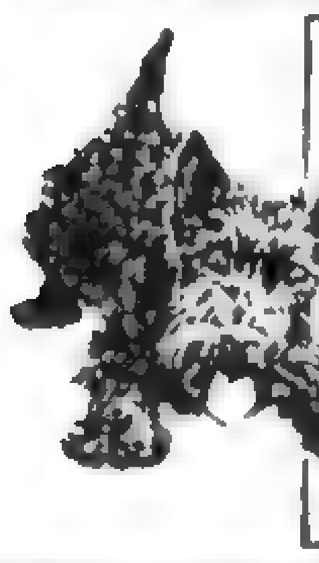

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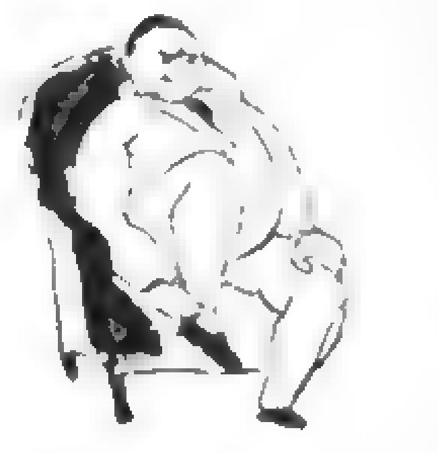

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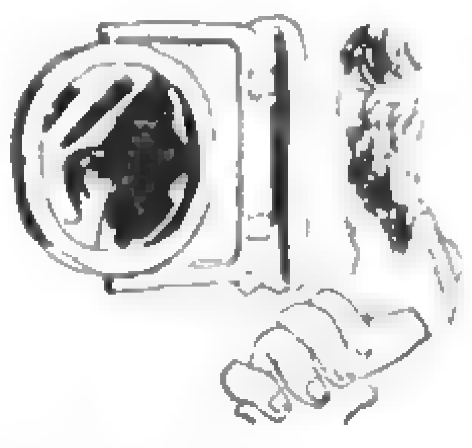

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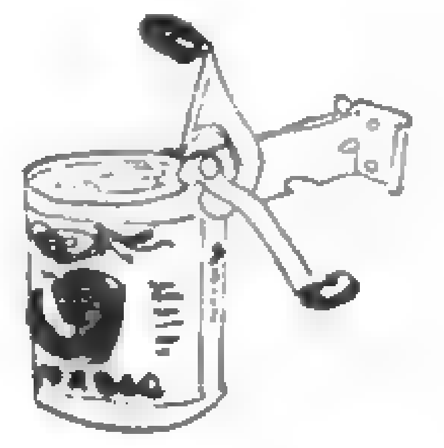

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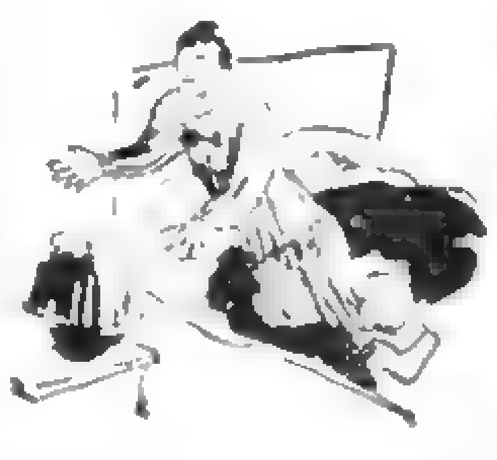

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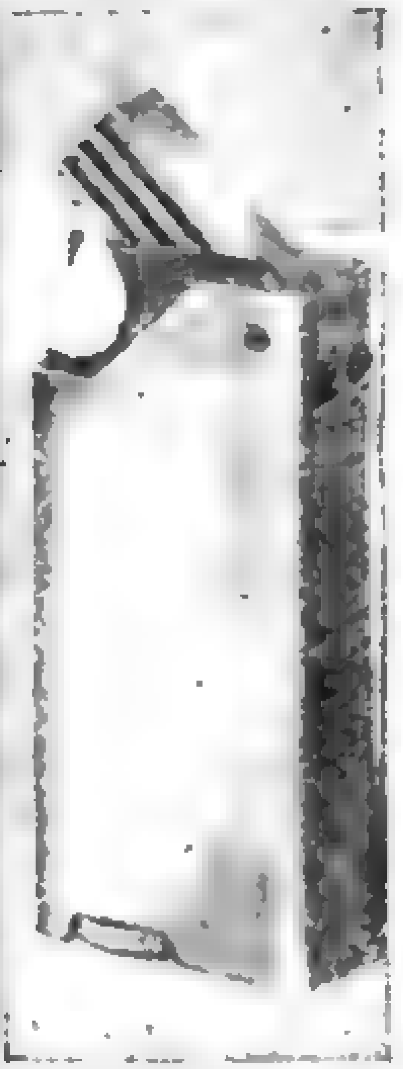

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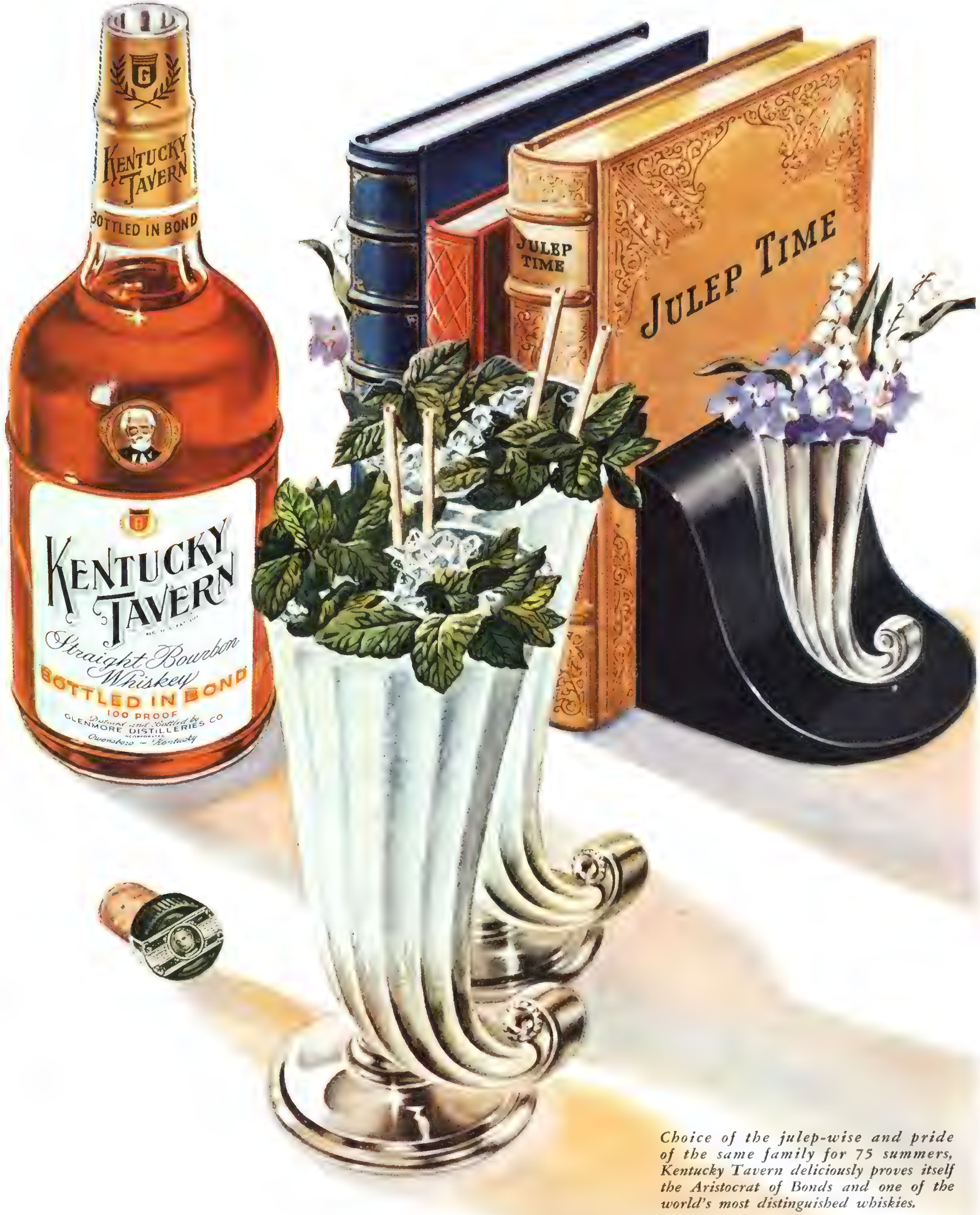
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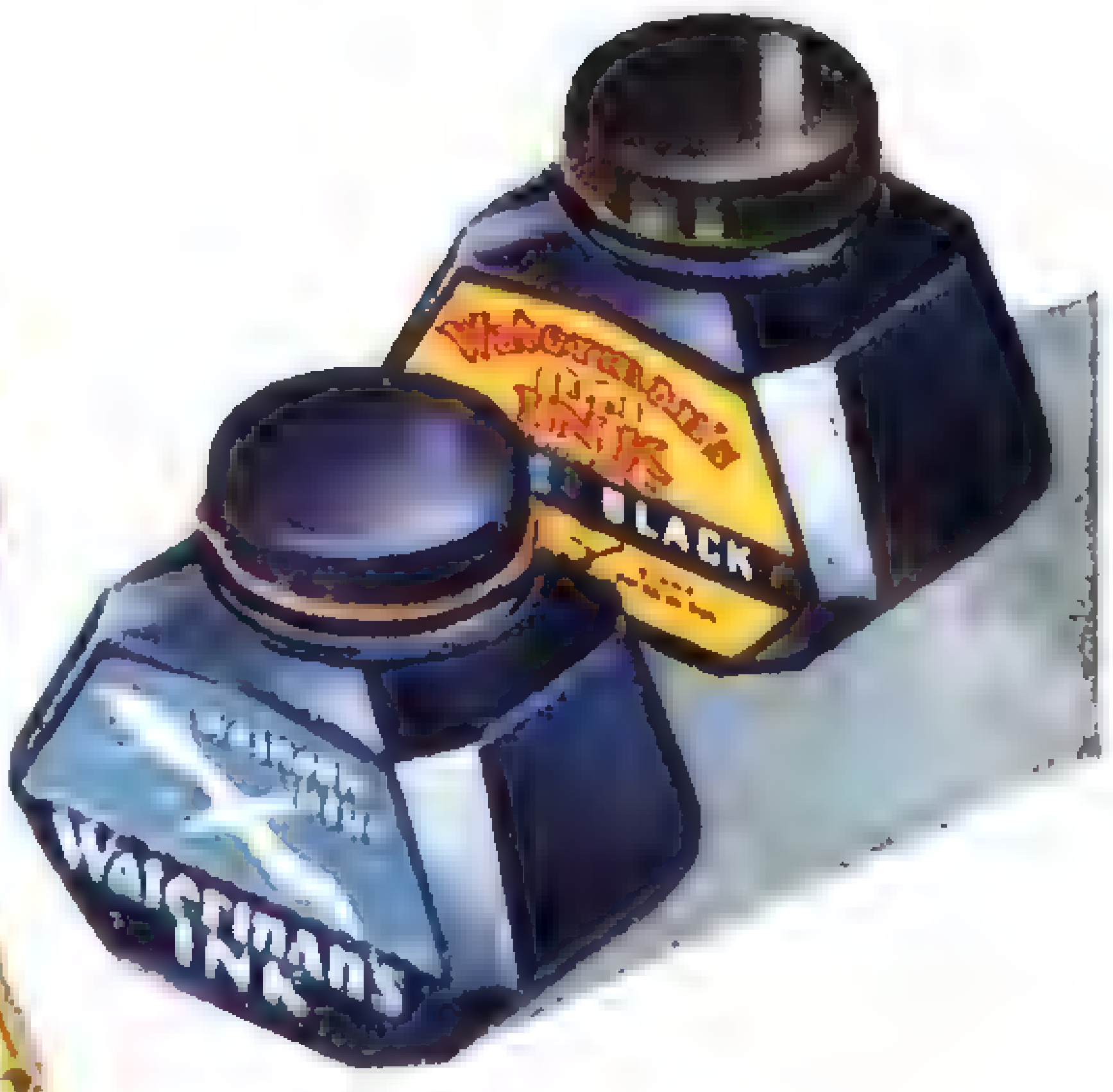

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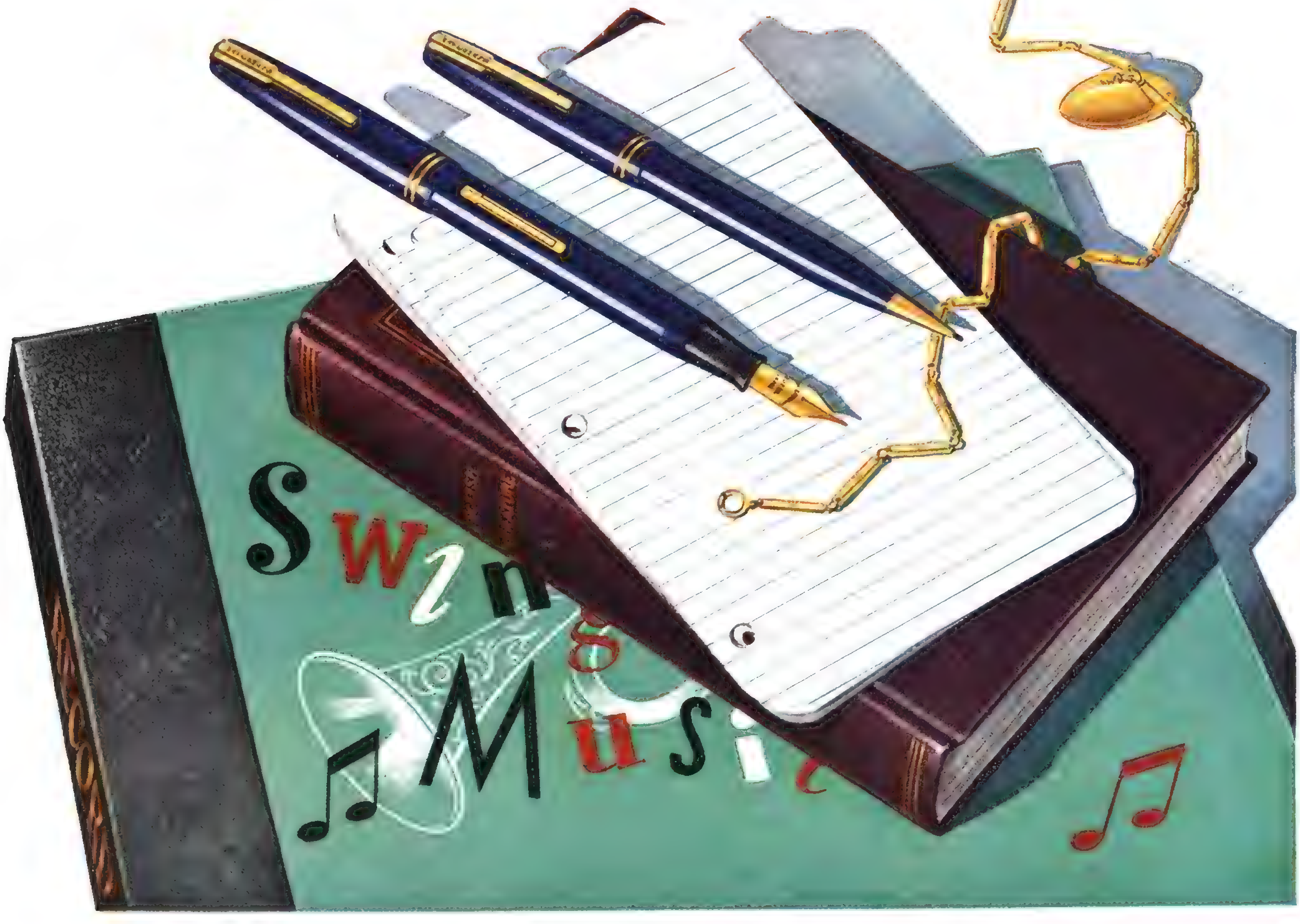

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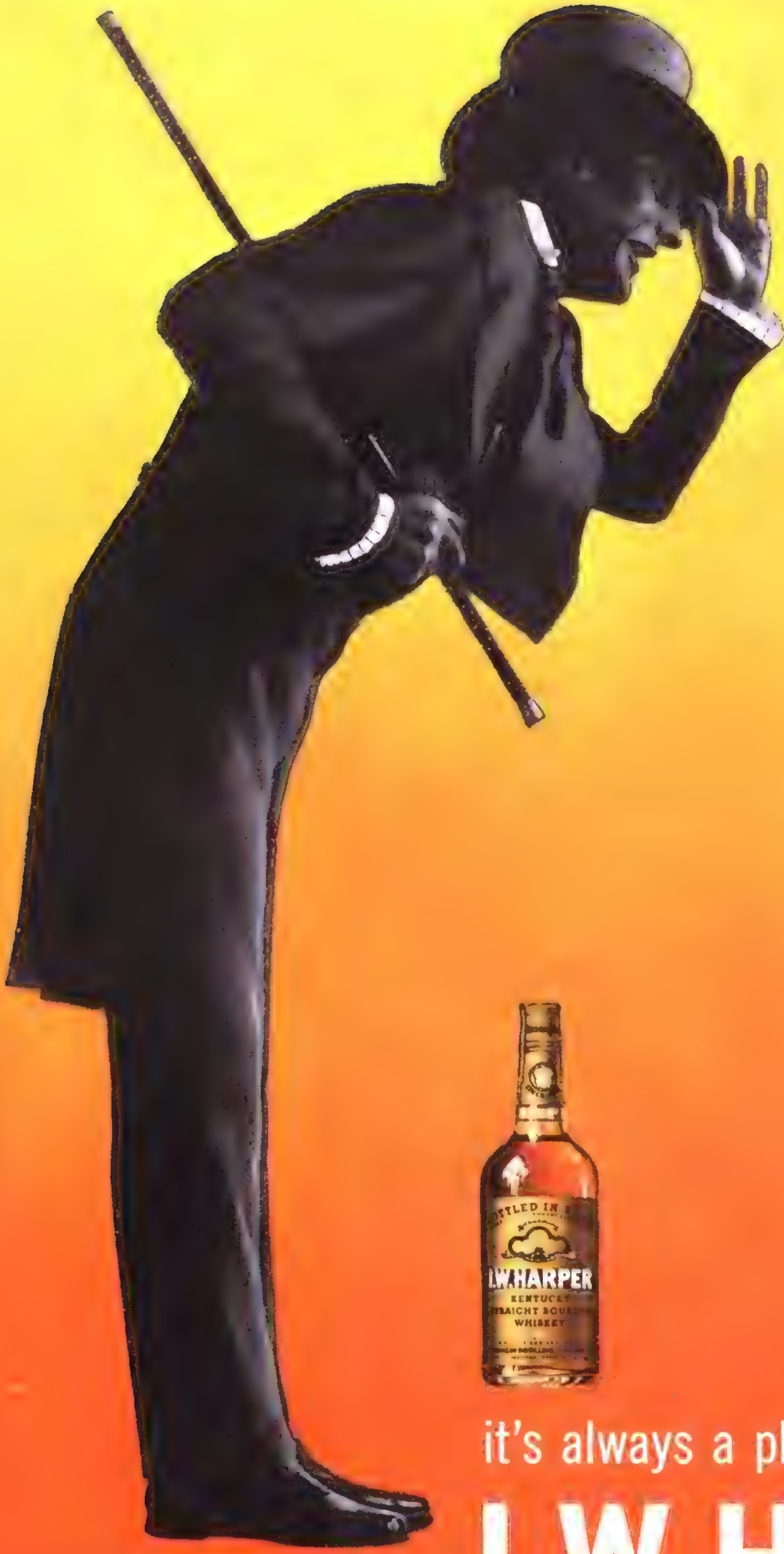

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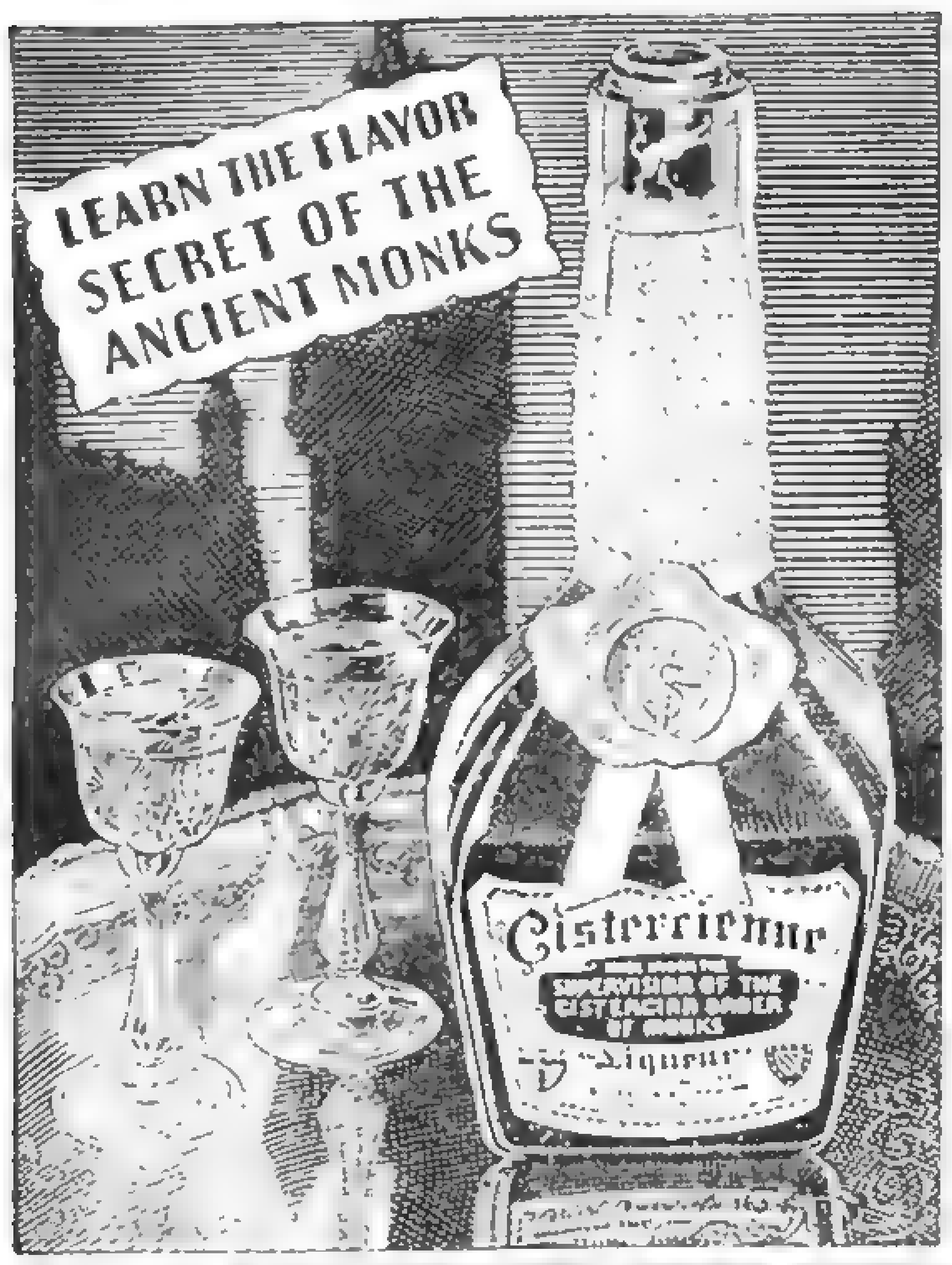
Painting the Town with Esquire

IF THE TRAVEL ban compels us to forego deep-tangled wildwoods this summer, there's always the Stork Club to camp in, its good clean air reminding us of champagne . . . Turkish violinist Irwin Polk (No, Mabel, he isn't the guy who invented the polka) is providing soup-cover-up music at the exclusive Coq Rouge (65 East 56th). Dick Wilson's orchestra continues as dance rhythm disher, with Dick himself vocaling . . . Charms of chowing at the vastly genteel, sumptuously appointed Hampshire House haven't skidded any. Noël still bows from the waist in welcome, chef Marquis conjures in the kitchen, and the attractive Bar Lounge hasn't been outsmarted as a refined spot for a snort.

MITTS GET NUMB applauding Mitzi Green at the Copacabana whether her goldilocks are upfrizzed as she wickedly travesties Hildegarde, or out on the loose on her shoulders when she is just being herself or a few other people. The management provides you with knives and forks but hardly allows you a chance to use them, music of Enric Madriguera is so ankle-luring and whole show so super—featuring the droll antics of mad magician Russell Swan, the agilities and fantasies of dance enchanters Mario & Floria, the singing of Don Dennis, and the eye-gladdening abilities of the Samba Sirens. For hikers on the pleasure trail, it's a suitable place to pause protractedly.

PLASH GO the fountains on the Biltmore Roof, but headwaiter Paul, setting his mind to it, can suggest more interesting quenchwares . . . At the New Yorker's Terrace Room, Chuck Foster, clarinet, sax, and his band, are loaning their flexible music style to the rink reviews and the dance congestions betwixt . . . Oversized parcel of good nature: "Tiny" Clark refereeing the rural dances and games at the Village Barn (52 West 8th). A true spud of his native state, Idaho . . . Yielding to a back to the soil impulse, Latin idol José Curbelo is leading his band (expanded) over in Deal, N. J., at the not unknown Ross Fenton Farm . . . Out Jericho Turnpike way on Long Island, the Svensk-cuisined Stockholm, handsomely architected and set in spacious grounds at Syosset, has cut itself quite a wedge of social pie.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



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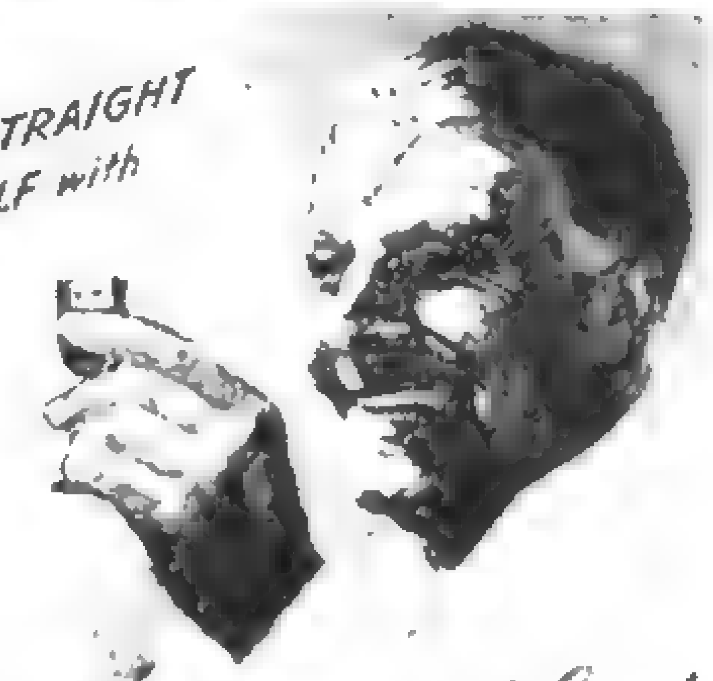
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Painting the Town with Esquire

SECRET'S OUT! That rum-and-mint cocktail that Esky's Potables department got wind of and mentioned in the July issue under the camouflage title "Cool o' the Evening" is now all over town, all over America in fact, under its true name: *Cocktail Brugal*—1 jigger Brugal Rum (White Label), juice of ¼ lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar, sprig of mint well crushed in shaker (or add a few drops of white crême de menthe); shake with ice till frosted, and strain into cocktail glass. Recipe is a proud ancestral possession of West Indies rum mogul Juan Brugal, hospitable owner of famed distilleries in Puerto Rico and Dominican Republic, whose family has been regaling guests' palates with this rave-rouser ever since the 1880's. Partakers in restaurants, hotels, and night spots are hailing Señor Brugal at long distance as benefactor of the heat-wilted.

FLESH-POTS à la oldtime Paris are going full flavor at the Restaurant Bagatelle (3 East 52nd) under the suzerainty of General Theodore Lodi, whose palate used to rove both banks of the Seine in the days when he was an embassy attaché. As his prime minister there's Camille Millien, erstwhile chief steward of the *Ile de France*, sending signals to eminent white-capper Marassé. Surroundings have the benefit of the stunning Lamotte murals of Paris, set in the walls like windows. The bar is a real hunk of the boulevards, notifying you that you've barged into a spot extraordinaire.

STRONG CONTENDER for the panorama sweepstakes is the Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert (James A. Patterson, managing skipper) on Brooklyn Heights, overlooking New York harbor, Miss Liberty, and the multi-billion-dollar herd of skyscrapers of lower Manhattan. Enclosed supping terrace cleverly impersonates deck of an ocean liner, with simulated life preservers in racks over the railside tables, and a crew of waiters fetching beverages. Blue-domed *cabine de dance*, where Nye Mayhew and his Marine Roof Orchestra splice melodies with Beverly Hosier as ship's canary, is supplemented by a dance deck open to the stars and the moon. Cruises for two start Fridays and Saturdays at 9:00 P.M. Quarter-hour subway ride from mid-Manhattan deposits you practically at gangplank.

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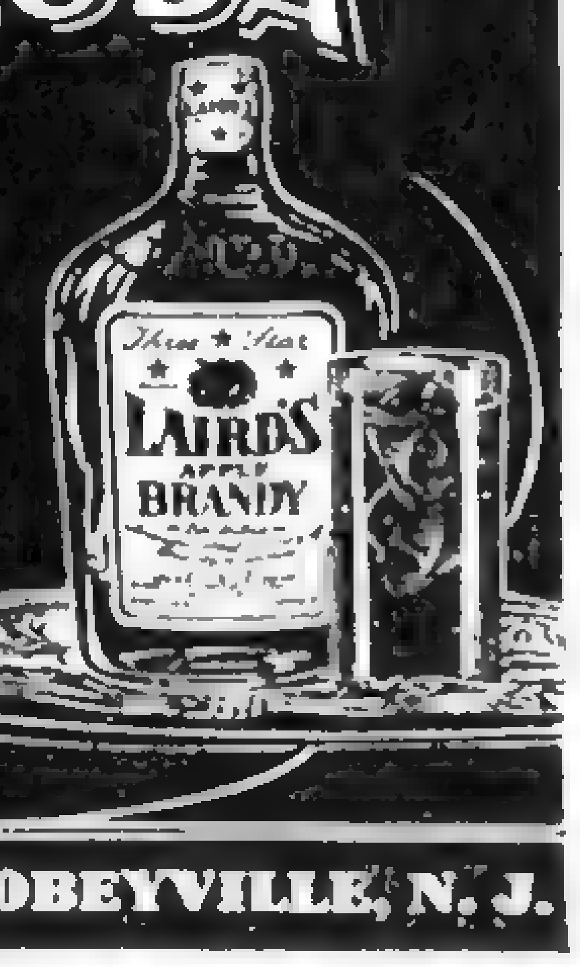

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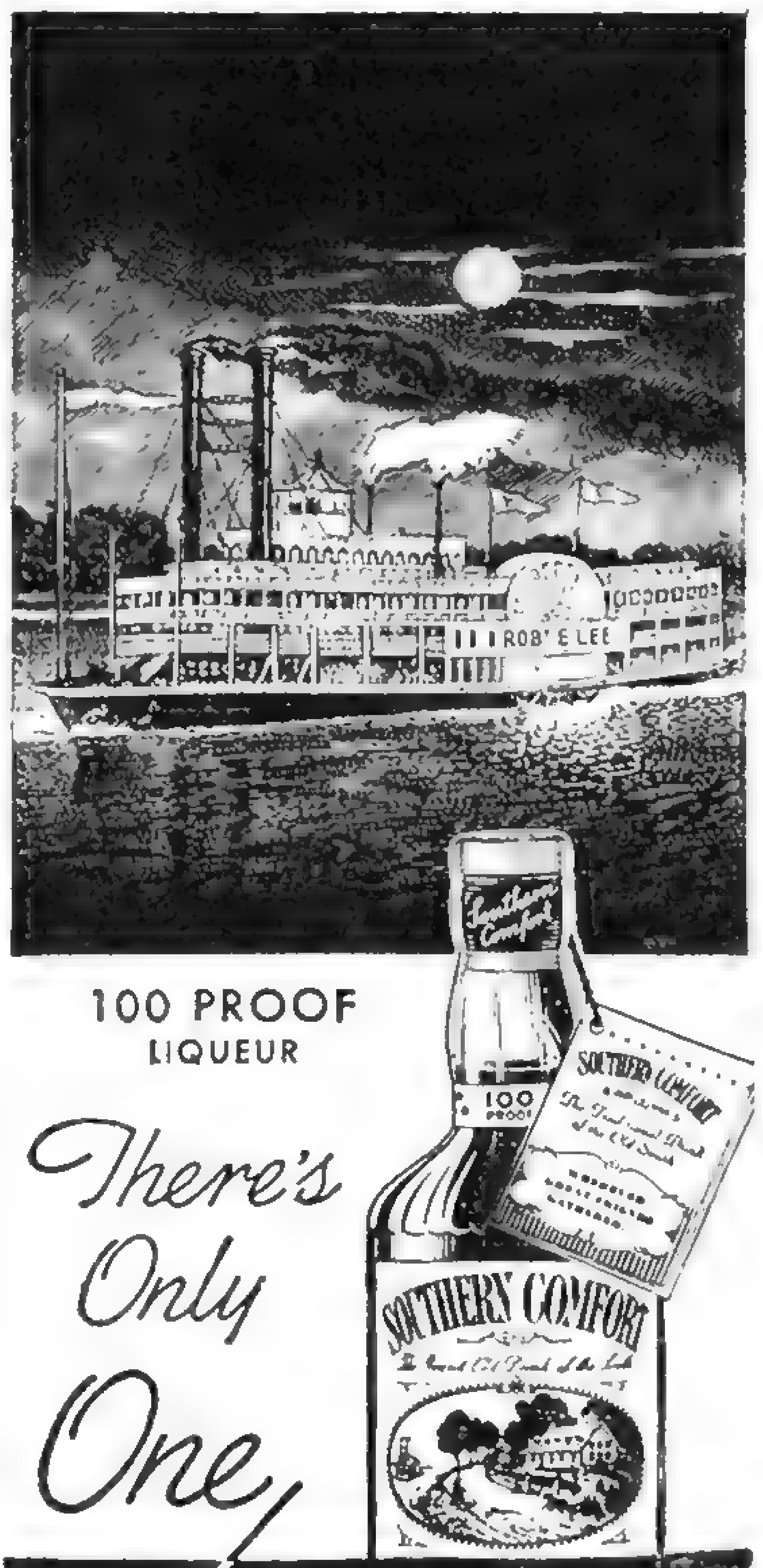

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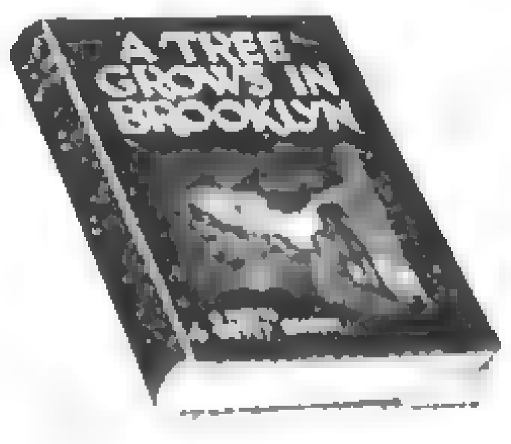

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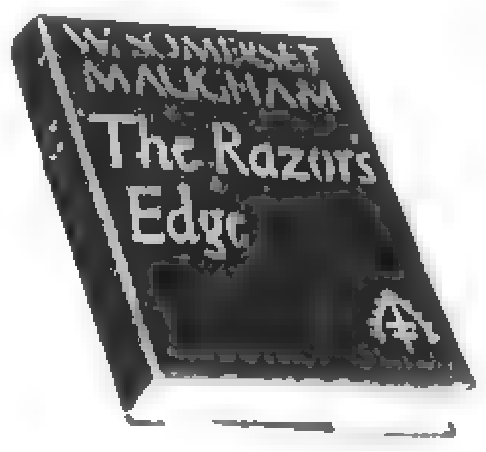

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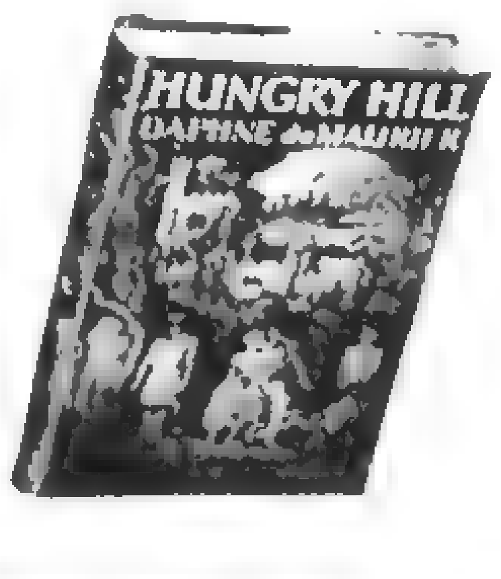

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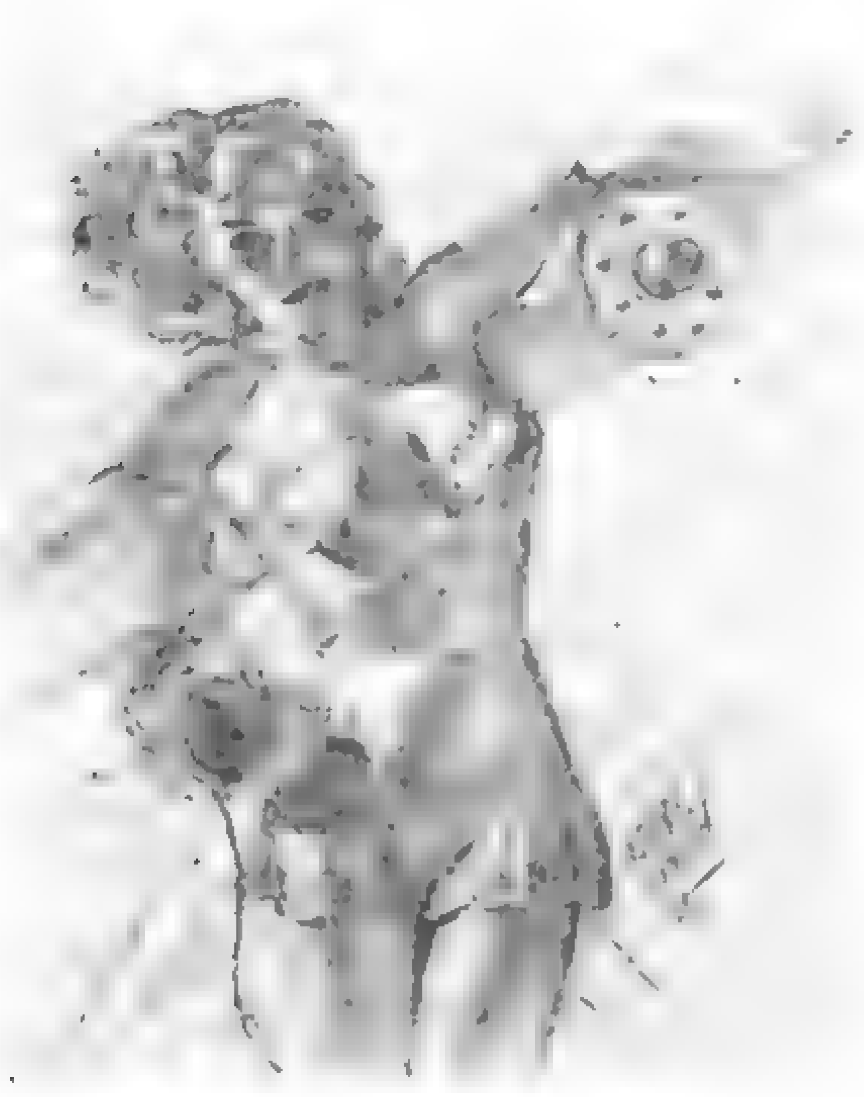
Backstage with Esquire

JOHN ROEBURT, a born and bred New Yorker, says: "From the first minute of my twenties I began to change occupations regularly as a way of life. These have ranged from police court reporting to bank cashiering to Hollywood script writing to radio. I've aired nearly fifty radio plays (principally *Adventures of the Falcon, Bulldog Drummond, Inner Sanctum*), published a novel *Jigger Moran*; and as a conscience write-off for radio mayhem I do racket busting articles. I live completely under the tyranny of three blonde blockbusters; my wife, a dress designer, and my daughters, Jill and Joan—the only radio audience I'm always sure of." Aspiring writers of radio mysteries study Mr. Roeburt's successful technique by reading his candid confessions: *Bloody Murder on the Network*, page 64.

John Roeburt

ONE OF THE interesting duties of the U. S. military censors is culling through the strange assortment of souvenirs that the boys send, or try to send, home. It is not unusual for them to have to intercept American cigarettes, the Eiffel Tower done in cheese, and military weapons. Often they have to admire the ingenious ways by which the booty is disguised. Recently inspectors opened a package containing a copy of *The Bedside Esquire*, and something, intellectual curiosity perhaps, prompted them to leaf through the pages. The center of the book had been neatly cut to form a nest for an Italian Breda pistol.



EVER SINCE MAXINE FIFE's photograph appeared in our January issue under the title, "American Beauty, Western Style," she has been showered with letters from appreciative servicemen in the Marshalls, the Marianas, China, India, England, Belgium, Holland and (name your own war theaters). At this writing a Navy Bomber, a Flying Fortress, a B-29, a P.T. boat and a Bulldozer have been named for her. She finds all this adulation especially heart warming in view of the fact that her husband is overseas and her contract with Paramount has ended. Her present interesting condition has kept her from trying the other film studios—but just give her time. Meanwhile, she has received this portrait drawn by S/Sgt. Pilot Kedrick Lynch, member of the 127th Liaison Squadron which has voted her "The girl we would most like to fly out of this world with."

JIM KJELGAARD (*Men Walk Alone*, page 90) works in a defense plant in Milwaukee, writes chiefly about hunting, fishing and forest patrol.

MARTIN DIBNER, author of the moving story, *Sir Grane and the Monster*, is a lieutenant junior grade who says: "I feel that despite the hell of war and battle and the difficulty of accepting authority, my trick in the Navy has been the most valuable factor in my growth." Before the war he battered around New York as an art student, then worked on the art staff of the Miami *Daily News*. He doesn't think that college days prepare one for the world; he found the depression and other world events difficult to grasp; liked living in Florida but regarded it essentially as an escape. He will tell all of this in a novel now in preparation for which Twentieth Century-Fox has awarded him a serviceman's fellowship.

Lt. Martin Dibner

LIEUT. (j.g.) PETER MANKOWSKI, who wrote the story *One Will Stand*, on page 72, was born in Minneapolis of parents who had come to America from Poland. He lived in a Polish section of the city and attended Edison High School where, he says, "many of the difficulties of foreign-American adjustment were solved through the help of friendly, interested teachers." He worked for awhile on Great Lakes freighters, then entered Dartmouth College. After graduation in 1933 he returned to teach English and coach athletics at Edison High school, until he joined the Navy last year.

J. Frank Dobie

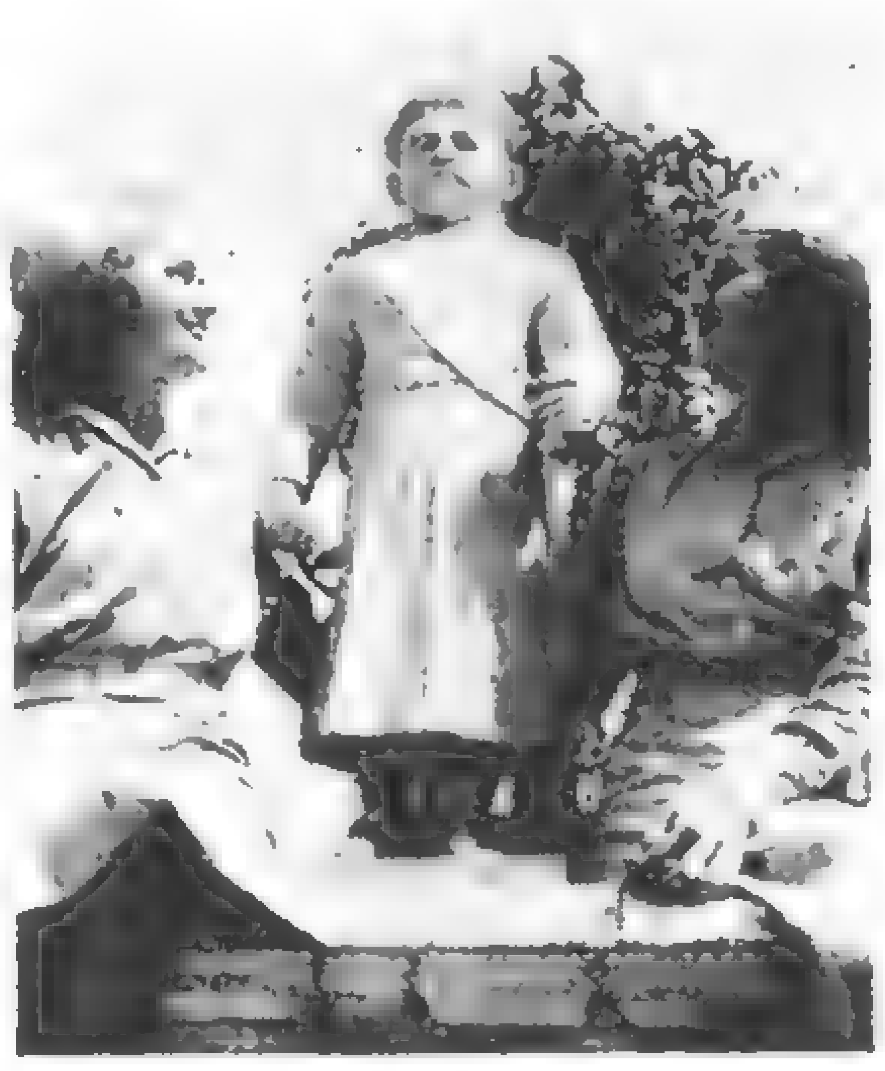
J. FRANK DOBIE returned last winter from a year as Visiting Professor of American History at Cambridge University, whereupon he wrote a book called *A Texan in England*. Born fifty-six years ago on a ranch by the Texas-Mexico border, he has ranched, roamed over Mexico muleback, written many books, been a Professor of English at the University of Texas, and served as a first lieutenant in field artillery during the last war.

DEAN JENNINGS (*George and the Apes*, page 51) is on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He is the author of *Leg Man* and *The Man Who Killed Hitler* as well as a number of short stories and articles, mostly about crime.

FEIKE FEIKEMA's second book, *Boy Almighty*, will soon be published. His first novel, *The Golden Bowl*, was issued by the Webb Publishing Company in St. Paul last year. He writes: "I was born at Rock Rapids, Iowa, to farm parents of Frisian ancestry (in ancient times the Frisians were tribal cousins of the Angles and Saxons and they still retain many Old English accents) the oldest of a family of six boys, the shortest of whom is six feet four. I went to country schools in Iowa, graduated from Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1943. For three years I roamed the country as filling station attendant, farm hand, factory worker, salesman, editor of a country weekly and semi-pro basketball player. After working for the Minneapolis *Journal* I tried to make a living writing fiction, broke down with tuberculosis and spent two years in a sanatorium. Then I worked on a medical magazine until 1943 when I won a Regional Writing Fellowship at the University of Minnesota. I am married, have a daughter Freya, four months old. We live near Bloomington, Minnesota on a high bluff overlooking the fertile Minnesota River valley. I have been a jack of all trades in the hope that I might become a master of one—writing."

Feike Feikema

BARBARA STEVENSON AND NANCY RYAN, American Red Cross girls stationed in India, discovered what they believe to be the original Esky at the Jain Temple in Calcutta. The Jains, the girls inform us, are dissenters from Hinduism—mostly city dwellers—traders and men of wealth. They point out that the Jain Esky, like our own, is a man of diverse character—bearing a sword in one hand, a rose in the other. No explanation was offered for his wink—just one of the mysteries of India.



LIAM O'FLAHERTY is probably most widely known as the author of *The Informer*, which was dramatized for the screen. Most of his fiction has as its background the Aran Islands off County Galway in Ireland, where he was born. Although he studied for the priesthood at a Jesuit College he has always been an adventurer at heart. In 1915 he joined the Irish Guards, saw service in Belgium, and was discharged with shellshock in 1917. Returning to find Ireland in the midst of a revolution, he organized a band of ex-soldiers in Dublin and for a week he held the Rotunda under a red flag. In 1918 he went to London, and after a few months' work in a brewery he went to sea as a trimmer, a seaman and a stoker. He started writing in 1921; his first book was *Thy Neighbor's Wife*; others include *The Assassin, The Martyr, Skerrett, The Puritan.*

WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH has combined his vocation, which is painting, with his avocation, angling and upland gunning, in a series of illustrated articles that comprise an almanac for sportsmen. He has a farm in Vermont where he says: "A comfortable studio in which to work, with my own friendly hearth and a highball awaiting me at the end of the day make life pretty sweet. They can have the Oak room at the Ritz and keep it!" #

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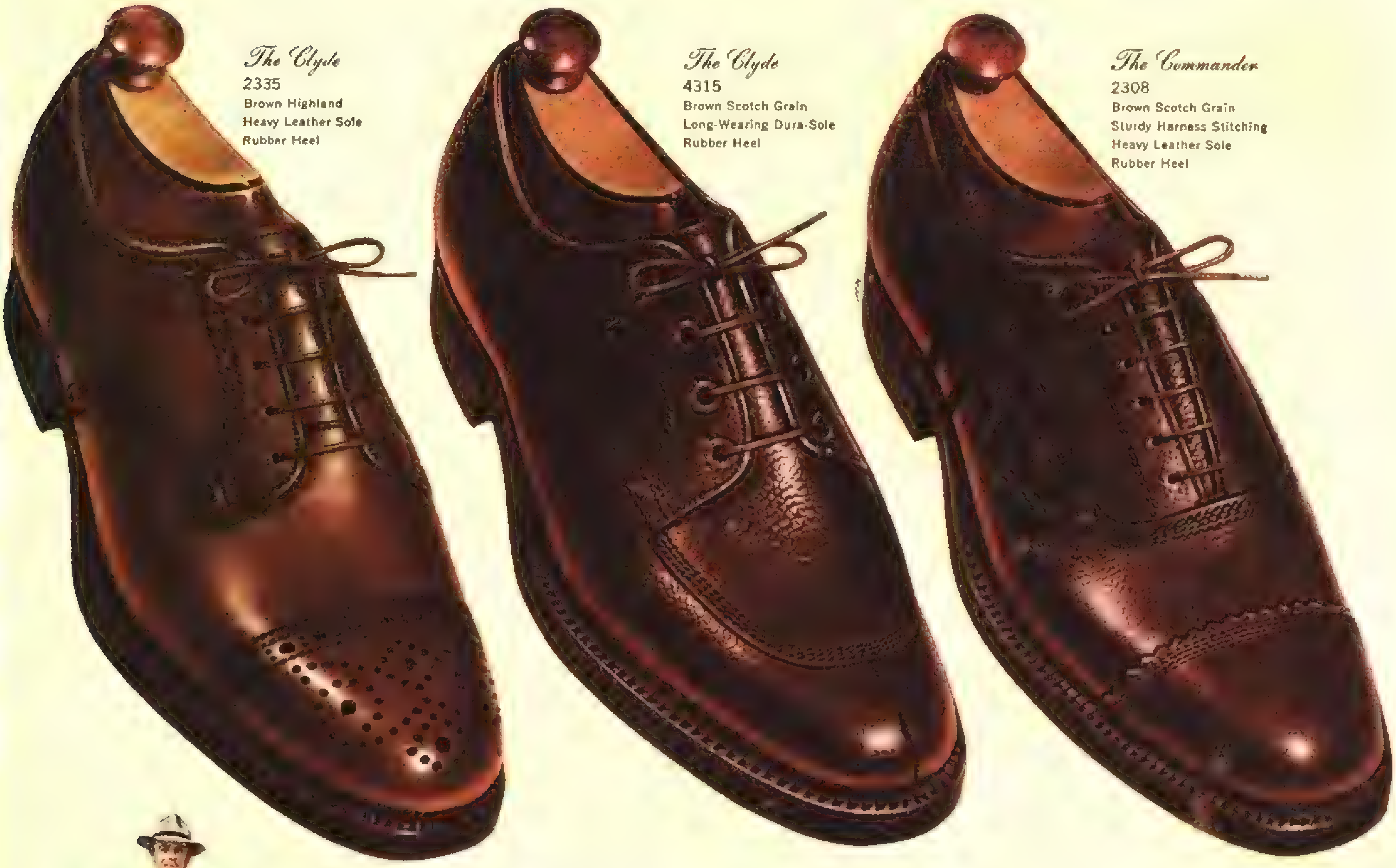

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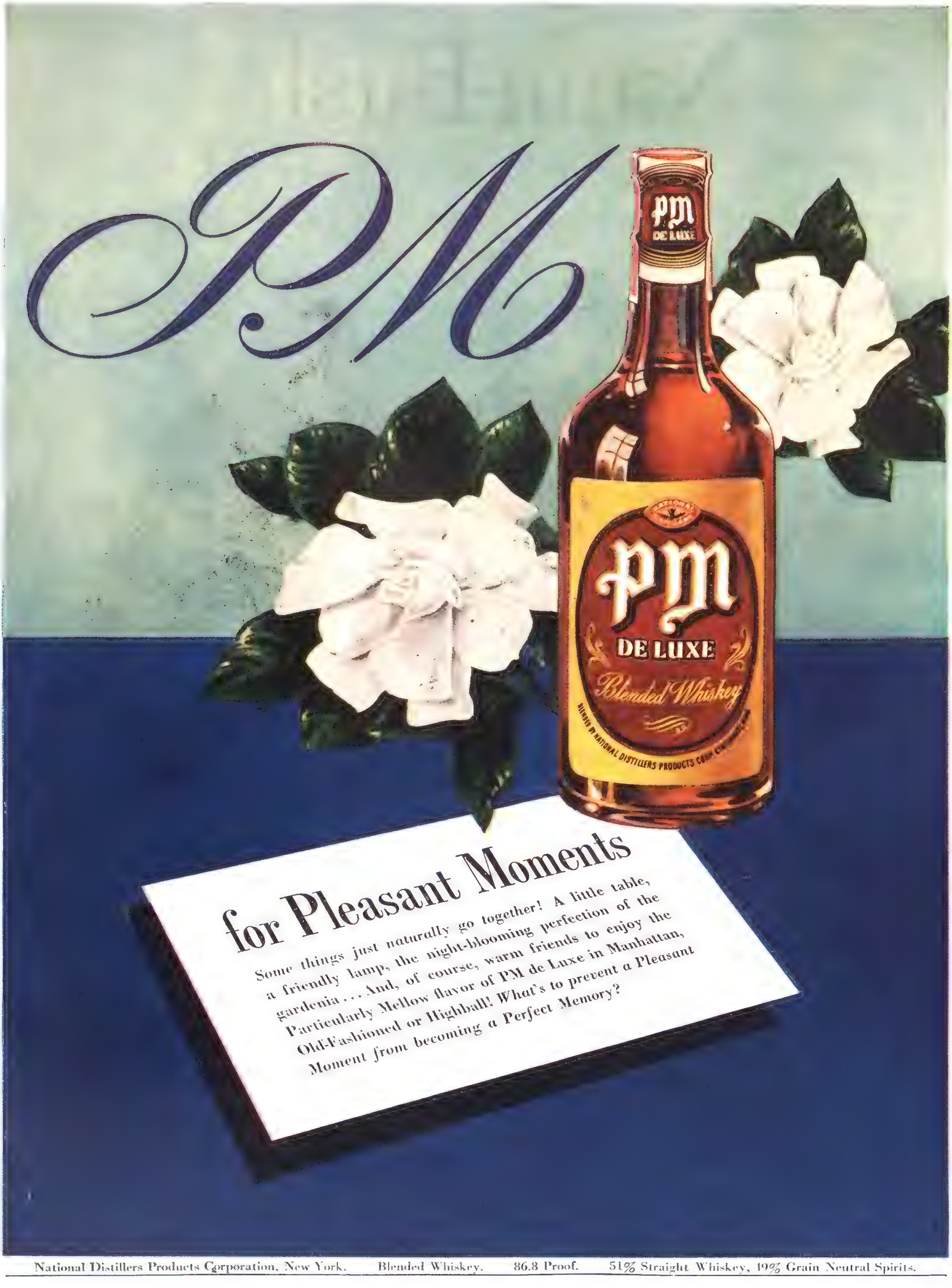
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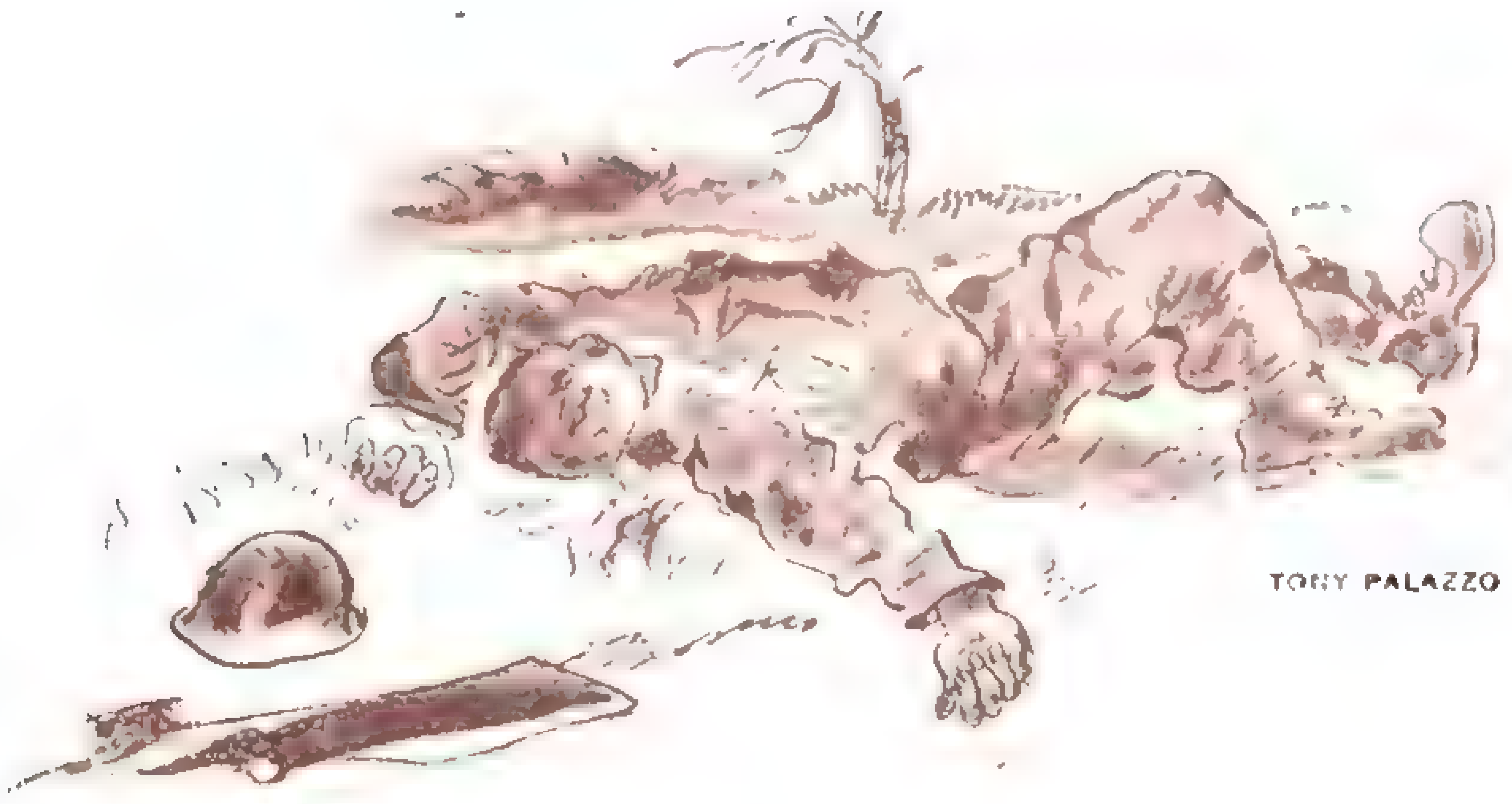

TONY PALAZZO

by SIDNEY CARROLL

Once you've seen the terrible things that gunfire and battle can do to a man, once you see mere remnants of men still living and breathing on the beaches, you begin to wonder: just how much punishment can the human body take and still survive?

I want to tell you the story of a man named James Anderson Summers, a Sergeant in the First Marine Division. This story is a kind of clinical history.

Summers is twenty-eight. He is tall, and thin, and has blond hair. Before the war he worked for Dyer's Feed and Grocery Company, in Jackson, Mississippi. He enlisted in the Marines one day before the Fourth of July, 1940. He was sent overseas on July 18, 1942. He fought through the Guadalcanal campaign and was slightly wounded there. Then he went through the Cape Gloucester campaign without a scratch.

On the 15th of September, 1944, Summers landed on the southernmost beach of Peleliu. It was the job of his outfit to take the one beach and then move inland and then down to the south tip of the island. They landed, they established their beachhead, and then they started down the tip. But reinforcements were needed further north on the island, at Bloody Nose Ridge, and Summers and his men were sent up there.

On the afternoon of his seventh day under fire, a mortar shell landed uncomfortably close to Summers. He flopped down, flat. Just ahead of him, not six feet in front of him, he saw a ditch. He started to get up, to head for the ditch, and just as he was getting ready to crawl forward a second mortar landed right next to him. The blast knocked him right into the ditch and when he came to his senses there was something like slow fire in his belly. "I tried to get up," he says, "but my whole right side just wouldn't move. I didn't really feel any pain—just numbness."

What had happened was that a piece of shrapnel had penetrated his back, just below the spine. Summers pulled his arm around and looked at his watch. It was exactly 6:15. He lay there in the ditch alone for perhaps fifteen minutes in a pool of blood, until he saw two Marines moving up close by. He called to them and they came to him. They dragged him about fifty yards to where a couple of corps men were working. The corps men gave the wounded sergeant a shot of morphine, then carried him to a first-aid station which was located in a dugout. Down in the dugout, they turned the lights on Summers, gave him his first shot of plasma and dressed the gaping wound in his back. They put him in an ambulance, then drove him to a medical station which was on the beach. Summers lay there all night.

"Hooray, my wife just had a bouncing 12 points toward my discharge"

In the morning he was placed aboard one of those amphibious machines called a "duck," driven off the island, across the fringing reef, out into the water, and hoisted aboard a hospital ship. By the time he got aboard, his loss of blood was tremendous. He was given two more shots of plasma and one blood transfusion.

An examination of the prone flesh that was Sergeant James Anderson Summers disclosed that the piece of shrapnel had sheared through one of his kidneys, through his bladder, and through his bowel. The bones of his pelvis were injured and his right leg was paralyzed.

By all the laws of Average and the Book, a man has no chance of standing up under that sort of thing. But Navy doctors have no time to consider averages. They gave him two operations on the hospital ship. The first was an attempt to stop a hemorrhage in his abdomen. A short while after he came out of the anesthetic from that one, Summers dimly felt a pain in the right side of his chest. He reached over and felt a hard lump there under the skin. He called a doctor and whispered, "I feel something here." The area he pointed to was abscessed. They operated then and took out the piece of shrapnel. It was a piece of dirty jagged steel, two inches long.

It is many miles from Peleliu to Fleet Hospital 107 in Noumea, New Caledonia. By the time the hospital ship arrived at Noumea, Summers was one of the passengers who was expected to die.

When a hospital ship unloads its human cargo at a fleet hospital, the sight is one you'll never forget. The stretchers come off one by one, and each one is a separate case of pain and misery. Many of the cases are already beyond hope. It is a strange irony that allows a man to survive the battle, to cling to life on the hospital ship, and then to die in a bed on terra firma a long way from the battle. Summers seemed to be one of the ironic cases. The doctors at the hospital took him off the ship and read his papers and saw on the stretcher a long, lank boy who had lost a terrible amount of blood and whose insides were torn to pieces. He needed several operations. Could he survive even the first of them? The look of him, and the prognoses on his charts, didn't deter the doctors in Fleet Hospital 107. They picked up where the hospital ship doctors had left off. He was still a living thing, even though the life spark was about as low as it can go.

His first need was blood, for when he was taken off the ship he had about one-fifth of the normal amount of it in his veins. He was given a quart and a half of blood immediately upon admission to 107. The very next day he was operated on, a second operation on the bowel. In the next five days they had to give him another fourteen pints of blood and there is no telling how much plasma, before he could undergo his next operation—before he was well enough to have his kidney removed.

It must be remembered that at each stage of the attempt to save Sergeant Summers there was never any knowing whether he would survive the night. Three doctors did the surgical work on him, and stayed up nights at his bedside. There was Doctor J. Rogers, a surgeon formerly of San Francisco. There was Dr. M. G. O'Brien, a urologist from Scranton, Pennsylvania, and Dr. J. D. Maybry, from Houston, Texas. O'Brien says, "He was the sickest man I've ever seen."

With each successive job, each stitching of the thin web that still held Summers among the living, his case became a greater challenge to the men trying to save his life. The odds continued to pile up against them, for in the midst of their frantic endeavors, the weakened and ebbing Summers had recurrent malaria, and then hookworm. There were hundreds of patients in the hospital at that time, but Captain R. R. Gasser, the commanding officer of the base, found time to visit Summers every day, for the case of Summers was a thing that happens to a hospital every once in a while—a challenge to the whole staff. And there was another thing that stimulated the nurses and doctors to fantastic efforts in his behalf. Summers, long, lank, and bloodless, by all odds an utterly hopeless case, had a tremendous will to live. In his spurts of consciousness he told them, in his soft Mississippi drawl, that he had no intention at all of dying.

For six weeks they kept four nurses specially assigned to Summers, day and night. All told, he had 25 blood transfusions. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the fact that they gave him 6,000,000 units of penicillin. In all, he had 344 injections of the precious stuff, a score which is a record in the Pacific.

After the removal of his kidney, O'Brien operated on his bladder. After the bladder operation, Rogers and Maybry performed the second operation on his abdomen. It was at that stage of the game, a few weeks after that operation, that I saw Sergeant Summers in his bed in the hospital at Noumea. That was in the early part of January, 1945, four months after the invasion of Peleliu.

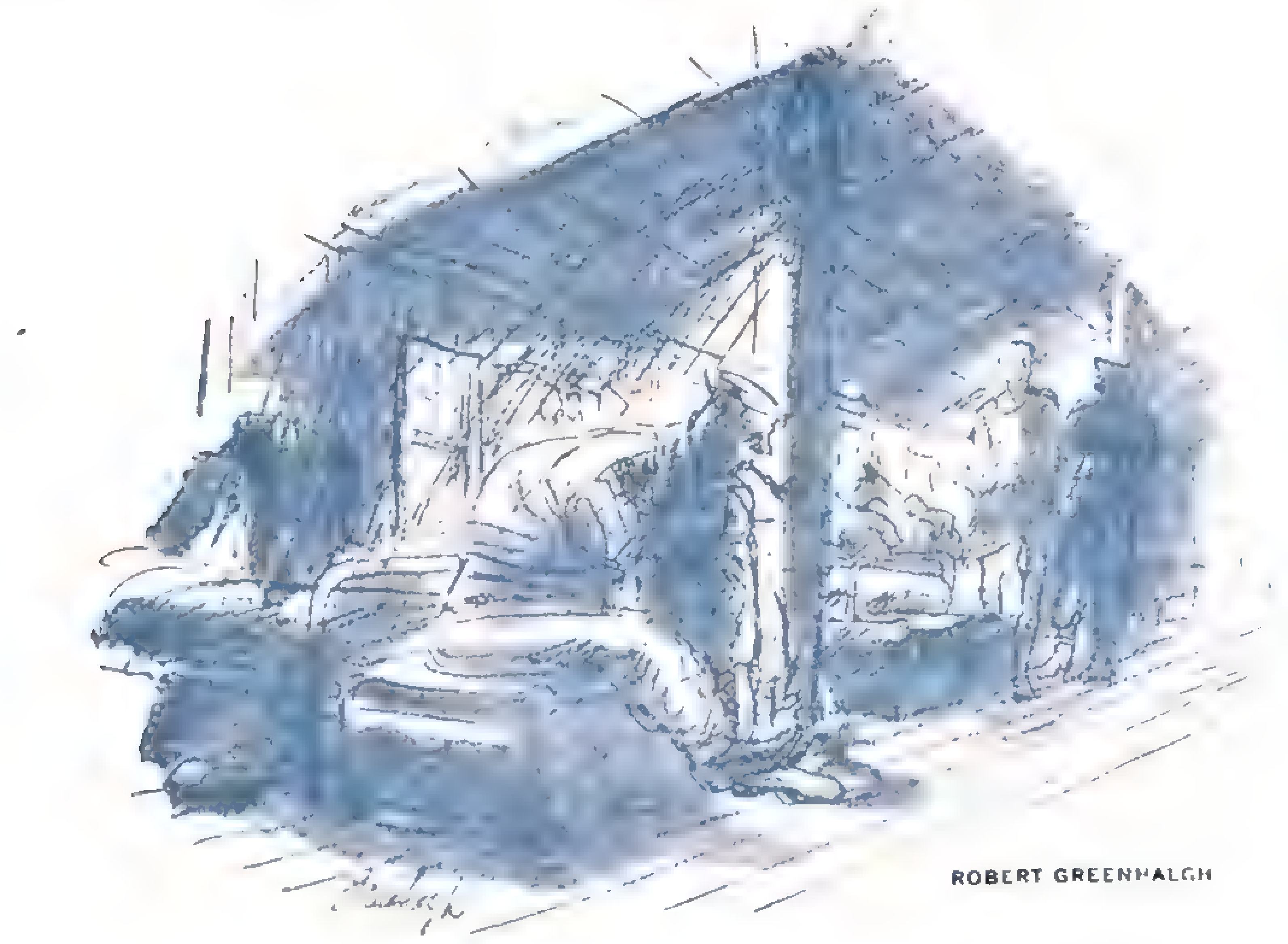
He was thin, he was weak—but he was well. The paralysis in his leg had disappeared. His diet included everything from pickles to beans. The danger was all over, and Sergeant Summers, when I saw him, was on the road to complete recovery. He was to be sent back to the States, where he would undergo one more operation—possibly two. His convalescence would take from six to nine months. At the end of that time he would be as fit as he was on the day he enlisted in the Marines.

Someday the Sergeant can tell the neighbors back in Jackson that he came as close to cashing in as a man can come. But he can also say that he is one of those who owe their lives to the skill, the patience, the perseverance of our medical men, and to their dogged, unreasonable refusal to take "no" for an answer. ⧺

Irongut and the Brown Mouse

His life as an old Regular had been one long war with both the soldiers and the officers

by GERALD KERSH


ROBERT GREENHALGH

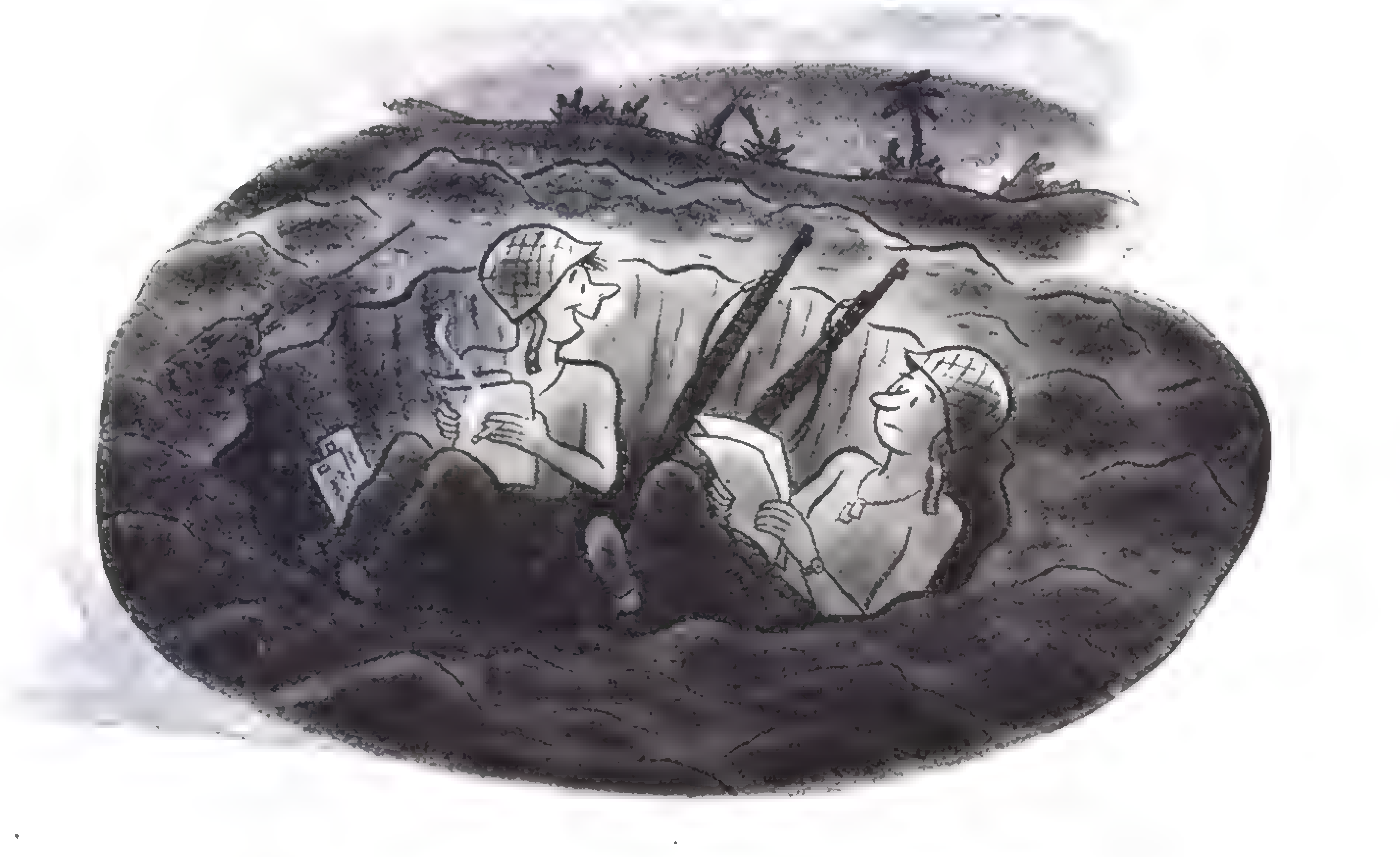
LIKE Sherlock Holmes, I sometimes think that I might write a monograph . . . on *The Technique of Worming-out Case Histories*, on *How to Write Letters to Film Magnates*, and especially *On Huts*. I know huts, especially Army huts. I have lain in elegant huts, partly constructed of brick, brand new, still smelling of freshly-planed wood. I have passed formidable nights in Nissen huts, looking up at the reflections of diffused moonlight upon the corrugations of the iron, and feeling like Jonah in the whale's belly. I have seen sectional huts tossed out of a lorry in piles, like packs of cards: shuffled, dealt, and put up; and have slept in them by nightfall, gazing at the penciled section numbers on the boards, between which the east winds thrust their edged and pointed Khyber knives. But the one in which I feel I have left a portion of my soul is *The Black Hut*.

It is one of many, built long before 1920. It still survived as a hut in a summer camp for British Infantry. The Black Hut is made of boards, like any other hut; only age has given it character. Thousands of men have settled down and lived in it. Near by, in the same camp, there are many more elegant and comfortable huts; but nobody remembers these. The Black Hut is the place which all the best men drag up into memory in their reminiscences.

I slept near the door. The cot next to mine was occupied by an old Regular Soldier whose life had been one long and unrelenting war. His nickname grew out of his capacity for impossible mixtures of drink. The inside of the man must have been plated with something acidproof. This may be interesting; but the most interesting of all was his face, his figure and his general manner.

His head might have been modeled by a vigorous but unskillful sculptor who, trying to make a likeness of a broken gladiator, has, by an unrepeatable lucky accident, stumbled upon the right thing . . . modeled in red clay and then left to dry and crack in the sun. Irongut had fought his way out of childhood into adolescence; and had come out of that corner, jabbing and swinging into manhood . . . from which melancholy stage he had leapt—like a man from a table in a pub brawl—into the Army.

His conduct sheet, as a soldier, was long and black as a February night; he was insubordinate; he got drunk; he struck civilians; he struck his fellow Privates; he struck Lance Corporals, full Corporals, Lance Sergeants, full Sergeants; he threatened a Quartermaster; he swore at a Sergeant Major; he used language at which Rabelais would have hidden his head under the pillow. He was late for Parade, absent off Parade, idle on Parade; he broke out of Barracks, broke into Barracks, broke windows, broke noses, broke every law


"My kid wants me to bring him a foxhole"

of God and man. His worst failing from the military viewpoint was uncontrollable temper. Do you remember the cartoon of the peppery old soldier in the L.D.V. who, holding a smoking rifle, cried: "Who went there?" One might draw a similar one of Irongut standing with a left hand near his right ear at the termination of a hook, murmuring, "I didn't quite catch what you said."

Yet there was never anything cruel about the man. I know that in my squad there was a recruit who seemed to be forgotten of God—a nervous imbecile—whom Irongut nursed (in the military sense) like a child, and to whom he never said a really cross word.

I am telling you that I used to sleep next to him in The Black Hut. He was, at that time, about thirty-three years old, but he looked more than forty. His lips were squeezed away until there was a crack where they once had been. A habit of screwing up his face in anger, and in restraint of anger, had given him wrinkles. The fire of his own anger had roasted him away to the dry, red, hard man that I knew. He had no friends. His temper was too unstable. There was something on his mind; I never knew what it was, and never shall. Somewhere in the heart of England he had a relation, an aunt I believe. Hers was the only letter he ever received, and he never replied.

His birthday must have been in February. Upon the fourteenth of one February he received a parcel. This was an event. Nobody had ever seen him get a parcel before. He opened it, and in spite of their innate delicacy and their dislike of Irongut, the men in the hut stopped everything and watched him as he opened it. He also was surprised. The parcel contained a small cake, home-made and noticeably home-iced. Upon the pink sugar there was a white inscription: *Many Happy Returns to Roddy.* Somebody said: "Roddy?" And Irongut said: "Do you *mind*?" The tone of his voice drove everybody away. He put the cake back in the box, covered it with the original coverings, and placed it all under his bed. He didn't touch the cake for nearly a month. Then, one day, when I was confined to the hut with a damaged knee, Irongut came in and, seeing me, said: "Have a bit o' cake?"

I simply looked at him, too astonished to reply to the invitation. He picked up the box, took out the cake, and shouted with rage like a wing-hatted Viking rushing a palisade. The cake was ruined. A mouse had been at it. This mouse had gnawed a hole in one of the lower corners of the box, and then, undisturbed in the silence of the night, fed himself fat. Irongut's birthday cake was riddled, ravaged, hopelessly defiled. I could think of nothing to say. Irongut was livid with rage. I mean livid in the literal sense of the term: bluish lead-color. He said with deadly seriousness: "I'll get that mouse. If it takes me twenty years, I'll get that mouse."

"Why not try it on instead of guessing?"

And thereafter we witnessed something comical, but terrible. Irongut, who never took anything from anybody, who never forgave and never forgot; Irongut who was a figure of terror, and a man of whom strong men were a little afraid—Irongut, the man, declared a blood feud against a mouse.

He lay in wait. He spent his spare hours alone in the hut, in the dark if he could manage it, silent and watchful. He had replaced the cake in the box and left it there as a bait. The mouse, by some fortunate instinct, kept away. One of us suggested that he might, perhaps, buy a mousetrap. Irongut said: "I want to get him myself." It became a major issue. I remember that a man we called Cockeye said to me, one day: "Oh, by the way, Irongut's mouse came out today. Irongut took a cut at him with a bayonet—fat little brown mouse. 'E missed, and Irongut nearly chased him down the mousehole." And he added as an afterthought: " 'Itler's invaded Russia."

It had been as Cockeye said. Irongut had traced the little brown mouse to its hole in the old Black Hut. This mousehole had been cunningly cut in the corner by my bed. It was necessary, therefore, for Irongut to ask a favor. He hated it, but he hated the mouse even more. He had to ask me if I minded changing beds. It was all one to me, and I said so, to which Irongut replied: "Much obliged."

I am not a deep sleeper. It takes me a long time to fall asleep; I was awakened by a grunt. It must have been one o'clock in the morning. I struck a match and, in the sudden glare of it, I saw Irongut dragging at a bayonet, the point of which was deeply embedded in the floor boards. "What's up?" I asked. Irongut replied: "I missed him by the thickness of your little finger." And he snapped his teeth together and swore that he would get him yet.

Two days later, Irongut caught the mouse. We had been out on a route march. You know, I daresay, that nowadays a route march is not simply a matter of marching. In a route march there is involved a certain amount of field training. We covered about thirty-five miles, involving ourselves in potential enemy air attacks, and many other things. When we got back we were covered with mud. The mud, as long as it was on our canvas, didn't matter much. But we had to clean our webbing. Polishing and blancoing is, really, not the infliction it is cracked up to be; the cleaning of an entire kit of webbing is over in thirty minutes.

Now Irongut, like nearly everybody else, kept his cleaning materials in a tin biscuit box. He must have left the lid loose. At about midnight I heard, as if it were in a dream, something like the ringing of a tiny cracked bell, and sprang awake. I listened. The noise was coming from Irongut's cleaning tin. I knew instinctively what had happened: the mouse had got into the tin, which was a fairly deep one, and could not get out. The noise I heard was the rapid tapping of its paws against the sides of the tin. I sat up. I do not know what I meant to do. But as I sat up, Irongut awoke and sat up too, flashing a torch. He flashed it upon me first of all, and the light dazzled me. Then he flashed it away and in what I may describe as the backwash of its forward rush of light I saw his face. He said: "Ah!" I am glad that I cannot quite re-duplicate that "Ah!" It contained more savagery and gloating and base triumph than I want to be able to convey to you. In another instant he was out of bed and had the lid of the tin box clamped firmly down. I could hear the mouse, panic-stricken, leaping and scratching inside. Then I saw Irongut smile, panther-like. He lifted the lid by infinitesimal degrees, tilted the tin, and shook it so that the brushes inside it rattled together. The mouse inside, finding one tiny means of egress, thrust its head out; then Irongut kept the tin still. The mouse was caught. In the light of the torch, he looked down at the mouse and the mouse looked up at him. I said nothing. Many seconds passed, but it seemed to me that time stopped.

Irongut and the mouse looked at each other. I remember very distinctly—you will forgive this digression—I remember very distinctly indeed that the eyes of the mouse were not unlike cigarette ends glowing behind blue glass. The eyes of the man, however, were white in the light, while the craggy promontories of his eyebrows and cheekbones threw hard, triangular shadows. It looked like something out of one of those sinister old German films we used to see in the nineteen-twenties.

Then Irongut spoke. This is what he said:

"Why, you little rat, you poor little swine. What are you scared of? Me? What, you? You, you're not worth killing. Scram. Go on, scram out of here, go on back where you belong. Are you a mouse or a man? Go on, scram!"

He had lifted the lid. The mouse, paralyzed with fear, dared not move. He picked it up by the tail and dropped it on the floor. Even then it stood, overwhelmed. He hissed: "*Pssshh!*" The mouse scuttled away. He turned to me then, and said:

"Say a word about this and I'll kill you."

I never did. He remained the sour and intractable man I had always known until he went away. I heard, recently, that he perished upon a certain battle front overborne by a tremendous weight of enemies. He had killed six with his bayonet. This was the bayonet that missed the mouse. His last words were . . .

"Gimme a couple more clips of ammo." #

The Great Tahitian Marlin surpassed the wildest dreams of any fisherman

The Biggest Game Fish Ever Landed

by ZANE GREY

A half ton of rubber and steel springs, hurling itself twice its length out of the bright green sea.

That was what Zane Grey saw at the end of his line as he braced himself in the stern of his launch. If he could hang on it would be the biggest game fish ever landed with rod and reel.

For three years Grey spent the fishing seasons at Tahiti trying in vain to bring one of the giant marlin to gaff. Then came the day, May 16, 1930. Let him tell it. He has just come out of the pass this rainy morning for his last try of the year:

"As usual we put out a big bonito for bait. My heavy outfit holds 1,500 yards—1,000 of thirty-nine thread line with 500 yards of forty-two thread for backing. A rain squall was obscuring the white-tumbling reef and slowly moving toward us. Peter Williams, New Zealand whaler, my right-hand man in the boat, sat with me in the stern holding the rod. We were just fishing, hardly expecting anything in these few remaining hours.

"Suddenly I heard a sounding, vicious thump of water. I leaned over to press my gloved hand on the spool to keep the reel from overrunning. Out where the bait had been was a whirling, closing hole in the boiling white-green water. I saw a wide purple mass close under the surface. I leaped to straddle the rod. It was an incredible, wonderful strike.

"In a very few seconds the fish ran out 200 yards of line, then, turning to the right, he tore off another hundred. Then a white splash, high as a tree, shot up, out of which leaped the most magnificent of all the leaping fish I had ever seen.

"Here at last at the end of my line was the great Tahitian swordfish. He looked monstrous. He was pale—shiny grey in color, with broad stripes of purple. When he hit the water he sent up a splash like the flying scud of surf on a reef. Out he blazed again, faster, higher, longer.

"I kept working like a windmill to get up the slack. The monster had circled in these two leaps. Again he burst out, a plunging leap. Next instant such a terrific jerk as I had never sustained, nearly unseated me. He was away on his run.

"'Water,' I ordered. '*Water on this reel! Quick!*'

"The white line melted, smoked, burned off the reel. I smelled the scorching. It burned through my gloves. John was quick to plunge a bucket overboard and to douse reel, rod and me with water. That saved us.

"'After him, Pete!' I called. The engines roared and the launch danced around to rush full speed after the fish. A third of a mile from us he came up to pound and beat the water into a maelstrom.

"I pumped and reeled as never before in my life and got back 200 yards before he was off again. At the end of this race he showed like a plunging elephant and sounded. This gave me a chance to get the harness on. With the strain transferred to my shoulders I felt that I might not be torn asunder. I got back all but a hundred yards. Close enough when he came up again. Pete tried to keep the stern toward him, but he shot ahead again so that I missed seeing two leaps directly in front of the boat. As the launch sheered around I saw the third of that unbelievably swift and savage series of plunges.

"The swordfish sped off another hundred yards of line, but we drew close and saw him leap again only 200 feet from our starboard bow. His power to leap was beyond belief. This swordfish was so huge that when he came out in dazzling swift flight my crew simply went mad. I did not need to warn Peter not to let that fish hit us. He would have made splinters of the launch.

"He curved back and to the left again. We sheered, but not quick enough; the swordfish went under the bow. For a sickening moment I was sure the line had fouled on the keel or propellers. Jimmy, the big Tahitian, was about to dive to clear it, but I ordered the men to hold him, there were sharks milling about. I plunged the tip of the rod over, deep. A second later came the scream of the reel. He was away on a tight line.

"Then came the long struggle in the rain and chill. My swordfish, with short, swift runs, took us five miles further out and then brought us back, all this without leaping. He broke water on the surface a number of times, but never sounded after that first dive. At last he slowed and took to milling, a sure sign of a rattled fish. He made one high frantic jump about 200 yards ahead of us and then threshed on the surface, sending the bloody spray high. All on board were quick to see that sign of weakening, of tragedy—blood.

"In all, he leaped fifteen times clear of the water. I kept no account of his threshings. He had leaped too often and run too swiftly to make an extremely long fight. In another hour I had him coming. The slow strokes of his tail took no more line. I saw a wide, shining mass, greenish silver, crossed by purple bars. It moved, it weaved, but I could drag it easily. Then I felt tugs at it. '*Sharks!*' I yelled.

"Peter grabbed a gaff and lunged. There was an enormous roar of water and a sheeted splash. I saw a blue tail so wide I thought I was crazy. It threw a six foot yellow shark into the air.

"I unhooked the harness and stood up. The swordfish rolled on the surface, extending from forward of the cockpit to two yards or more beyond the stern. His barred body was big as that of an ox. A big shark had a hold just below the anal fin. Peter sent the lance clear through its neck. Sharks came in from all directions. It was Peter with his lance who whipped them off, though all were fighting them. We made fast a towline and started for camp.

"It took a dozen men to drag him up on the sand to the tripod. His body was as symmetrical and round as that of a good big stallion. He carried this roundness back to his anal fin, an extraordinary feature for a marlin spearfish. Right there I named this species the Great Tahitian Striped Marlin. His tail had a spread of five feet two inches. His length was fourteen feet two inches. His girth was six feet nine inches and his weight 1,040 pounds. Every drop of blood had been drained from his body, and this, with at least 200 pounds of flesh the sharks had torn away, would have fetched his true weight to 1,250 pounds.

"Nevertheless, despite my elation as I looked up at his appalling shape as he hung, I remembered the giant marlin which Captain Mitchell had lost in 1928 from one of our boats on our first trip. We estimated that one at twenty-two or twenty-three feet. Or the twenty-foot fish I had raised at Tautira, or the twenty-eight foot specimen the natives had seen repeatedly alongside their canoes. And I thought of the prodigious leaps and astounding fleetness of this one I had caught. 'My Heaven,' I breathed. 'What could a bigger one do?'"

Nobody knows what a bigger one could do. Zane Grey died in 1939 without having surpassed this record and thus far nobody else has.

For full account of the marlin see Zane Grey's book Tales of Tahitian Waters, *Harper & Bros. ©1931.*

A NOTE ABOUT THIS PAINTING

"I was excited when I heard about this assignment," says artist Melbourne Brindle, "because there flashed in my mind a scene I've never forgotten—those rich volcanic islands rising out of the ultramarine sea, which I saw as a boy on my way to the United States from Australia." The whole picture sweeps from the lower right-hand corner to the fish at upper left. The swirl of the foam, the angle of the fishing line, even the mountains, lead the eye to the fish. By putting the marlin in the foreground, he gives you the full impact of its size and power. After making the sketch, Brindle made a careful check of details and then painted for an entire week—working with tempera on Whatman board—at his studio in New Canaan, Connecticut.

It was just an informal story conference to sort of kick Grandpa around and no one dreamed that radio history would be made

DETAIL FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH

A Meeting of Minds

by GEORGE MILBURN

The frosted glass door made a little sough closing itself behind a fat man with a Mona Lisa smile. He brought his heels together and wheezed with waggish formality, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume."

Sidney Livingstone looked up from his desk, cluttered with gadgets for keeping a desk in order and souvenir ash trays and stapled swatches of purple mimeographed typescripts, one of which he had been reading.

"The name is Fitch . . . Roy Fitch," the fat man said, as he grasped the other man's hand. "How are you, pal?"

Sidney Livingstone took the pudgy hand without getting up. "Glad you could come in, Roy!"

Roy squatted on the edge of a chromium chair, clutching his brief case against his billowy belly.

"Tell me something, Sid," he asked, not smiling any more. "I didn't get it when I talked to you on the phone . . . What's up?"

Livingstone squirmed in his swivel chair. "Why, nothing's *up*, Roy. The skipper just wants we should have a meeting of the minds about Grandpa. *You know*! . . . Just get a few ideas out and kick them around."

Fitch thumbed his blue upper lip and murmured, "The Skipper, huh?" He looked sidelong around the edge of his rimless glasses. "Well, when I got your call, first thing that struck my mind, Sid, was, 'Uh-h! Chester Blythe and his little knife again!' "

Sidney Livingstone looked annoyed. "Oh, no, Roy. You got the wrong reaction there. Of course I *did* ask Chester to sit in with us. After all, Chester's interested in Grandpa, too. You never can tell. He *might* have something to contribute."

Roy sneered. "Yeah. Contribute. Chester's got as much as *he* can handle, just trying to direct Grandpa."

"Sure. But take my word on this—I agree with you, but, Roy, honest—Chester hasn't been near the agency in a month. This was all the Skipper's idea."

"That's okay, Sid. You know how I feel about Chester, though. Every time he comes smirking around me, I want to push the little twirp's puss in." He settled himself more firmly in the chair.

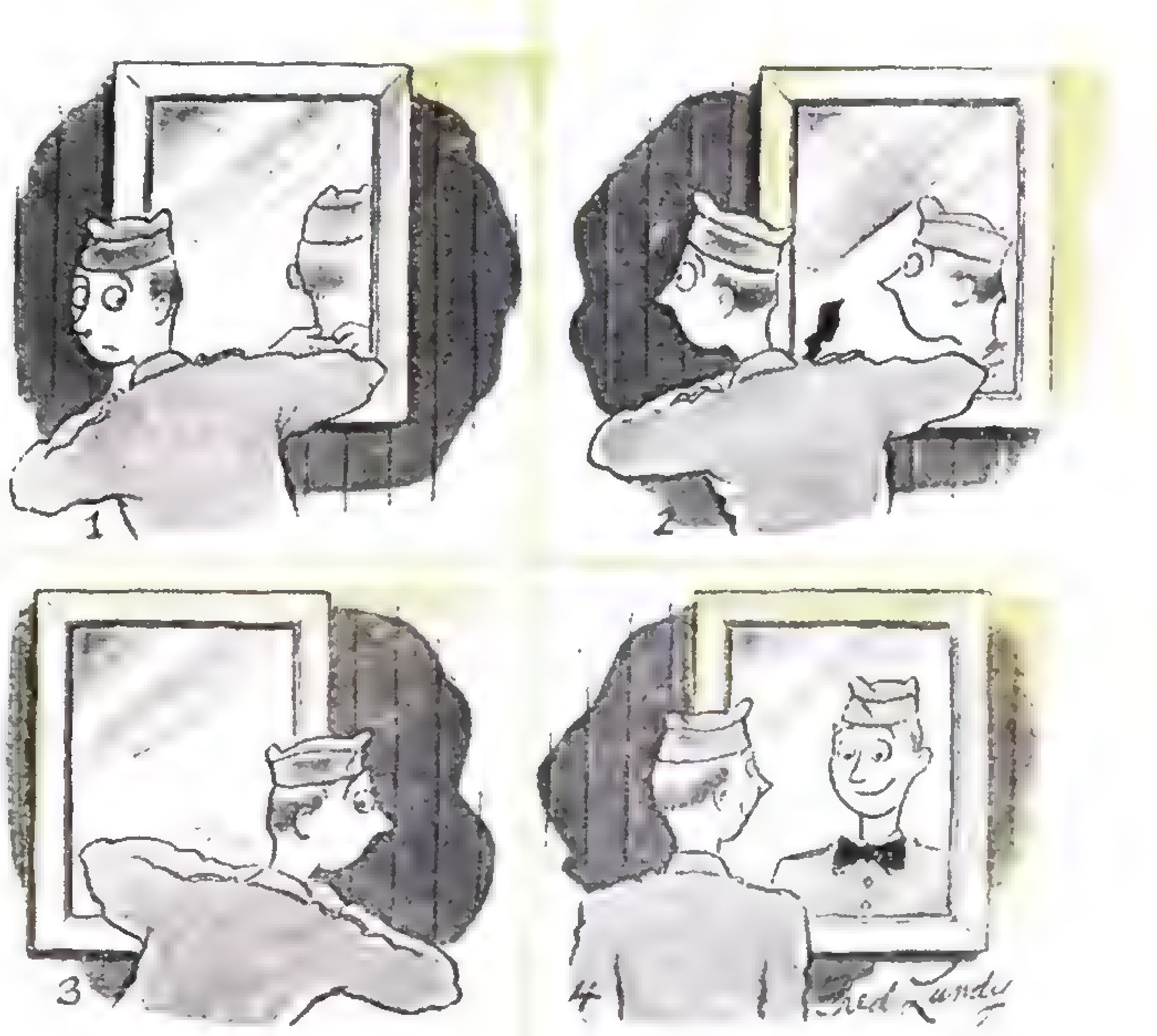
"Sure, I know how you feel, Roy. But don't forget—Chester's got the interests of Grandpa at heart just the same as we all have."

"Yes, but, Sid, here's the way I look at it. If Chester Blythe is griped about the way Grandpa Greatheart is being written, I'm plenty griped myself about the job he's doing on direction. Fact of the matter is, if you'll pardon my French, Chester's direction of Grandpa stinks."

"Yeah, Roy, I know what you mean." Sidney Livingstone stuck a forefinger under his magenta shirt collar. "But that's a touchy situation. That's a situation we can't change right now."

"What did Grandpa do on the last Crossley?" Fitch asked, in an off-hand manner.

All of a sudden Sidney Livingstone stopped being warm and tender and soothing. When he heard Roy say "Crossley," pain pleated his face and he shrugged like a turtle. "Jeez, I don't know, Roy," he said. "I haven't even seen the last Crossley yet."



"There was a new Crossley due out yesterday," Roy said, trying to sound artless. "I'd like to bet you a little something Grandpa built."

"Look, Roy. This agency don't pay any attention to the Crossley. Crossley don't give an accurate picture of a show like Grandpa Greatheart."

"Just the same, I notice the agency sets up a howl every time the rating goes down one point."

"Honest, Roy, the Crossley is not in this picture at all. It's just like I told you. The idea is, you and me and Chester, we just sit down, and we're being perfectly frank with each other. Maybe we take some scripts—" Sidney Livingstone gave Fitch a piercing glance. "You brought some scripts in, didn't you?"

Roy Fitch gulped slightly. "Sure, I've got three scripts right here in my brief case."

"I thought you said over the phone you had Grandpa written a month ahead?"

"Well—I will have if I can get away from this conference in time to write a couple more this afternoon."

"Jeez, Roy, it would be a big relief off of my mind if you could." Sidney Livingstone rolled his head ruefully. "We've been running awful close."

The fat man put out his arms in an evangelical gesture and made as if he were about to weep. "Listen, Sid—*I* know we've been running close. But stop to consider why. Because every time I'm getting the show written ahead, Chester Blythe, or somebody here at the agency, gets the galloping St. Vitus and I have to chase in for a meeting of minds." Roy paused to load his voice with more pain—"And all these meetings ever accomplish is having me tear up a dozen Grandpa scripts."

Sidney Livingstone laid a gentle but restraining hand on Roy's knee.

"Look, Roy," he said. "You got my sympathy. I'm for you one hundred per cent, fellow. Maybe you won't believe it, but I go to bat for you all the time. With the Skipper. With Chester. With the client. But I just *work* here. I'm just vice-president in charge of radio at this agency. And when the Skipper suggests to me we should have a meeting of the minds on Grandpa—"

The frosted glass door opened and a bald, breezy little man, with the air of a vaudeville hoofer doing a shuffle-and-break, stepped into the office, parodied the Nazi salute with rigid arm, and cried, "Gentlemen!"

"Hello, Chester," Sidney Livingstone said, a little bored.

But Roy Fitch bounded from the springy chromium chair and shouted in a transport of good-fellowship, "*Chester*! Glad to see you, pal!"

"Glad's no word for what I am to see you!" Chester said fervently, his left hand kneading Roy's cushiony biceps as the fat man sandwiched the director's pale hand warmly.

Chester's smile writhed into a pathetic pucker and he moaned. "Because, *oh, Roy*! you don't have any conception of the problems I run up against, producing Grandpa. Hardly a show that I don't just *wish* the writer could be in the control room. There are *so* many little nuances of—"

"Well, Chester, that's just what we're here for," Sidney Livingstone interrupted briskly. "I've just been explaining to Roy. The idea is, the three of us, we sit down here and get in a huddle on Grandpa."

"Oh, I think that's grand, Sid," Chester said, all serene again. He scooted another chromium chair toward the desk.

Sidney Livingstone felt along the underedge of his desk for the buzzer. "I guess we better get a stenographer in before we start tossing off any ideas . . . Now, of course, we got to take into consideration—Roy, he's writing Grandpa, and it's only natural he might regard this as agency interference, but—"

"No, no, Sid," Roy protested, "you misconstrued what I was saying. My point is, if you expect me to get Grandpa written ahead—"

Chester Blythe interrupted, his voice dead tired, "*Is* Grandpa written ahead?"

"Sure," Fitch said stoutly. "I've got scripts to put us almost a month ahead, right here in my brief case."

Chester Blythe rolled his eyes like eggs on an axle. "Well, I was just *asking*. Nobody at the agency here ever tells *me* anything. It seems I'm just the *director* on Grandpa. But a month ahead!—why that's wonderful, Roy! That's grand! Because you don't know how hard it is to produce a show when you're working from week to week on scripts."

"I was right, honey, I did hear a meow!"

"Well, let's skip the scripts for the time being," Sidney Livingstone said. "Let's try and see if we can't get our minds together here, and dope out—Yes! . . . Come in, Miss Lerner! . . . You got your notebook with you?"

"Yes, sir," Miss Lerner said, mousily edging into the room.

"Good. We want you to take notes on this, Miss Lerner. Now, Roy? . . . Chester? . . . How had we better start off here? What the hell? Let's just kick Grandpa around some, maybe we'll develop a new angle for the show, and maybe we won't, but—Either one of you want to throw out something for a starter?"

"Well, I for one," Chester Blythe said in a lost wail, "would like to know where Grandpa Greatheart is *going*."

"That's not a bad idea!" Sidney Livingstone said heartily, and Chester's eyelids fluttered to a modest droop, acknowledging the accolade. "That's as good a jumping-off place as any. Roy, how about that? You want to just start in and tell us what's going to happen to Grandpa?"

"Why, Christamighty, Sid, this story line has been approved for six months."

"Oh sure, Roy. But just kind of go over it for us again. In a few words. See what I mean?—You're taking notes on this, Miss Lerner?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, Mr. Livingstone," Miss Lerner said, her pencil poised.

"Well, the best way I could do that is read you the re-caps on these scripts I got here," Roy said, zipping open his brief case.

Sidney and Chester both settled back in their chairs and closed their eyes.

Roy cleared his throat and began: "Grandpa Greatheart. Episode Number 785 . . . And, now, folks, let us look in on the humble little cottage down in Maplewood for another episode in the adventures of Grandpa Greatheart and his neighbors."

Chester sat up, suddenly alert. "Wait a minute! Is this still the gun-moll sequence?"

"This is winding up the gun-moll sequence, Chester," Roy said with elaborate patience.

Miss Lerner was taking notes in rapid shorthand.

"Okay, Roy, go on," Sidney Livingstone said, without opening his eyes.

"Let us look in on the humble little cottage down in Maplewood and see what is happening to Grandpa Greatheart," Roy read again in a hurried monotone. "When the mysterious strangers came and rented the old Applegate house on the outskirts of Maplewood, kindly old Grandpa Greatheart was the only person wise enough to suspect anything. Grandpa alone among Maplewood folk learned that the newcomers were the desperate Markwardt gang of bank-robbers, but Grandpa delayed reporting to the police when Dennis Jones, young star of the high school football team, fell in love with the beautiful but misguided gun-moll, Doris Duval. Doris slipped away from the gang's hideout one night and confessed all to Grandpa Greatheart, begging him to set her free. Dennis had promised Doris that if she would just break away from her life of crime and marry him, they would go out from Maplewood together and begin life anew on a little chicken farm. Although Doris pretended to scorn Dennis' advances, Grandpa Greatheart was shrewd enough to know that she was secretly in love with the youth. But before Grandpa could complete his plan for bringing Doris and Dennis together, the state police surrounded the gangsters' hideout and in the exchange of machine-gun fire, Doris Duval was fatally wounded."

Chester Blythe sat up as if he had been pinpricked. "Wait a minute!" he cried. "*Fatally?*"

"You mean you *kill* the gal?" Sidney asked in horror.

"Sure," Roy said. "Why not? That's the story line. That was approved six months ago."

"Yes, but Roy!" Chester pleaded, "Eileen Wickham, she's been playing that part of Doris, she's the best *anjewnew* in town."

"I don't know anything about *enginews*, Mac. I'm just reading you Episode 785. Goes right along with the approved story line."

"But, Roy! Eileen's a natural in that part! And consider the production problem! I *can't* use her in another part if you're going to *kill* her—not until the audience has time to forget her voice, anyway."

"Keep your shirts on, fellows," Sidney said, spreading his hands. "Don't let's argue about actors. The town is lousy with *awnjawnews*. Those gals are a dime-a-dozen. But, Jeez, Roy, it never once dawned on me you were going to *kill* that girl! She's the best love interest we've had in the show for a long time."

"Wait till you hear the scripts, Sid," Roy Fitch pleaded. "Wait till you hear that death scene play. You won't want to kick out that death-bed scene."

"Okay. Go ahead and read it, Roy."

"*Me* read dialogue?" Roy said modestly. "Well, now, look, fellows—I'm no damn actor, you can't expect me to give this scene what the actors will. But—you just listen to this. If this is not absolute tops in radio writing, well—then my name is not Roy Fitch!"

"Even if it's not, Roy, read on," Chester said cordially, sinking back and closing his eyes again.

"Yeah," Sidney said, quickly covering Chester's snide insinuation, "let's hear where this tomato dies off, Roy."

"All right," Roy said, as if he were passing over Chester's remark, "but I'm just *warning* you—I'm no damn actor. Now, you understand, this is just after the state police attack on the old Applegate house, the gangsters' hideout—that will be a good, fast-moving scene—if it isn't turned into a clambake."

Chester Blythe sprang up. "Clambake? Who's going to make it a clambake?" he sputtered angrily. "Listen, any so-and-so who is worried about clambakes—just let me make a little suggestion—"

Livingstone interrupted soothingly. "Ah what the hell, fellas? We're not here to argue clambakes. This is supposed to be a meeting of minds. Go ahead and read, Roy."

The fat man and the little bald man glared at each for a moment. Then Chester sank back on his chair, closed his eyes, and sighed, "Yes, let's hear what you've got there, Dumas."

The script was trembling in Roy Fitch's hands as he lowered his eyes and began again, his voice still tense with anger.

"Well, we have this transition to the hospital where Doris Duval, she's been all cut up by machine-gun bullets, see, and she's been taken to the hospital. Grandpa Greatheart has just been in her hospital room, talking to Doris, getting all the dope on the gang from her. And as he goes out, Dennis Jones is there—see, Dennis is in love with Doris—and Grandpa pushes Dennis into Doris' hospital room and Dennis says, kind of choked up, 'Hello Dory!' and she says . . ."

Roy Fitch cleared his throat and swallowed with emotion. He paused to get his voice under control before he said, "Well, maybe I better just read it the way I got it here."

"Go ahead, Roy. Read it any way you want to," Sidney Livingstone said sympathetically. "What the hell? We're listening."

Roy Fitch cleared his throat again and put all the dramatic intensity he could into his voice, slighting none of the business. He rang the character changes throughout by speaking each name with solemn emphasis, ducking his smooth blue face periodically, to make it clear that he was taking all three parts.

"Well, Grandpa Greatheart is just leaving the girl's hospital room, and he's pushing Dennis in, see. The doctor is there with them, too. They're just outside the door of the hospital room. Now, listen:

Dennis: *Does she know I'm here?*

Grandpa: *She's callin' fer ye, son. It's all right, ain't it, Doc?*

Doc: *Yes, Grandpa. Nothing can harm her now. Go ahead, Dennis . . . keep her conscious as long as possible . . . We . . . we didn't probe for the bullets . . . That would have been . . . fatal . . .*

Dennis: *Then . . . you feel that there is no chance . . . doctor?*

Doc: *I feel sure that you know the truth by now, Dennis . . .*

Dennis: *Yes . . . I guess I do, doctor . . . I know . . .* (*Sob*).

Doc: *Follow me, then . . .*

Sound: *Door opens softly and closes as they go in.*

Doc: (*Softly*) *Doris . . . here's somebody Grandpa Greatheart brought you.*

Doris: (*she's in pain,* see) *Oh . . . oh . . . no, it can't be! . . . Denny . . .*

Denny: (*soft and tender*) *Hello, Dory.*

Doris: *Thanks for comin', Dennis.*

Denny: (*His voice is trembling*) *Oh, Dory, I'm only too glad I could make it.*

Doris: (*She's still in pain . . .* see . . . *struggling for breath.*) *Never hardly thought it would end up like this, did we?*

Denny: (*Sob*) *Oh . . . you angel!* (*He kneels at her bedside.*)

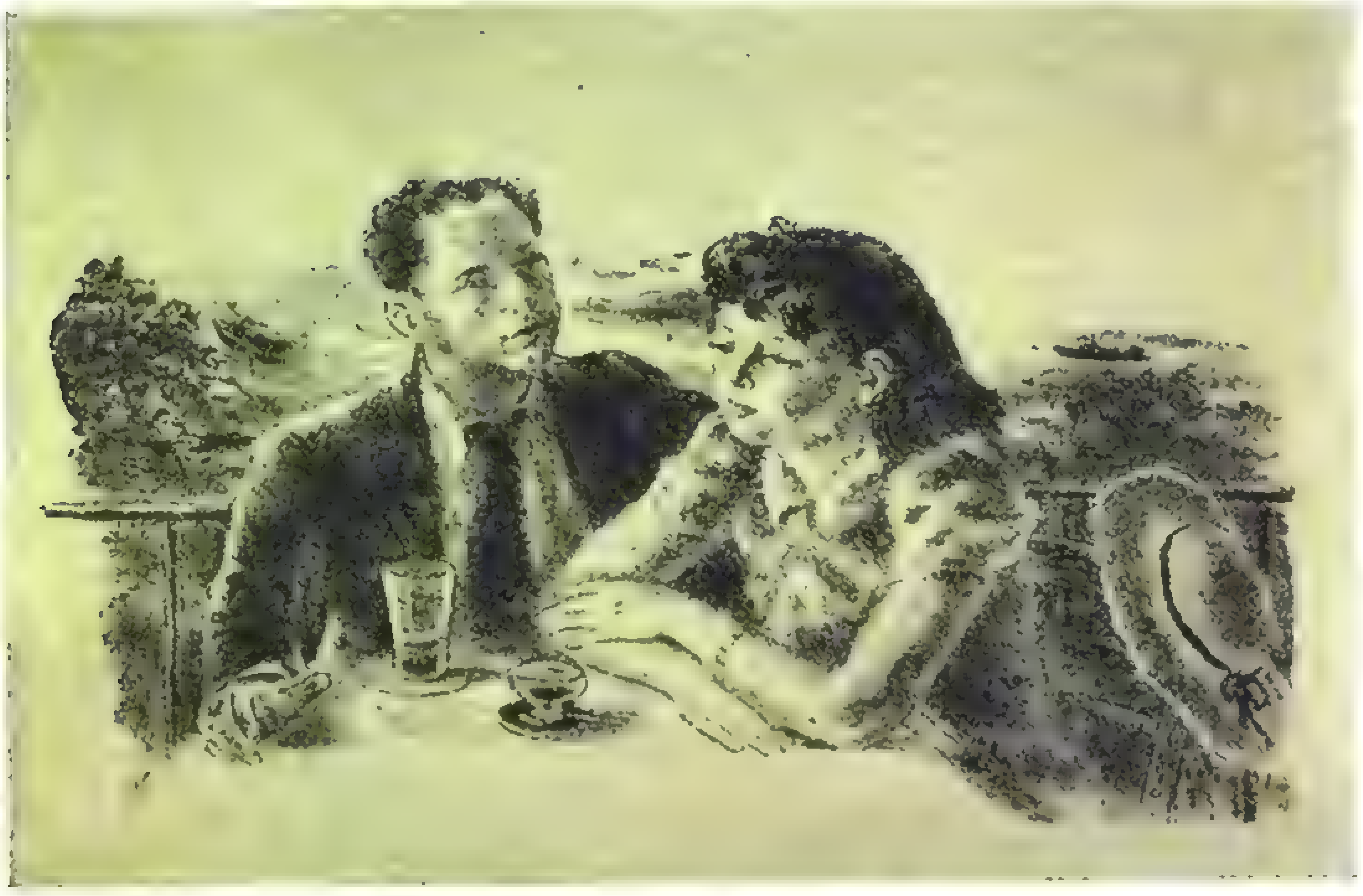
Doris: Me . . . *an angel? . . .*

Dennis: (*Sobs*) *Yes . . .*

Doris: *Now . . . now I guess they ain't nothin' to keep me from comin' right out and tellin' you—I love you, Dennis . . .*

Dennis: *Oh . . . my dearest . . .*

Doris: (*She's laboring . . .* see . . .) *I just want you to know, Denny, from the first day I saw you, there at the fill-* (*Continued on page 146*)



DETAIL FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILIPP

A bittersweet story of youth in wartime when "moods of love are like the wind, and none knows whence or why they rise"

The Dream and the Awakening

by CHESTER MORRISON

They were lying on the floor side-by-side, on their stomachs, doing the crossword puzzle in the *Sunday Times*. London sprawled outside in the quiet shadows of a bleak fog. Occasionally the window panes rattled faintly.

"Five Down," she said, " 'Where to find schismatics.' Middle letter E." Her snub nose wrinkled as she frowned at the fine print. Then: "In-sects, of course."

He kissed her ear. "Nice going," he said. She was quick at puzzles, good at most things. How could he tell her what he knew would hurt her? It was a year since they had seen each other.

He remembered when they first had met, two lonely people left on the beach by the receding tide of war. They had lunch and he sent flowers. She bought him mangoes in the native market and they had tea. They lent each other books and had dinner, and soon it seemed natural that they should be sharing all their meals.

She showed him the countryside—the Roman ruins and the hillsides where the black goats grazed.

The beach at Buzareah is a narrow strip of coarse white sand and in the sand, with nothing on but a pair of trunks, there is no difference between a brigadier and a subaltern.

They lay side-by-side on their stomachs in the warm sand. She was reading.

She closed the book of a sudden, sprang up and ran toward the sea, pulling up her shoulder straps as she ran. He followed her and together they breasted the rough, tumbling breakers.

He was caught in the enfilading fire of two clashing combers that sent him sprawling under the foam. He felt them going and kicked frantically, but too late. Then he was left in the shallow water, and the treacherous waves had dragged off his trunks and carried them to sea.

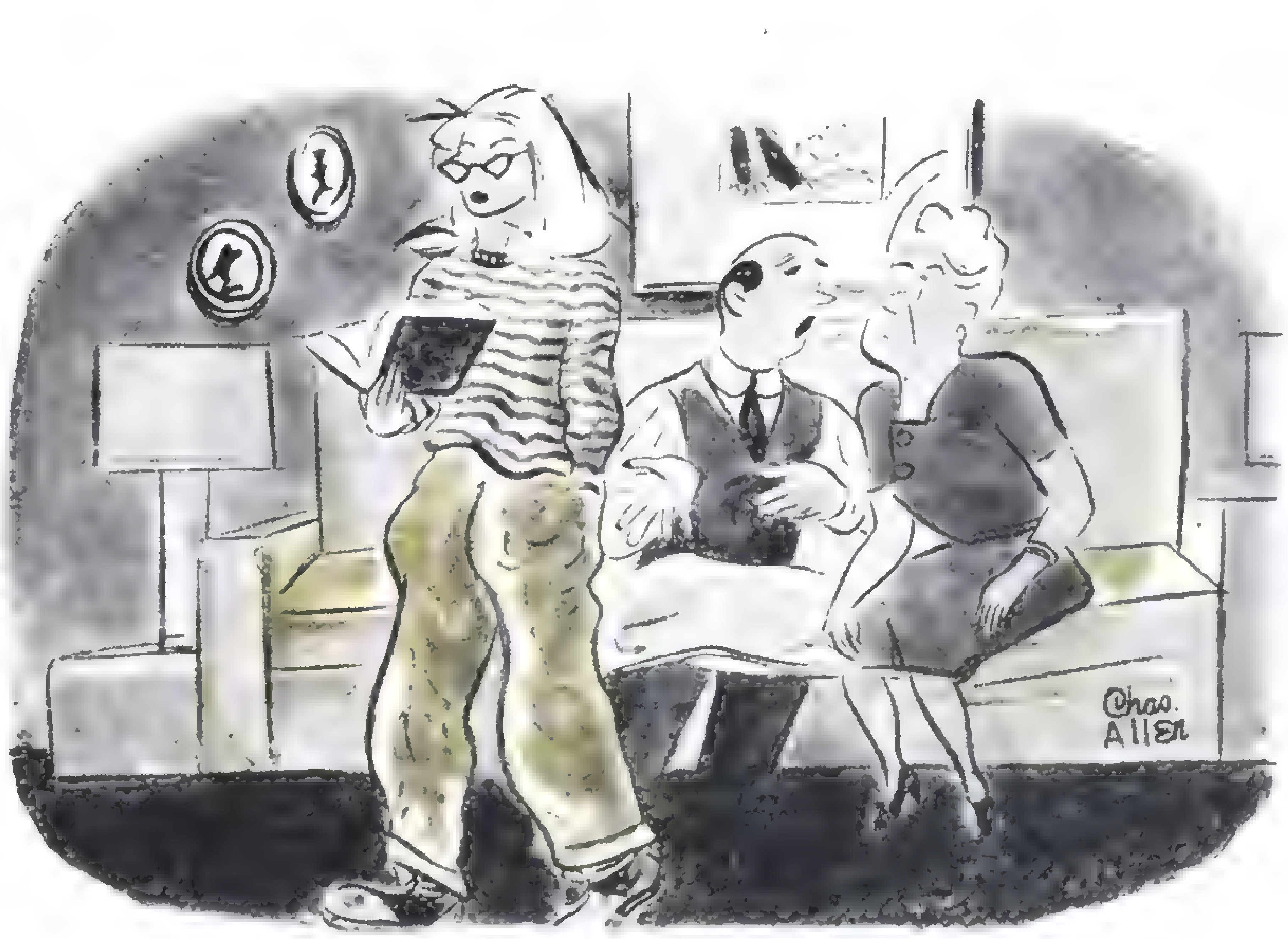
He hoped nobody had noticed as he scrambled to deeper water, but when he looked about, there she was, yelling with glee. She struggled toward him, unwinding the scarlet scarf from her head. "Wrap it around you, darling," she was shrieking with laughter, "and for heaven's sake go get some clothes on."

The silk scarf clung to his skin as he darted through the hooting sunbathers toward the dressing room.

Nobody will recognize me when I'm dressed, he thought. But while he waited for her he noticed people smiling. Then she came, a bandana twisted about her shining damp hair.

"Darling," she cried, "you were sweet. You're all brown up top, and your legs are brown, and in between is a strip of pure vanilla. You looked like a diving layer cake."

In the truck that took them back to town she giggled once or



"Isn't it time she started wearing dresses?"

twice. The other passengers were smiling too, and suddenly everybody burst out laughing. It was just then that he realized he was in love with this laughing, sun-tanned moppet with the damp brown hair.

He said as much over dinner. "I have fallen in love with you," he said. She laid down a fork-load of salad with green peppers in it and looked at him soberly, but all she said was, "It has been an exciting day, hasn't it?"

Then there was Italy, and that was bad. And France, which was bad enough. And Belgium, which was worst of all, because that was where he got hurt. Then France again—the South of France. Afterwhile they let him sit under the palm trees beside the hospital and look at the blue sea. A nurse would come around bothering people and asking how they felt and did they want anything.

He didn't know just when it was that Nancy began reading to him. She read him *The Water Gipsies* while he looked at the blue sea and watched the hunchback ants crawling up and down the trunk of a palm tree, one line up and the other down.

It took Nancy a long time to finish *The Water Gipsies* because he was allowed to sit there only a short while each day. But when she had finished he didn't like the way it ended. Then she read *The Wind in the Willows* and that went faster because he was almost well. He was glad then that they hadn't had to take his leg.

And now England again. England, and the crossword puzzle in the *Sunday Times*. How was he going to explain this thing he had to tell her?

"Darling," he said, "I've got to tell you someth—"

"Ssh," she said. "Oh, I've got it." She filled in the little squares. 'Tadpoles,' she wrote, unraveling the anagram. "There," she said in triumph, "that's the lot."

She raised herself from the floor, dusting off her skirt: "What were you saying, darling?" she asked. He walked with her over to the window.

"I've got to tell you, Judith," he said, and the words came tumbling now, "since I left you I've gone and got married. Her name is Nancy. She was my nur—"

She stopped his lips with a swift, soft kiss and turned to look down at the yellow fog.

"Charlie Pierson," she murmured, "a three-letter word for Charlie Pierson, spelled C-A-D."

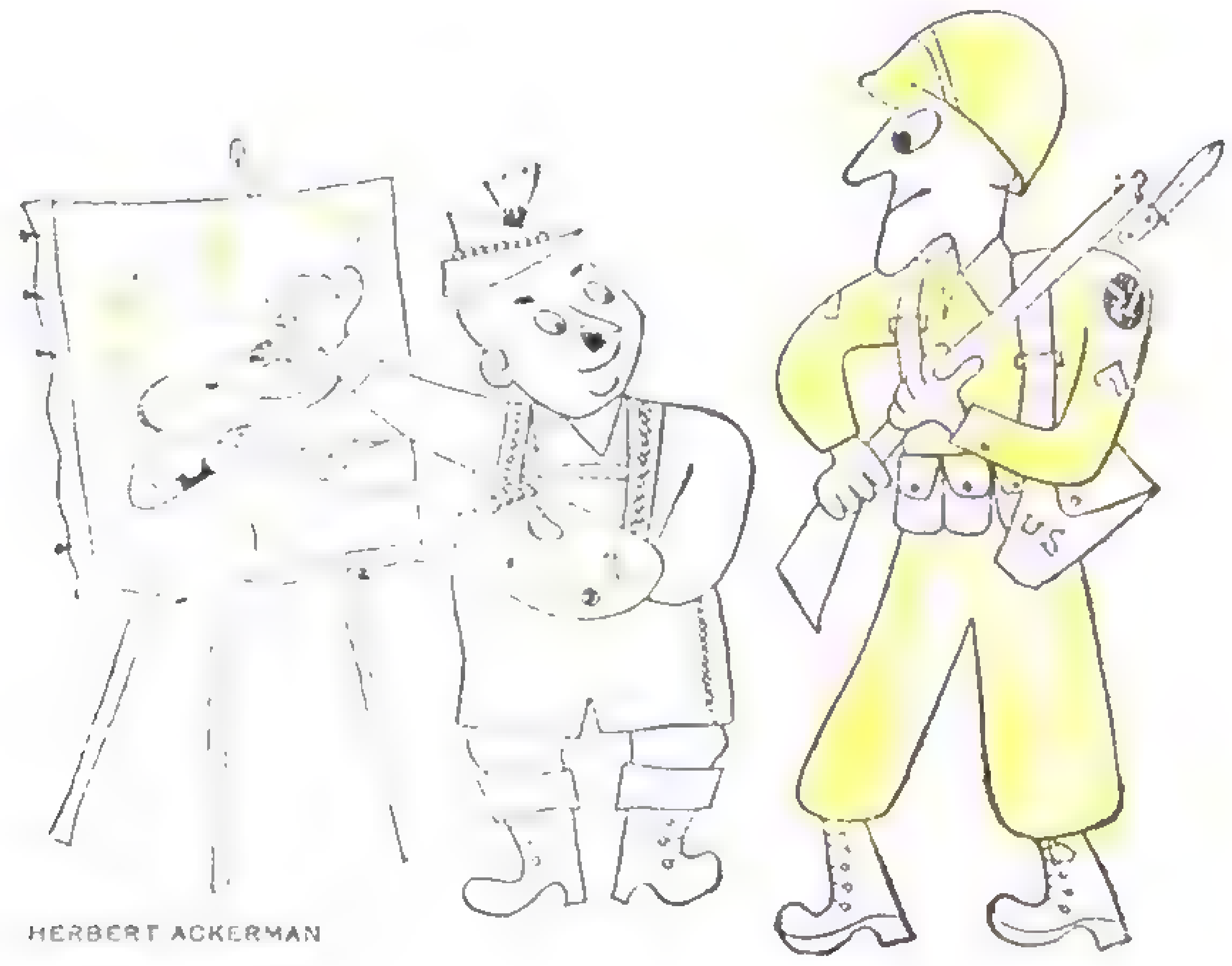
Her eyes were opened wide when she turned to him.

"I know you got married, Charlie. Ronnie told me yesterday." There were tears in her eyes now. "And, oh, Charlie—oh, dammit, Charlie, so did I. Come on, let's go and eat." ⧺

***by* PAUL GALLICO**

This Man's World

Notes on the eradication of poison ivy and of Himmler, a parable and a review of the writer's own picture, *The Clock*


HERBERT ACKERMAN

The capture and death of Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler must have come as a considerable shock to writers of mystery, crime and adventure fiction whose heroes, or villains, upon occasion don impenetrable disguises and successfully palm themselves off as Chinese, blind news vendors, or old women selling apples on a street corner. For the greatest and most sinister policeman of all time, head of the Gestapo, a secret police force of world-wide ramifications, became the most colossal flop in history when he attempted to disguise himself and escape capture when Nazi Germany surrendered.

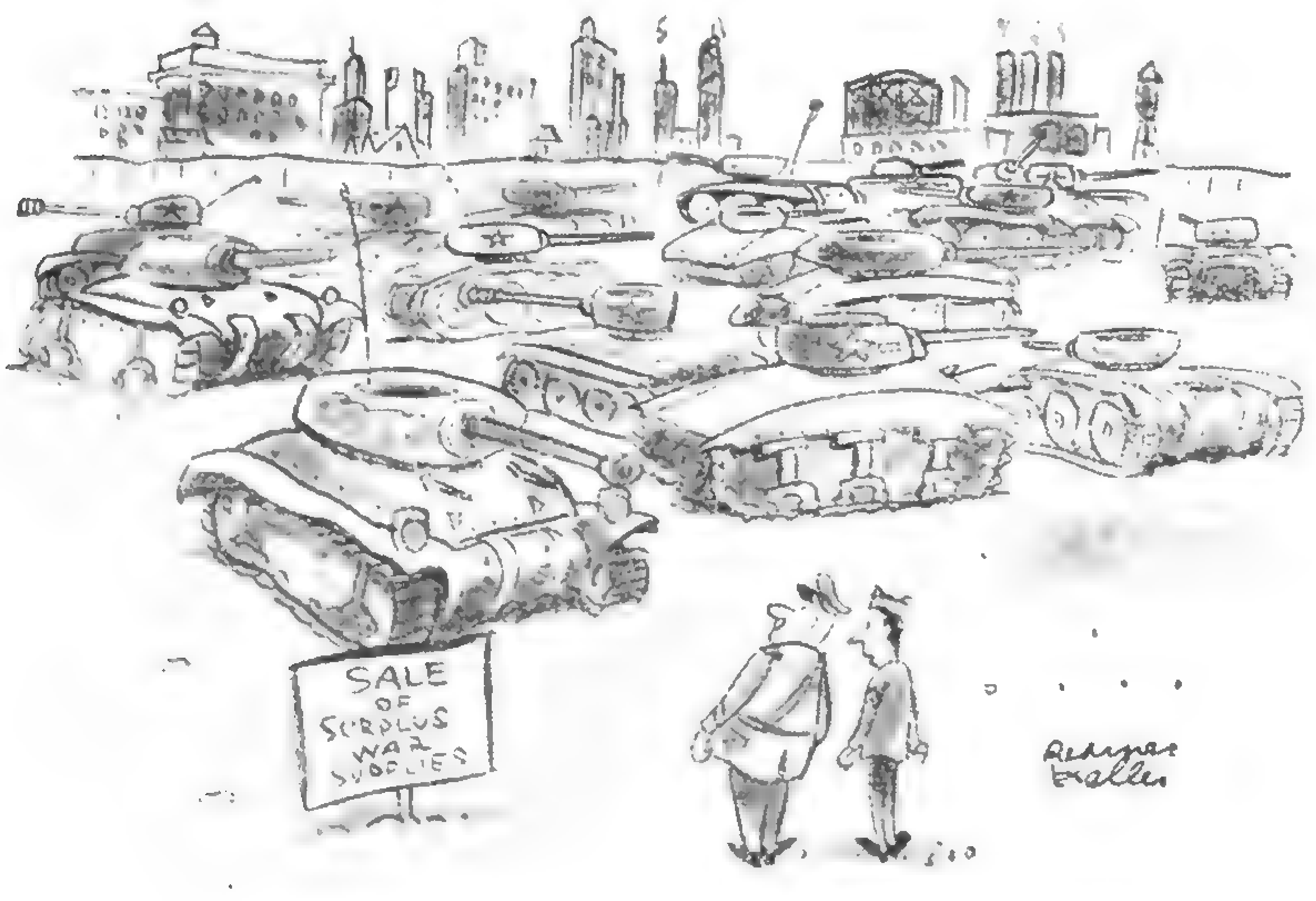
Heinrich Himmler, who organized the most gigantic ring of spies, secret agents, saboteurs and police the world has ever known, was picked up by a British Tommy crossing a bridge, on a subtlety that of all people, he should have been prepared for and have avoided. His forged papers were in too good order. They were so perfect that a simple British soldier with no police training became suspicious and had him thrown into the clink without ever bothering about who he was.

Himmler's great "disguise," consisted in wearing a patch over one eye and shaving off his mustache. Shades of Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarity. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle must be having vertigo in his grave. Shaved off his mustache and hung a patch over one eye and attempted to walk through enemy lines! How the Messrs. and Mesdames Erle Stanley Gardner, Leslie Ford, Rex Stout, Raymond Chandler, Kurt Steel, Mignon Eberhart, Mary Roberts Rinehart and other great writers of mystery and detective tales must have blushed when they read *that* one. Their books must have been among those consigned to the flames the day of the Berlin book burning, or surely Himmler would have been able to do better than that. Faced with a crisis he behaved neither like a great policeman, nor a great criminal, but like a child, and a half-witted one at that.

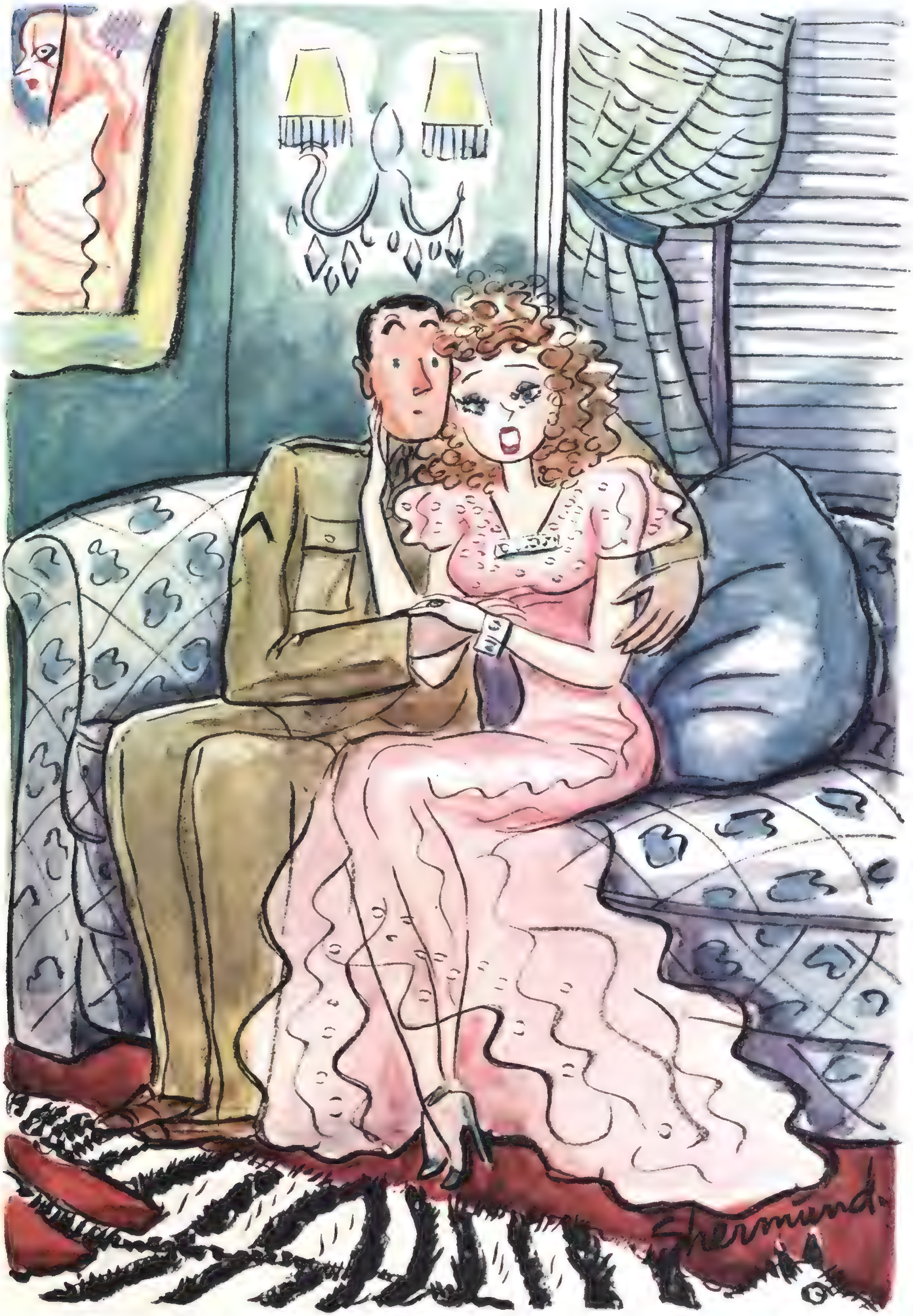
And then, to top it off, after three days in custody, the man who established schools for master spies all over Germany, where thousands of men were taught the sinister art, lost his nerve and volunteered his identity, instead of sticking it out and making the Allies *prove* he was Himmler.

If anything was needed to complete the puncturing of the bubble of the so-called Master Race, it was the incredibly stupid dodges assumed by the Nazis in their last moments, silly disguises as painters or tourists punctured by G.I.'s, paratroopers, infantry officers and others untrained in detective work, and the spineless panic to which they gave way and at once admitted their identity. The terrible Streicher trembling in the presence of an American officer confessed

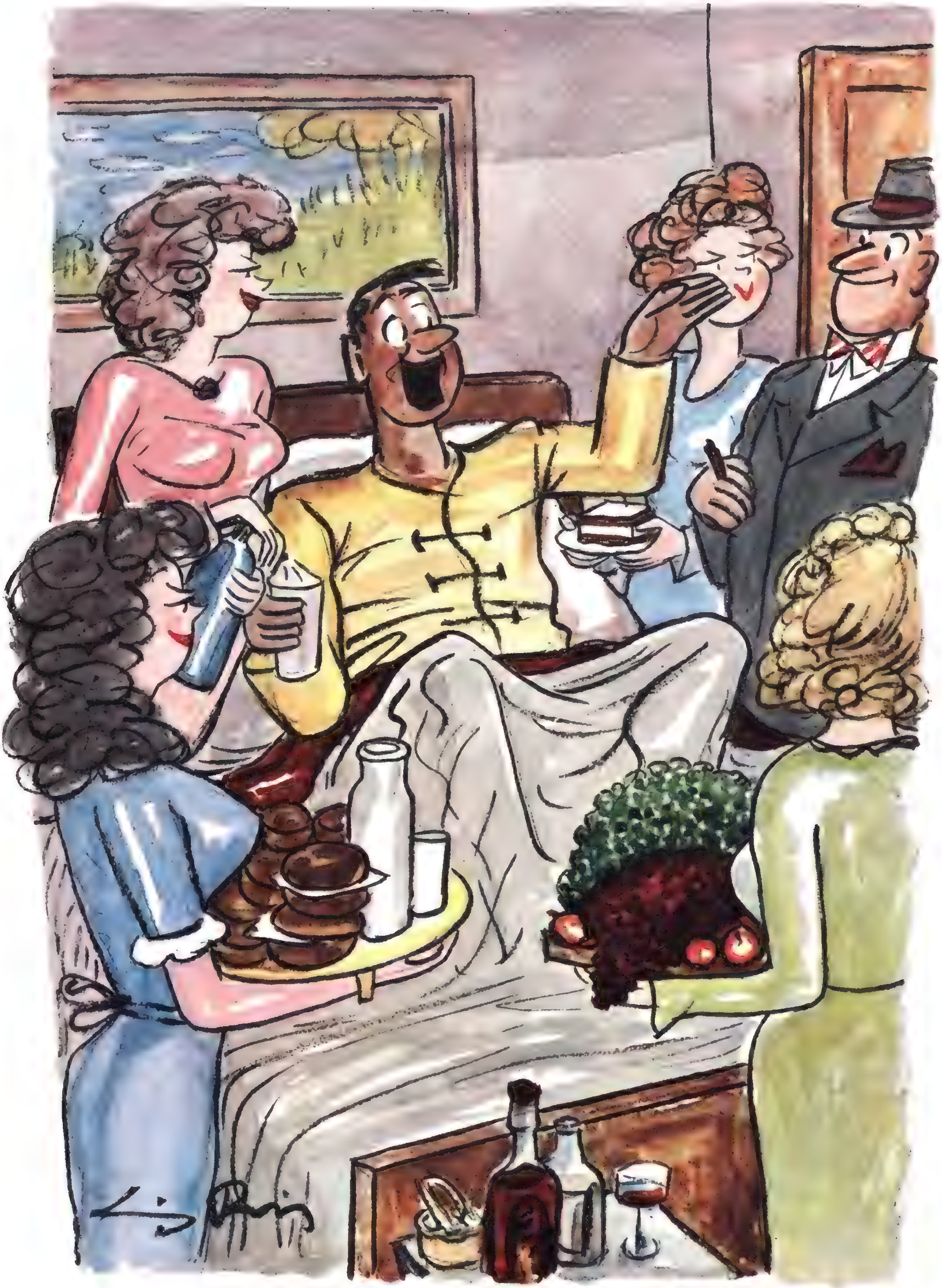
(Continued on page 163)


SALE OF SURPLUS WAR SUPPLIES

"Do you suppose a 'two for the price of one sale' would help, sir?"



". . . and when the wind was howling outside and the rain was coming down, I'd curl up in bed, pull the comforter over my head and be with you in that foxhole"

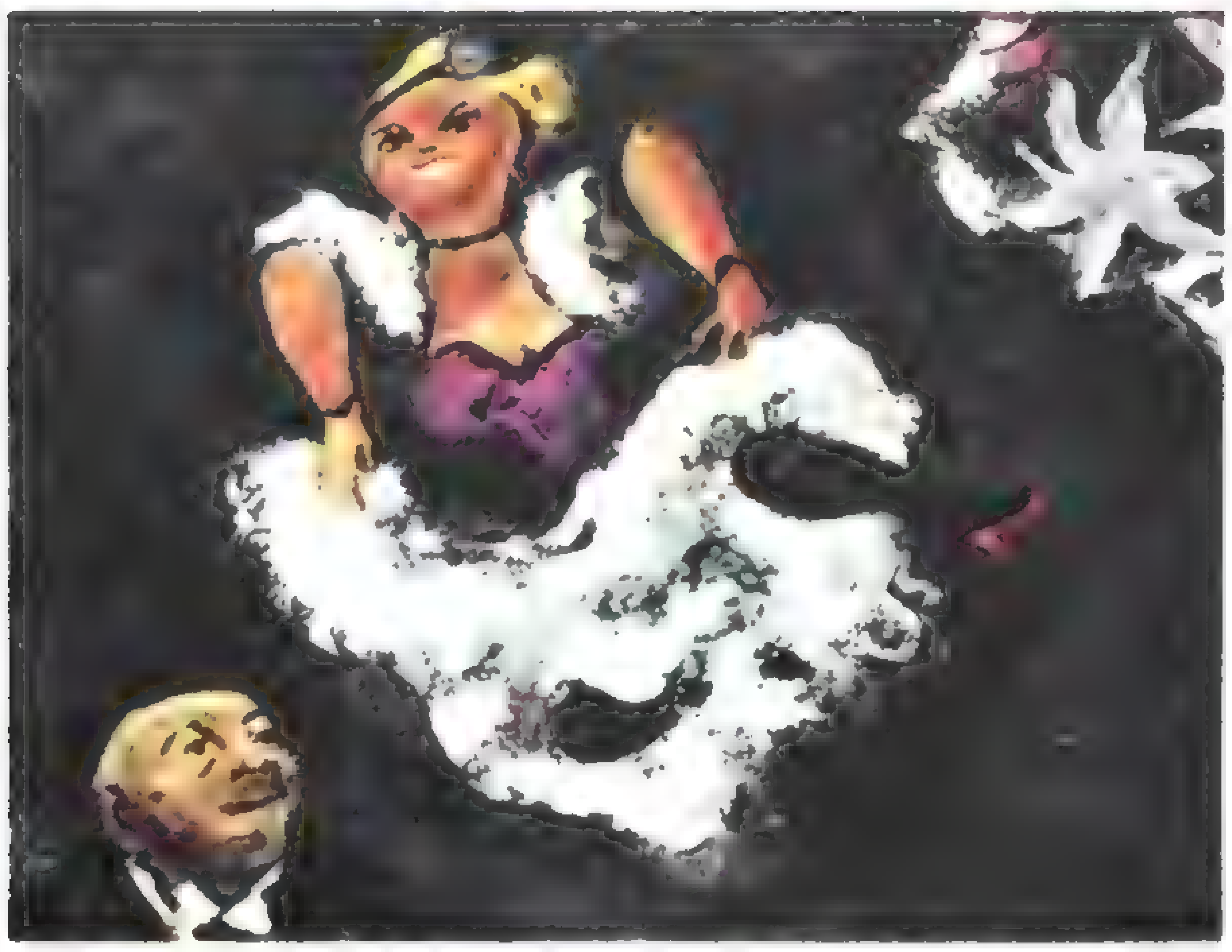


"Hello, Joe—I promised myself a week of this when I was in New Guinea"

Servicemen dine, dance and bowl in the grand old theatre where Patti once sang

The Auditorium: Unfinished History

by GEORGE WISWELL



OIL BY WILLIAM GROPPER

It would be difficult to find a better place for a bowling alley. The tens of thousands of servicemen from all the United Nations who annually make use of the Chicago Servicemen's Center on Michigan Avenue agree that the location is ideal and that the acoustics of the place muffle the clanging echoes of dropping pins. Most of them are unaware that fifty years ago, on opening night, it would have cost them at least 500 dollars for seats on the exact spot where they now finger the chalk, and sixty-three feet down the alleys, where the pin boys work, stars like Galli-Curci, Adelina Patti and Mary Garden brought Chicago its golden era of fine music.

Luckily the soldiers and sailors are not much concerned about the past. If they were, they might see in the melancholy remnants of the stage and in the barren boxes curving back into the dark enough ghosts and memories to startle their hearts and leave them saddened by the swift years that have brought a way of life to an end.

It started on December 10, 1889, when probably the most brilliant audience ever seen in Chicago gathered to ogle each other and hear Patti sing *Home, Sweet Home* at the dedication ceremonies. George Pullman paid 2,100 dollars to get in that night and Marshall Field's box cost him 1,500 dollars. It was the world's most beautiful and perfect opera house. Frank Lloyd Wright called it the greatest building achievement of the period, and President Benjamin Harrison, who was nominated in the Auditorium before it was finished, said it was without equal in the world.

The Auditorium began modestly enough in the mind of Ferd W. Peck. He wanted a temple "where rich and poor and all classes could meet together on common ground and be elevated and enlightened by the power of music." He called on the rich man's wealth and the poor man's pittance to work for the benefit of all. People were interested. The plans grew. Originally the building was to occupy four and a half million cubic feet. When the walls were up and the roof was on, it was twice as large. It was going to cost 1,500,000 dollars. When the last plasterer was paid off they had spent three and a half million. Architects David Adler and Louis Sullivan were liberal in their use of onyx, marble and mosaics.

And so it stood, a magnificent building with magnificent hopes, waiting for time and people to give it a history. The beginning was impressive. Receipts during the first year surpassed anything ever known. One fat week netted 66,000 dollars. Critics indulged in extravagant adjectives to praise the performances and describe the audiences. Once on a November night Queen Marie of Romania sat in lonely splendor while the sounds of Rosa Raisa's *Aïda* soothed and inspired the royal spirit. Julius Rosenwald, unable to get a ticket for an important opera, was forced to forget his millions and crash the gate via the stage entrance, then lose himself in the crowd.

Long after the fever of the opening had subsided, the Auditorium continued to be spectacular. When Reinhardt staged *The Miracle*, the interior was redecorated to represent a great cathedral. Mme. Yale, wearing pink tights, lectured on beauty "for ladies only." And Teddy Roosevelt once stood belligerently on the stage bellowing his long-remembered words: "We stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord."

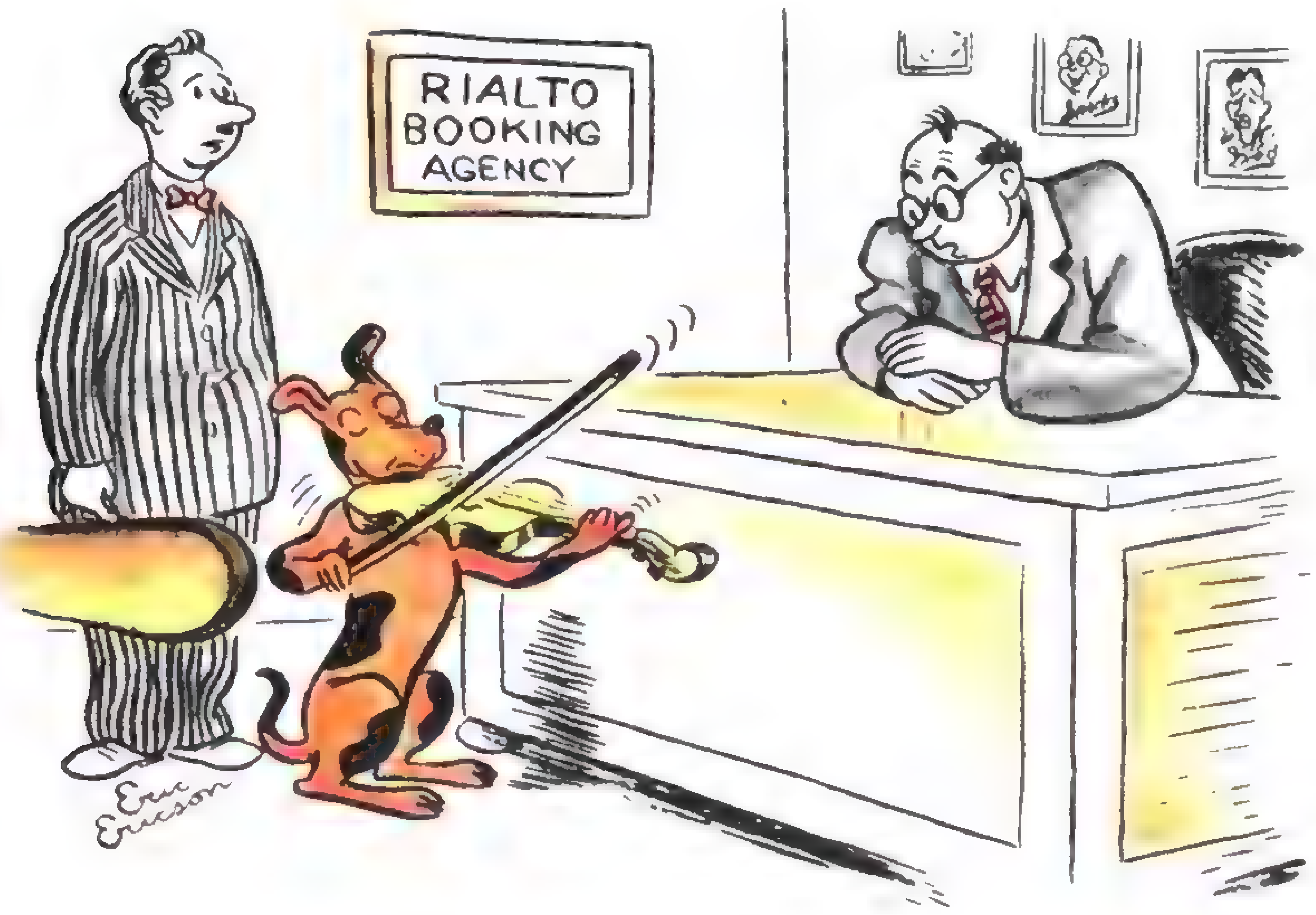
But for more than thirty years opera was the Auditorium's main attraction.

There was the night, for instance, when the curtain—that lavishly embroidered 600-pound tapestry of gold and silver and silk—rolled back on the fragile figure of a girl with a long nose and great dark eyes. You sat in your box or in the gallery and you felt a spinal ecstasy as that soprano voice did things to notes that had never been done before. This was sound at its purest and as you went home that night you knew that even if you never heard her again you would remember Galli-Curci.

A lot of people missed *Salome* when Mary Garden refused to clean up her Dance of the Seven Veils. They said she was a great degenerator of public morals and the president of Chicago's Law and Order League confessed that "I am a normal man, but I would not trust myself to see a performance of *Salome*." So the show was withdrawn and Oscar Hammerstein in New York inferred it was just as well, for "Mary always had a deadly fear of getting cold feet when singing the part."

The first World War brought a brief moment of violence to the Auditorium. A terrorist or a teaser dropped a smoking, hissing bomb in the main aisle during a performance of *Dinorah*. While everyone was trying to figure out what the acrid stench might be, a man snapped up the bomb, wrapped it in his coat and raced to the street. In the gutter the bomb turned out to be a dud. Only two persons had been at all shaken. One was a skittish gent in the first row who had leaped the orchestra rail and crouched behind a 'cello. The other was Campanini, great operatic conductor, highly superstitious, who thought the end of the world had arrived and ordered the orchestra to play the *Star Spangled Banner*. By the time the star soprano had got through the first chorus, the excitement had abated and the audience was ready for the opera again. Campanini was piqued. "I wanted to seeng ett myself."

The stars who sang in the Auditorium were not above horseplay. Once during a performance of *Tosca*, Raisa was determined to square things with the temperamental Alesandro Dolci whose exaggerated artistic sensitivity had earned the cast's dislike. Her chance came in the last scene when the part called upon her to utter a moan of anguish and throw herself across the dead body of Mario (Dolci). She came down hard with two pointed elbows sinking into her lover's generous midsection. Dolci was unprepared. With an "ugh-h-h!" that could be heard in the lobby, his feet flew up and he collapsed quivering before the footlights. There was more to come. As Tosca rose she dug



"But who wants to hear classical violin playing?"

Barney and the Green Dragon

Recalling the days when Barney Oldfield courted death in his low-slung Peerless and smashed all world records for speed

Through the year 1904 a daring young man in a green leather helmet and suit was barnstorming the country in a roaring green monster. At county fairs and carnivals—on half-mile weed grown dirt tracks, mile dirt ovals, straightaway roads, sand courses at low tide—from Brighton Beach to Fresno—Barney Oldfield in his low-slung Peerless Dragon was breaking local records, world records, his own records.

Sometimes there would be a race. Other professional "chauffeurs" were beginning to show up around the country and unload their racers from flat cars. Such names as Earl Kiser, Webb Jay, Herb Lytle, Charlie Burman, Louis Chevrolet, and later, Wild Bob Burman, Ralph de Palma and Eddie Rickenbacker.

Sometimes there would be just an exhibition. But the great favorite was Barney Oldfield, the cocky daredevil who crouched rigidly under the wheel behind the long hood, a cigar clenched in his teeth and death at his elbow, as he went streaking around the ovals in a storm of dust.

It was at the Empire City track, near Yonkers, New York, on October 29, 1904, that Barney Oldfield ushered in a new period of automobile racing. Three weeks earlier he had finished third in the Vanderbilt Cup Race at Brighton Beach. Winner had been the Frenchman, Bernin, in a Renault owned by W. Gould Brokaw. Paul Sartori, an Italian, had come in second in a Fiat owned by Alfred Vanderbilt.

At Empire the first heat was won by Sartori. Oldfield and his Green Dragon took the second heat from Bernin. So it was Oldfield and Sartori in the final.

But Oldfield left Sartori and the big, black Fiat in the dust, doing the ten miles in nine minutes and twelve seconds. A world's record from a standing start.

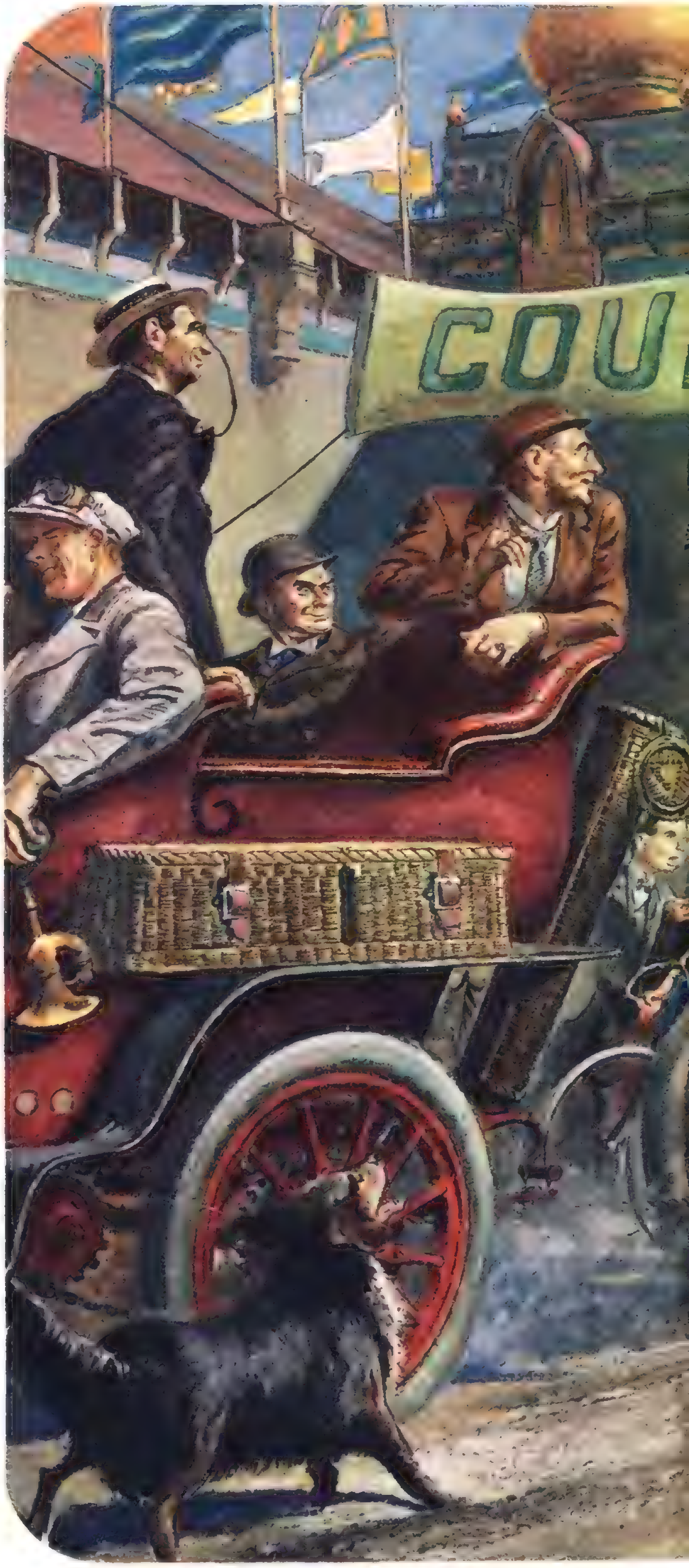
The Green Dragon of 1904 wasn't Oldfield's first car, nor for that matter, his first Green Dragon. In 1902 Henry Ford, in disgust, had sold his half interest in two racing cars which he had built with Tom Cooper. Oldfield, after a career in bicycle racing, was working as a mechanic for the pair. He went along with Cooper, and it was at the tiller of one of these cars, the old 999, that Oldfield took the five-mile Manufacturers' Challenge Cup Race at Grosse Point from the millionaire amateur, Alexander Winton.

Automobile racing in this country during the late '90's was principally a newfangled sport for the rich men of New York. Men such as W. K. Vanderbilt, W. Gould Brokaw, Frank LaRoche, H. L. Bowden imported fast cars from abroad, usually drove them themselves. Later Winton got interested in building cars and won many races in his own models. In 1903 Oldfield signed a contract with Winton under which Winton was to furnish a car, a mechanic and transportation. Oldfield was to pay his personal expenses and keep all the money he won in meets.

Unlike the millionaire amateur, Oldfield had to make it pay to stay in the game. Canny in publicity and always giving the crowd a spine-chilling ride for its money, Oldfield soon built himself into a name that spelled dangerous glamor to the public. He was frequently in trouble with the A.A.A., for participating in unsanctioned meets and for signing up for two meets on the same day—then taking the one which offered the best money.

Oldfield became associated with the Peerless Company after he had been reinstated from his first suspension in 1904. While a new car was being built for him, he drove a remodeled racer—Green Dragon No. 1. This car ended up a heap of junk in one of the worst crashes of his career, when he went through a fence in St. Louis, killing two spectators, and banging himself up, breaking three ribs. When he was able to race again, he started out in his new car—the Green Dragon No. 2—on his record-smashing tour of 1904.

Ahead of him lay more years of speed and close calls, more cups, more medals, more records—faster and faster cars. But it wasn't just the money and it wasn't just the glory that kept him on the tracks. As he said afterwards: "I didn't need to throw dice with death on the track to make a living . . . Racing gets in the blood."



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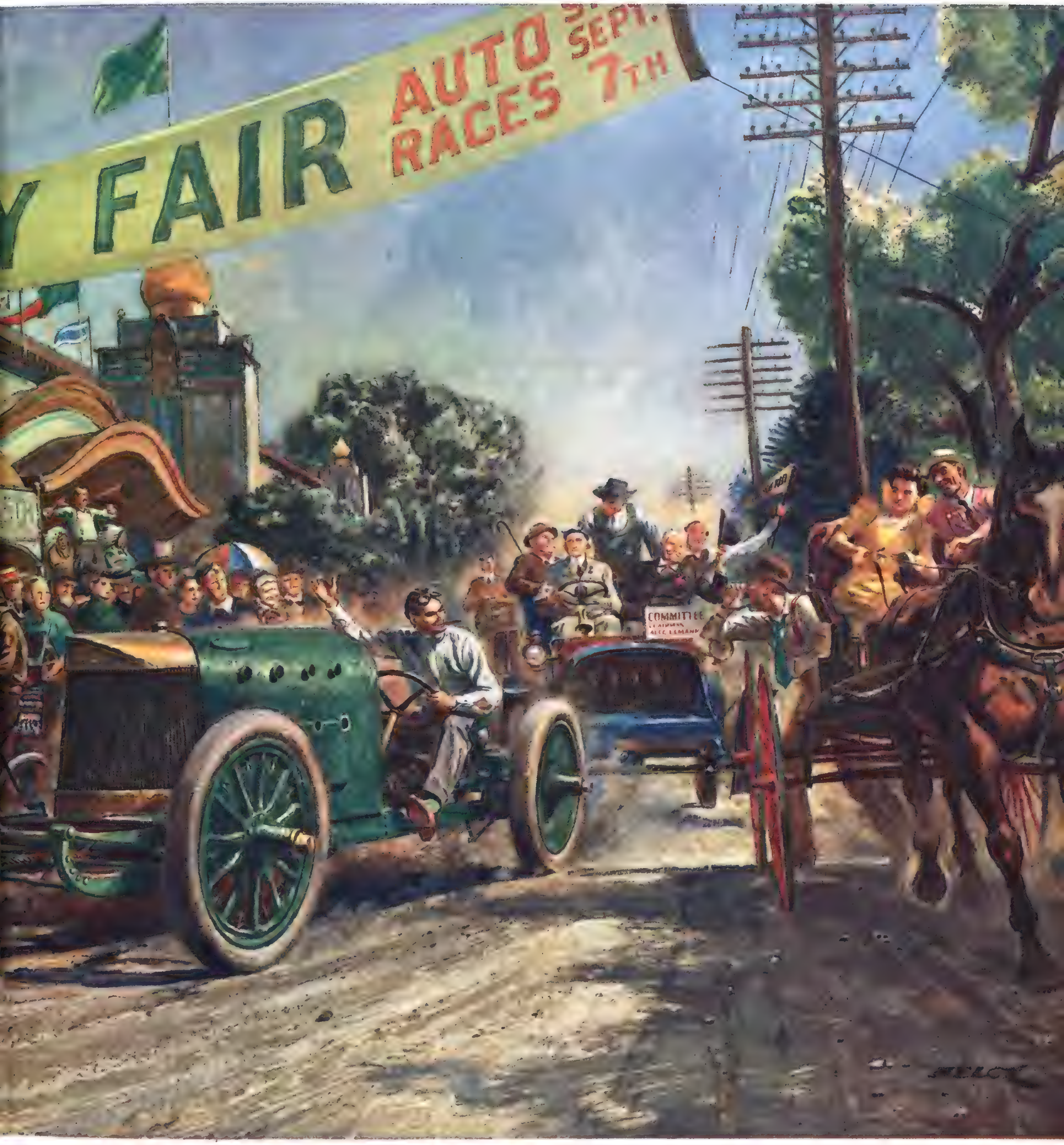
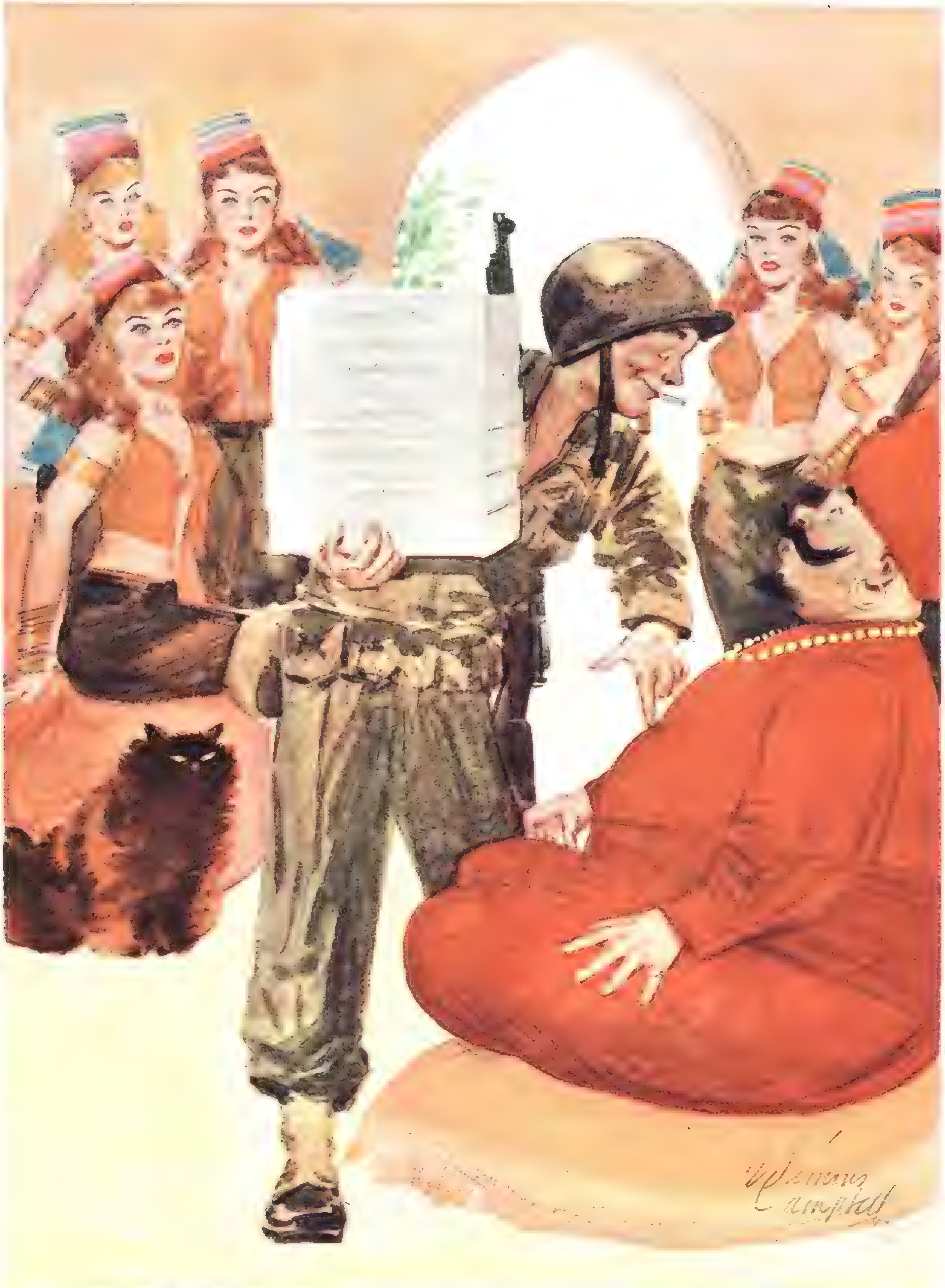
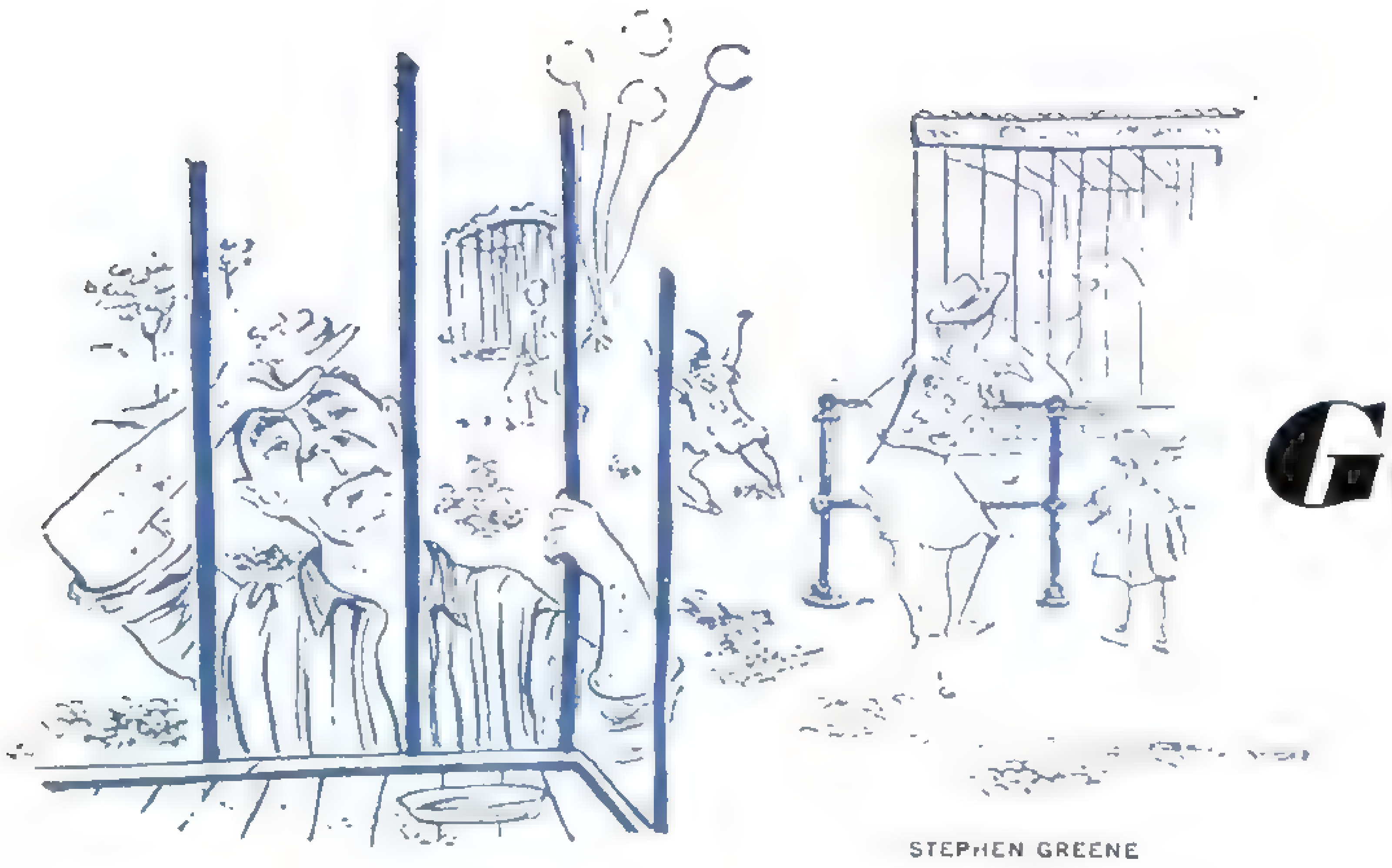

Y FAIR
AUTO RACES
SEPT. 7TH
COMMITTEE
HELCK

GANGWAY FOR BARNEY OLDFIELD *by Peter Helck*



"Now look, chum, I've got more cigarettes than I need and you've . . ."



STEPHEN GREENE

When he told of his strange communion with the wild creature his father had declared that no good could come of it

George and the Apes

by DEAN JENNINGS

George Bistany had his first conversation with an ape when he was a very small boy, scuttering through a twisting and narrow street in the Copt quarter of old Cairo.

The animal was in a portable cage, a young chimpanzee with enormous ears and the pinkish skin of a baby.

"You look unhappy," said George. "What are you doing here?"

The chimp gazed reproachfully at the boy. "I am a prisoner," he said. "Why are we always kept in cages?"

George brushed a lock of black hair away from his high forehead, and his dark little eyes glowed. "I don't know. Perhaps you never say anything to people. Would you like to go home?"

"Yes," said the chimp.

"I will come back when it is dark. I will let you out."

The ape's long fingers curled around the cage bars and his bald upper lip trembled in sadness. "All right, boy," he said. "I will wait for you tonight."

And so George came back when the Mokattem hills were purple and silent against the sky, and the minarets had long since echoed the last fluted prayer calls of the mu'adhdins. He searched for the ape in the high shadows of the street and called to him, but the cage was gone. George was suddenly very lonely.

He told his Arab father about it later at home. He whispered it, wide-eyed, to his pretty Spanish mother. And he told others that he had talked to the ape and the ape had talked to him.

"It is foolishness," his father said. "No good can come of things beyond our understanding."

"But he spoke to me like a friend."

"Apes do not talk to men," his father said impatiently. "That is why they are apes and will always be. They have no language. It would be a terrible world if they did."

"Yes, father."

"No good can come of it."

"Yes, father."

But George Bistany spent hours in the Giza Gardens and came to know the animals and their keepers and the time when every bird and beast was fed. And always he was drawn to the great cages of the anthropoid apes. He would hunch his squat little figure against the protective rails, and talk with the apes. Sometimes other visitors would stare fearfully at this strange little boy with long swinging arms and flapping ears and shiver at the soft purring that poured from his throat.

Once, when George was standing silently before the guereza cages watching the little monkeys brush their black and white mantles, a pompous government official poked a fat finger at him.

"You're the little boy who talks to the monkeys, aren't you?" he said.

George nodded gravely.

The man grinned slyly. "What is that one saying?"

"These are guerezas," George replied quietly. "They are called *colobus abyssinicus*. They have tails. Monkeys with tails can't talk to me."

"Righto. Then you can't talk to them either."

"Oh, yes," George told the official. "I talk with the anthropoid apes. They have no tails. They are like us. They can talk."

George strolled across the path to the large cages and the man followed. And in a moment George's eyes were shining and he was talking to the orangutans.

"What are they saying, boy?" the man jibed.

George turned away from the bars and spoke softly. "They say you are ugly. They say men are ugly."

The man flushed, raised his cane as if to strike the boy, then strode away in sputtering anger.

And George spoke to the apes reproachfully.

Shortly before the depression Herbert Fleishhacker, then president of the San Francisco Park Commission, came to Cairo on business and met George Bistany.

George was now in his late thirties, a curious framework of human being, with the mind of a man and the loping awkward grace of an animal. Sometimes he walked half stooped, like the great apes, his thick neck arched tensely as though he were listening for sounds denied to other ears. His nose was flat and broad and under their hairy brows his eyes were hard and shiny little pits, shrinking from the sun in their wrinkled sheaths. George was known from Cairo to Sumatra as a man who had an uncanny affinity for the wild things. Indeed, it had turned him into a reluctant hunter, rounding up rare animals for the zoos of the world and training them to the confinements of man. His headquarters were in Cairo, but he had a summer home in Ethiopia, and there were awesome tales of the terrible creatures who lived with him in that lonely place, shaggy hulks who walked half erect, like men, and whose voices were heard only in the night. But for anyone who asked, George Bistany had an answer. It was simple. He could talk to the apes, and they could talk to him. And this was the man Herbert Fleishhacker wanted for San Francisco.

"Will you come to California and run our zoo for us?" he asked.

"Is it a job anyone can do?" Bistany asked.

"No. That's why we need you. We have very few animals and they don't seem to thrive," Fleishhacker readily admitted.

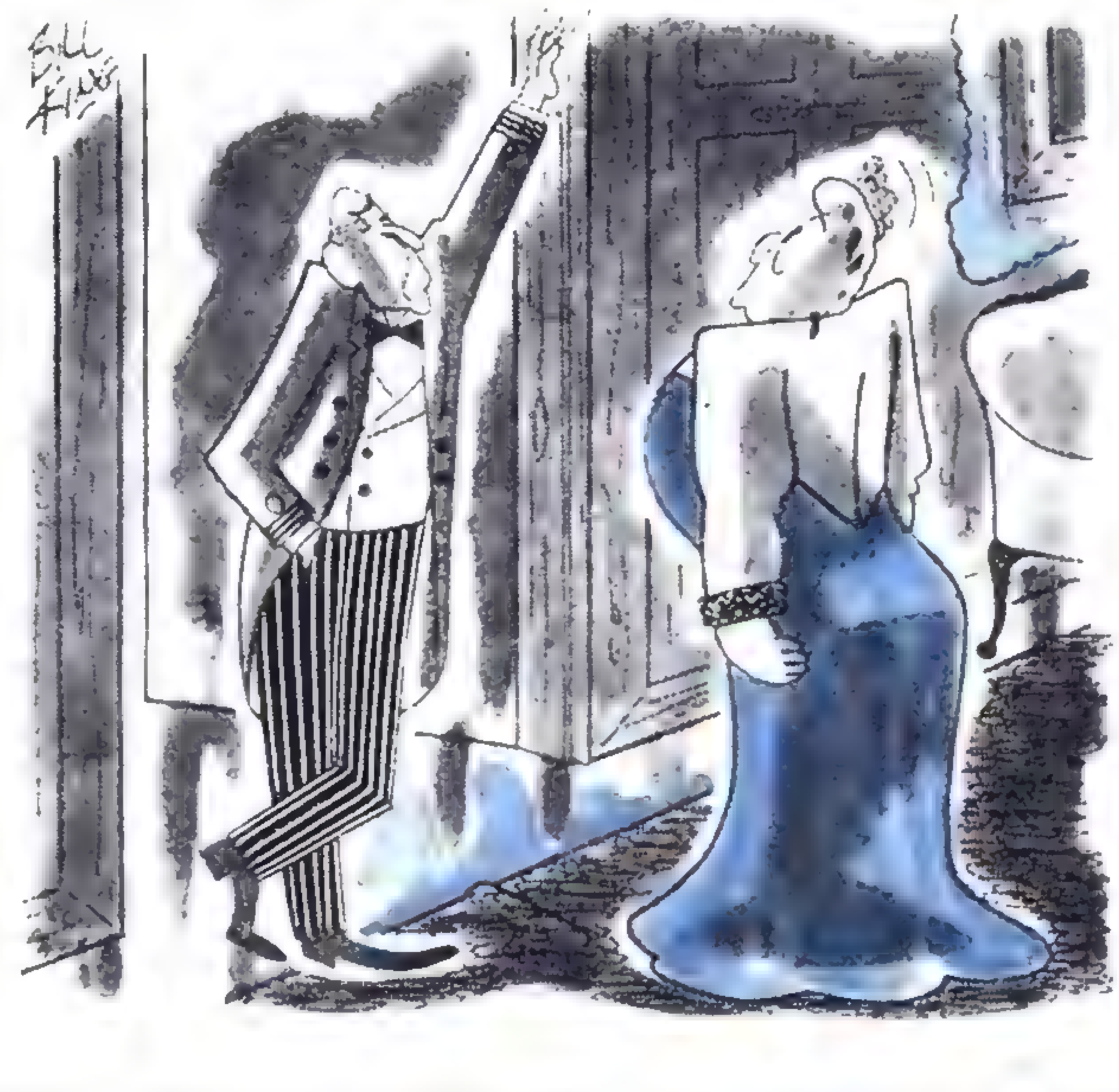
"I'll do it," Bistany said.

So this strange man came to San Francisco where, prodded by reporters, he would talk by the hour about his caged beasts. He respected and sometimes feared them all, but he spoke of the great apes as close friends. He admired their high morals, their cleanliness and good manners.

"The more I see of my fellow men," he said once bitterly, "the more I love my apes."

The mysterious little fires that burned inside his stocky little body and passed their glow along to the imprisoned animals soon had their effect in the zoo. The smoky fogs still snaked in from the ocean at night and the salt spray corroded the metal of the cages and made the sand and earth heavy and wet. But in his gentle hands the animals grew stronger, and not so many died. They got the care of fragile orchids and became things with souls.

Occasionally he went back to Africa and to India to find new tenants for his sprawling reserve.



"Well, let's put it this way then, madam—suppose you keep your nose the hell out of the pantry"

On one of these expeditions, to Sumatra, he found Ginger, the orangutan. In the telling and retelling of important days in a man's destiny there is a tendency to absorb fantasy. Yet in the light of the final chapter there is probably something solid in the legend of Ginger. Bistany himself said the great ape was almost a willing captive. He was so docile, in fact, that the native boys on that expedition recalled the superstition that men punished by Buddha were transformed into apes and condemned to live in the forest, neither man nor beast.

"Him man-ape," they said. "Plenty trouble."

But George talked to Ginger, and Ginger talked to George, and they understood each other.

That day, as they were returning to camp, a tiger sprang from a low tree and rushed Bistany. But at some point in that terrible trajectory the Bengal suddenly encountered the great ape; there was a shivering sound of cracking and ripping, and the tiger's jaws hung foolishly, like doors on torn hinges.

"Thanks, Ginger," said Bistany. "You saved my life and I'll never forget it."

"You are my friend," replied Ginger, with an understanding that was almost manlike, "*That* is enough."

And they talked to each other, isolated and undisturbed, like deaf men in a raucous and impatient world.

Two years passed, and there was a depression in the land. George Bistany was lonely in his little house under the dusty trees, lonely because there was a defeated world outside to which he never belonged. There was no woman's touch in this place, unless it was his own hidden gentility. For company he had forlorn and musty animals, friends who had died in their small prisons and been brought to him, stuffed and mute, to fill the empty house. Sometimes he cooked for diversion, rare and wonderful dishes never known to American taste, and in them he found the flavor of home. Sometimes he spent solitary hours with a phonograph, and the weird music of the Orient numbed his longings. If there were listeners he would talk about the apes, and the injustice of an evolution that denied them speech every man could understand.

"It's a pity to know they're lost forever," he said. "I understand them, and I know what they feel and think."

It was in such a mood, one night, that he heard the agonized cry.

It split the night like a human voice, a ripple of pain and disaster, and before he was out the door he knew it was death. He raced along the graveled paths, under the low limbs of the oaks, until he reached the concrete house of the apes. He was met at the door by his friend and co-worker, John Van Bergen, a veteran keeper who also loved the ugly man-like animals. Ginger, his friend, was rolled up like a snail, quivering and whimpering under the great shock of some fearful hurt.

Frank BEAVEN

"No doubt you've guessed why I'm here!"

"My God, Ginger—what's the matter?" Bistany knelt on the floor and cradled the gasping creature in his arms.

The ape slobbered against his sleeve, and Bistany leaned close to catch the sounds. He looked up at Van Bergen, ashen-faced.

"John—he says he's been poisoned."

Van Bergen nodded sadly. "That's what I figured."

"He says it was a man—this afternoon."

"We watched 'em close, like you said. I don't know how they could have done it."

"The dirty devils!" Bistany sucked in his breath. "C'mon. Let's get busy. Where's the pump?"

Van Bergen shook his head. "We won't need it, George."

"Won't need it?"

"He's dead. Look at 'im. He's dead."

George Bistany looked down at the great reddish lump in his arms, and shook it a little, gently, and murmured words into the huge ears. When at last he stood up slowly, the film over his eyes was not good to see.

In the morning they put Ginger's body into a truck and drove to the University of California Hospital laboratories, and there an autopsy and a toxicological analysis confirmed what Bistany already knew. Ginger had been fed virulent poison mixed with something sweet, probably candy. John Van Bergen heard the grim news at home. He came away from the phone like a sleepwalker, with a bloodless face and his eyes pushed out by a terrible squeezing in his chest. He shuffled a little ways, and he wanted to say how badly he felt. But the words never came because, at noon on this Thanksgiving Day, John Van Bergen fell down and died.

Bistany, returning to the zoo, found newspapermen waiting.

"There's a murderer in this town," he said bitterly. "I wish I had him here . . . I'd throw him in the lion cage. Ginger was my friend. He saved my life once. We respected each other. He was intelligent and decent."

The newspapermen wrote down what he said.

"He was more of a man than many men I know. . . ."

The pencils scratched in the silence.

"I talked to him. And he talked to me."

When the reporters were gone George Bistany slumped over his desk, suddenly very tired and very ill. They took him to the hospital that same night. High blood pressure, the doctors said. Internal ailments. Shock and exhaustion. There was something else not mentioned in the medical books. A big heart, breaking.

George Bistany balanced on the thin and fragile tightrope of his life for two dragging weeks. They brought him letters that came to the zoo, warm, friendly notes, wishing him happiness. There were also vicious anonymous scribblings, crucifying him because he fed his apes when some men were hungry in the streets. He read them, was profoundly shocked.

"Such a person murdered Ginger," he said. "It could only be such a person, not fit to be called a man. I am so tired. I want to be buried in Africa when I go. I don't belong in what you call civilization. . . ."

And the doctors could do nothing for this man.

So there came a bleak and dripping December morning, in George Bistany's forty-seventh year, when he turned his face and his heavy eyes to the east, and moved on, quietly, to another life. High blood pressure and internal ills, the doctors said. But in New York, Explorer Martin Johnson heard the news and spoke his thoughts aloud. "There is often a great attachment between the higher type of animals and man," he said. "You might call it an affinity. I have known apes to die because they were separated from the men they loved. And now a man has died—"

Far out by the ocean beach, where the sea spins its moist gauze and drops it in billows over the lonely gardens of the zoo, the keepers at the ape house hovered over Mickey, the last big orangutan. The great ape squatted by the thick bars, immobile and deaf to human words, with his piercing eyes fixed like a lens on the Bistany house far down the tree-shielded lane. Mickey would not eat nor drink, and the fog glistened on his wet coat.

"Jeez, he'll catch cold!" one of the keepers swore. "I wish I could talk to him."

"Talk to him?" asked another. "Are you kiddin'?"

"Skip it," the first man said.

That night Mickey was still there, transfixed where he hugged the bars and the shadowy skies wept and licked at his face. The men brought him straw and he scuffed it out of the way. They brought him a blanket, and he shrugged it off with a twitch of his big shoulders. They finally went away. In the morning Mickey was still there, with his lungs full of pneumonia, and quite dead.

He was a small boy, with mysterious wisdom and compassion. He talked to the apes, and they talked to him.

"Men do not talk to apes," his father had told him years before. "It would be a terrible world if they did. No good can come of it. . . ."

And the boy said: "Yes, father. . . ." #

STEPHEN GREENE

Living on his own kind of heavenly manna, Larry Coogan, the carpenter, was a rogue to adults and an enviable hero to boys

Village Ne'er-do-well

by LIAM O'FLAHERTY

When I was a boy, my hero was the carpenter of our village. He was a man called Larry Coogan and he lived alone in a ramshackle thatched cottage, that stood far apart from the other houses. He was tall and thin, in the prime of life, noted for his strength and agility. I always thought of him as a saint, simply because his golden beard reminded me of Saint Joseph's statue in our parish church.

Alas! There was little of the saint about Larry. His name was a byword among the grown-up people. He was clever at his trade. If he wished, he could have made a good living at it. There was little he could not do with a piece of wood, when he was in the mood. The trouble was that he was hardly ever in the mood for profitable labor.

A housewife might come to his cottage with a leaking tin can, begging him to put a wooden bottom to it. It would be past noon, but she would find Larry in bed.

"Put it down there, my good woman," he would say. "I'll fix it for you, when I get the time."

"But I'm in a hurry," the woman would say.

"Ah! My good woman," Larry would answer sadly, "they'll soon be dancing over your grave, so what's the use of being in a hurry? Take is easy and enjoy yourself."

The tin can, so badly needed, would lie for days at his cottage before he bothered to mend it. On the other hand, he never accepted any money for his carpentry.

When anybody wanted to pay him for making a chair, or a table, or a cupboard, or a door, he would say:

"I did it for the love of God. When you have a tidbit in your house, you might remember me in God's name."

So Larry lived better than anybody in our village, even though he was so lazy and improvident. There was never a pig, a lamb, a bullock, or a goose slaughtered without his getting a little reminder of the people's gratitude. When a cow calved, he got his whack of the good "yellow milk." If a hen was laying anywhere, he was sure to have a fresh egg at his cottage.

Naturally, some of the people were furious at the idea of being compelled to share their tidbits with the lazy carpenter.

"You never know when you might need a carpenter," they would say bitterly, when sending something tasty to his shack by one of the children, "and he's the only carpenter we have, God forgive him."

In early spring, when the big ish are taken from the ice-cold stormy sea, Larry was given priceess gifts of ling roe and halibut and turbot.

"I hope it chokes him," the ishermen would say when they were sending the fish. "There he s, snug in bed, while we are frozen o the bone after being out all night."

With the same idea of exacting ribute, Larry gave the use of his and to a neighbor. There were about ten acres of very poor qualty. It is doubtful if the neighbor got any profit whatsoever from arming it. Yet he was compelled. y virtue of his peculiar agreement, to provide Larry with verything that strenuous husbandry exacts from the soil, all manner of crops and milk and butter and cloth made from sheep's wool. The neighbors even thatched Larry's cottage and put a year's supply of turf fuel into his loft.

So that it seemed to me that Larry was truly "a child of God," to use a term applied to very fortunate people. And what little boy does not worship anarchy as the ideal state? It is every little boy's dream to live as he pleases, in the way Larry did. Yet there was a much nobler basis than that for my hero worship.

In spite of Larry's aversion to profitable work, he was willing to spend hours on end making wooden toys for us village boys. He especially loved to make boats for us to sail on the village pond. On fine summer evenings, when there was a breeze, you could see a great fleet of the boats that Larry had made. He could make any kind of ship, but he especially liked making square-rigged four-masted ships. He once spent nearly six months making me one in a half-pint bottle.

This passion he had for carving beautiful things earned him the hatred of a man called Timoney, who had found a mahogany beam in fine condition under the southern cliffs. All such wreckage belonged by law to His Majesty, so that Timoney could not take the wood to town and sell it without having it seized by the Coast Guards. He gave it to Larry and asked to have it made into a dresser.

"Very well," said Larry, becoming interested in the beauty of the wood. "I'll make you the most beautiful dresser you ever saw out of this beam. I'll put variations on it that will make your mouth water."

Then he locked the door of his cabin and nobody saw him for three days. At the end of that time, he had carved the mahogany beam into a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin. He took it on a donkey cart to the parish priest, who was charmed by its beauty and placed it on a pedestal to the right of the altar in our parish church. Timoney almost died of rage when he discovered the use to which his precious mahogany had been put.

"Arrah! Whist, man," Larry said to him. "God will reward you one hundred fold, for providing such fine wood to make a statue of His Blessed Mother."

Other people hated Larry for his periodic fits of drunkenness. These bouts occurred only when somebody died in our village, or in one of the neighboring hamlets. Larry made the coffins for our district. To make sure that he finished the coffin on time and did not put the wood to some alien use, he was liberally supplied with whiskey and watched closely while the work lasted. It invariably happened that he was mad drunk by the time he had hammered the last nail into the coffin. He loved to dance in that condition. One of the village men brought an instrument of some sort and made music. Larry danced on the coffin lid in his stockinged feet until he was utterly exhausted. Then he threw himself on his bed and slept for one or two days. He always awoke from such a sleep in a savage mood, craving for more whiskey. By then, however, the funeral feast had ended and there was no more whiskey to be had. Poor Larry would go 'round the village

Eric Ericson

"I use aviation gas"

angrily, picking a quarrel with everybody he met. Sometimes he went around with a club, bellowing like a bull. It required half a dozen men to overpower him and lead him back safely to his cottage. Naturally such outbreaks were rare, and there might be an interval of two or three years between them. Yet they branded the man as a debauched toper and a rowdy.

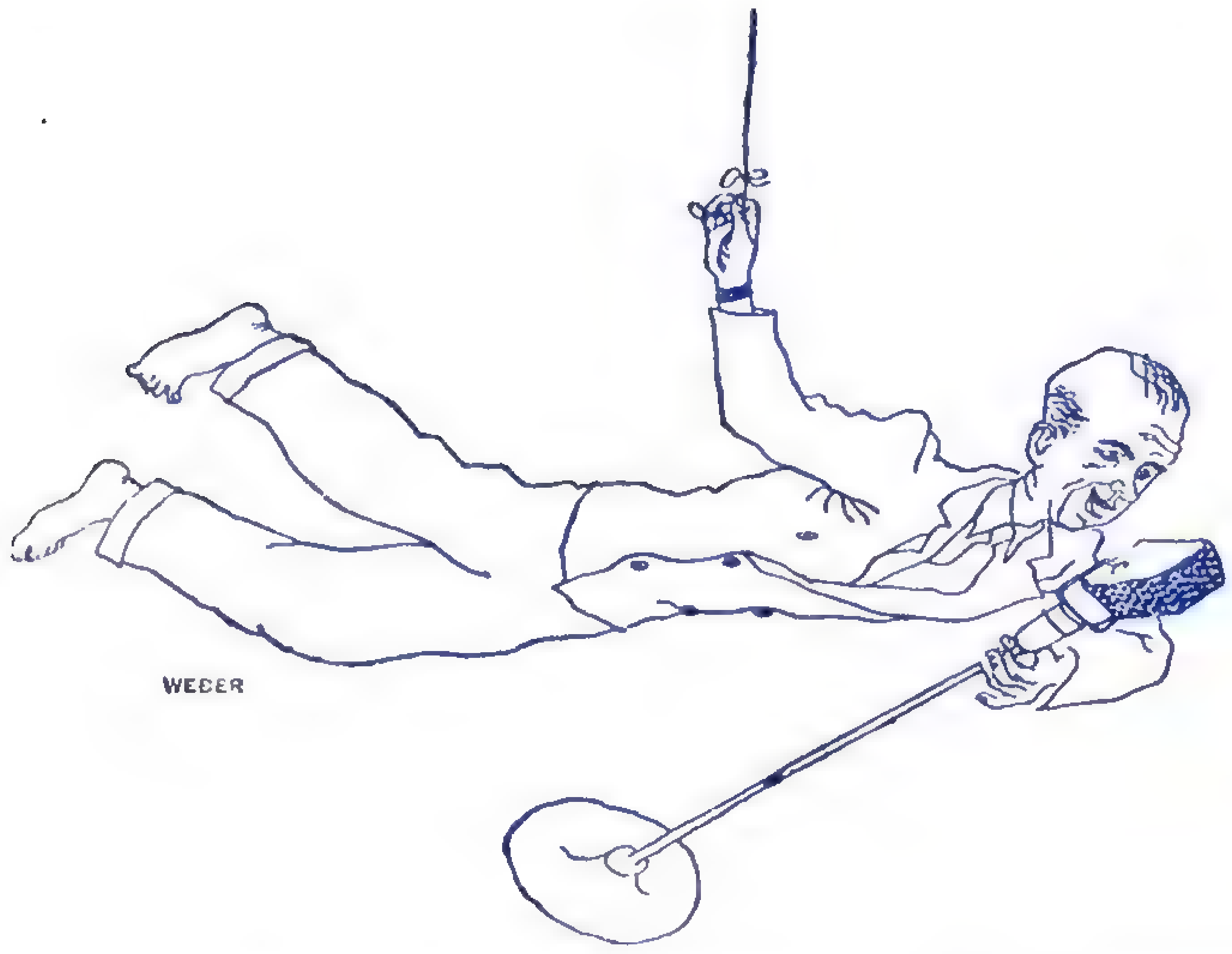
My close friendship with him resulted from an unfortunate incident of this sort. It happened one afternoon, when I was about four years old, that my father was teaching me to ride in our yard. I sat astride the back of our grey mare, gripping her mane with my little fingers and clinging nervously to her shoulder blades with my knees, while my father trotted her around in a circle at the end of a long halter. Larry suddenly appeared from nowhere and uttered a piercing yell. The mare bolted, snatching the rope end from my father's hand. She went nearly a mile at a mad gallop before a neighbor managed to halt her. I was frozen to her back with fright. When they took me down, I yelled like a stuck pig. It took me several days to get rid of the fright I got.

Larry was heartbroken when he recovered from his bout and learned what had happened. He came to our house, went on both knees before my mother and wept aloud like a woman. He brought me his collection of blown sea birds' eggs as a gift. It was a beautiful collection which it had taken him years to make, climbing almost inaccessible cliffs in order to procure the most rare specimens.

Four years later, his skill at climbing cliffs enabled him to save my life and that of two other boys. The three of us boys had taken a boat from the cove south of our village and rowed east under the great limestone cliffs, that rose sheer at that point to a height of almost four hundred feet. We put ashore on a flat reef at low tide, dragged the boat up over the black seaweed, and then went under the cliffs to a square plateau where sea birds nested. The sea rose suddenly while we were up on this plateau. Our boat was carried off by a wave. We saw it drift away to be dashed to pieces a few moments later against a distant rock. We ourselves would shortly meet the same fate unless we were rescued, because the giant waves would sweep over our plateau with the rising of the tide.

The whole village gathered on the cliff above us. They were in agony. It was impossible to launch a rescue boat in that sea. Neither was it possible to send down a rope to the plateau, owing to the bulge in the face of the cliff at the middle. Then Larry came to the rescue by performing a feat until then considered impossible. He climbed down that naked limestone wall, with the end of a cord tied around his waist. It took him several hours to make the descent, while the rising sea thundered nearer and nearer to our plateau. A rope was lowered to him, at the end of the cord, when he reached us. We were hoisted up to safety. Larry himself was just beginning to be hoisted up when the sea swept over the plateau. A huge wave dashed him against the cliff, breaking his right leg in two places. Yet he was smiling when they pulled him onto the grass at the summit.

Our carpenter was a hero in the village for about eight months after that. He received a royal ovation the first day he hobbled down the road on crutches. The people showered gifts on him. Then an old man died. Larry got mad drunk making the coffin and nearly tore down our village while he was recovering from his bout. People again cursed him as a debauched rowdy. #



The quiz program's emcee drops his mask of diplomacy and lets the folks have it

The Program Seems Different Tonight

by PARKE CUMMINGS

"I'LL repeat that question, Mr. Flammaus:—What city was named after the first president of the United States? . . . What? . . . Lincoln, Nebraska? Flammaus—you lunkhead! You imbecile! How did they ever happen to pick you for this quiz? Are you a relative of the sponsor? Even my four-year-old kid knows the answer to that one, and he's not very bright. What do you do for a living, Flammaus, or are you permanently unemployable? . . . Hm. A zoo attendant, eh? Well, next time stay on the job and send one of the chimps over instead.

"Our next question is for the dame with the vacuous pan.—No, not you—although you satisfy the definition. I mean the one with the retreating brow. Now then, correct this sentence: 'Them oranges don't taste no good.' . . . Huh? . . . It should be 'Them *grapefruit* don't taste no good'? I see.

"Now don't stand there holding out your hand! If you expect a free sample of Guzzly-Wuzzlies for a lousy try like *that*, you're crazy. From now on I'm giving no more free samples unless you fatheads come within a mile of the right answer. After all, you've got to show *some* ability beyond the fact that you can get your shoes on and off without assistance.—Or can you, Mrs. Whirmer?

"Okay, Miss McWildridge, I know it's wasting everybody's time, but just as a formality I'm going to ask you how many sides has a square? . . . Take your time, Miss McWildridge. I know it's a mighty tough question for the caliber of folks we get on this program, but try. I'll repeat the question: How many sides has a square? . . . Three? Congratulations, Miss McWildridge! A sensational—a phenomenal—try! You only missed it by one! That's the closest any of our contestants has come in the last seven weeks.

"Whose turn is it now? Oh, yes, Mr. Rolgner. You've run up a sensational score so far. You've got fifteen points out of a possible twelve hundred and seventy-five. Nice going, Rolgner! It's a good thing we give fifteen points to every contestant who can give the date of his own birthday, isn't it? It was too much for some of the cognoscenti on this program, but you got it in only five minutes.

"Well, Mr. Rolgner, I'm going to ask you to name two oceans. Any two oceans in the whole wide world. I'm not particular. Now then, how about it? Huh, the Italic? Well, that's close for you, Rolgner. What you mean, I suppose, is the Atlantic. But don't expect any points. Now then, another ocean. Try hard, Rolgner. It's awful big. It's where we're fighting the Japs. It begins with P . . . The Potomac! All right Rolgner, sit down—on a chair.—One of those things with four legs—if you can count that high.

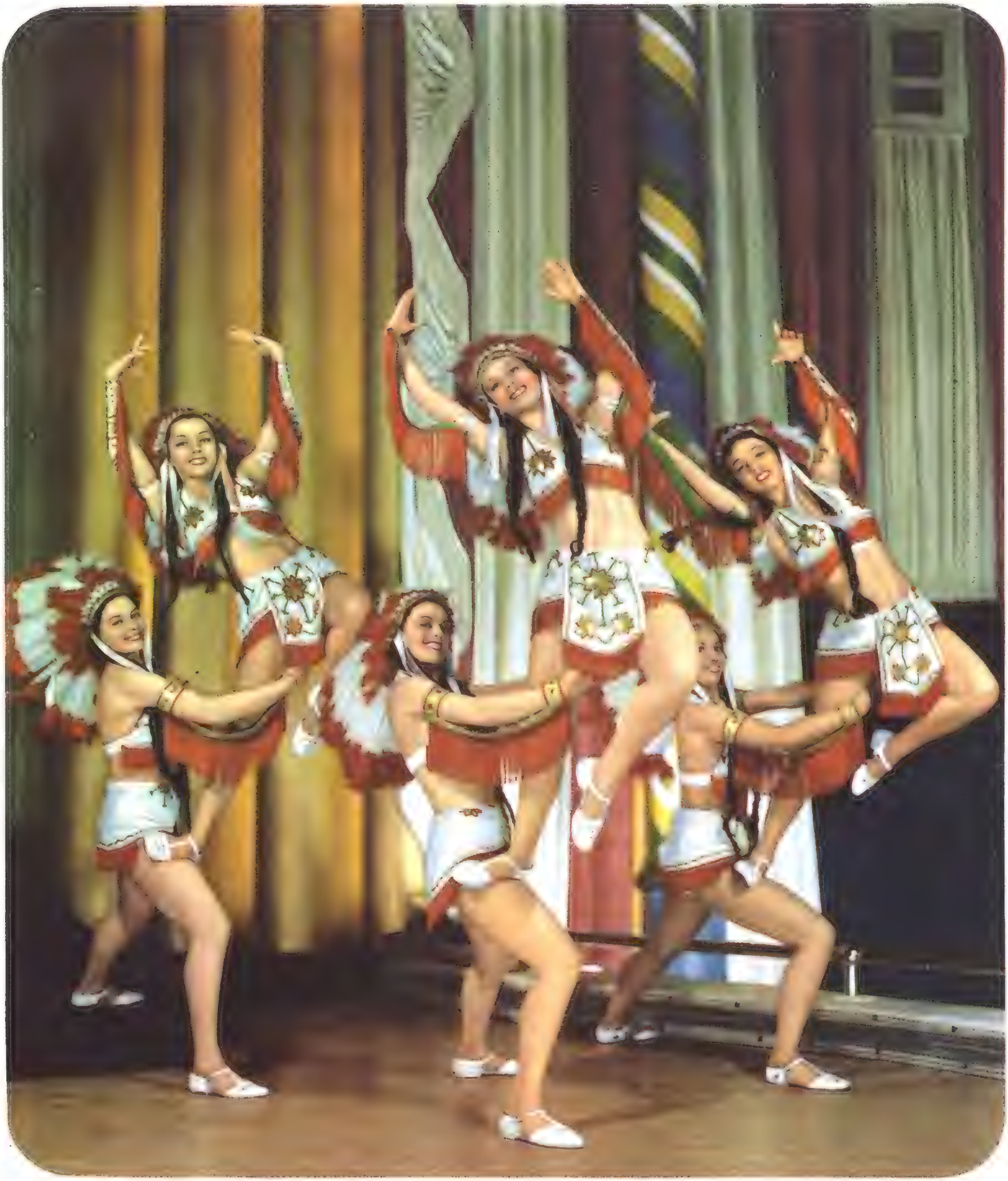
"Who's the next genius? . . . Mrs. Arganfroonz, eh? Well, you're still in the running. Which asylum have *you* been released from? . . . What? You mean they actually allow you to roam at large? I'll have to see an affidavit before I believe that, but never mind. Now then, see if you can answer this one: Wheat is used to make which of these? Bazookas? Bread? Concrete? What's that you say? Concrete, eh?

"Well, I see our time is pretty near up—thank God—so I'll give you the score on the general question: When did Hitler come into power? Here are the answers: Mr. Flammaus—1776. Mrs. Whirmer—1492. Miss McWildridge—1812. Mr. Rolgner—47 B.C. Mrs. Arganfroonz—Tuesday. That's just a sample of what I have to contend with. And since all of those tries were absolutely *lousy* we're giving no prize this week.

"All right, you morons, imbeciles, cretins, fatheads and goofs—clear out before I lose patience and slug the lot of you. And don't come back here again or send any of your relatives either.

"Folks, maybe on some future program, of Boy, Are Folks Bright we'll manage to get some nearly normal contestants, but don't bet any money on it. Put it in War Bonds.—And where would our armed forces be if they were run by men as devoid of intelligence as tonight's goons.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, I've got an important announcement for you. This is Hank Rossiter conducting my final broadcast for Boy, Are Folks Bright! Tomorrow I'm going into the Army. Whoooopeeeeeee!" #

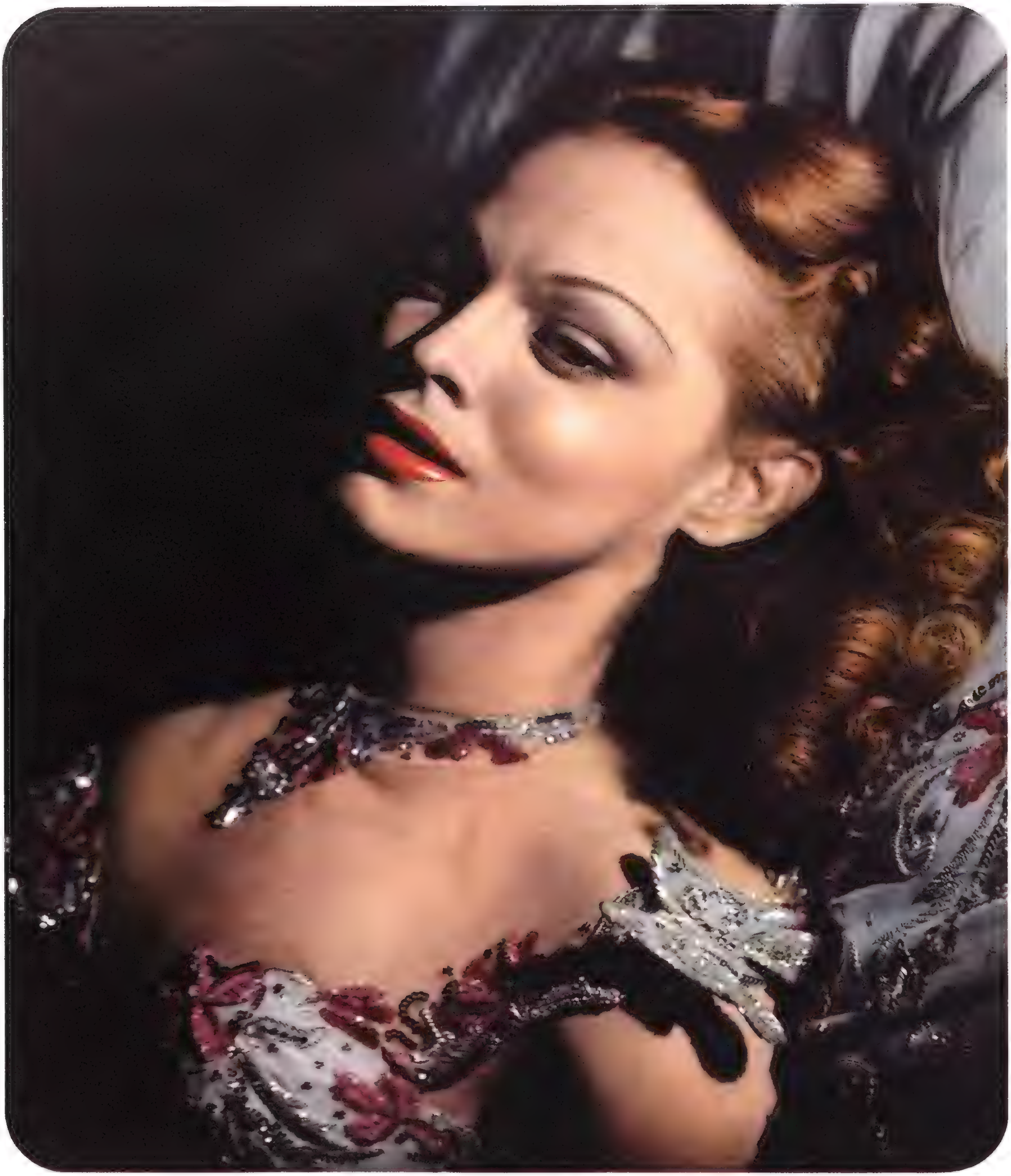


BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

The Carnival

Photograph by Hurrell

A lush sample of what goes on at *The Carnival*, in the Hotel Capitol, which sounded a circus note in New York night life last winter. Opening on the gloomy eve of curfew, the jumbo-sized night club saw it through with crowds of paying customers, ever eager for something different, something new. The hoopla spirit of the circus prevails with clowns, acrobats, aerialists, animal acts and name bands. Russell Patterson decorated the huge room, which soars up two floors, with great swags of riotous color, and a bas-relief circus parade around the walls. The eyesome Indian maids, from the floorshow, are: lower level, Ireene Pavlow, Audrey Hoveler and Marie Horvath. In the air: Bernadine Stanley, Winnie Hoveler and Rhodora Hoveler.



AMERICAN BEAUTY

Milena Miller

Photograph by Hurrell

Fate took Milena out of Mansfield, Ohio, but it hasn't taken Mansfield out of Milena. Now singing over a national network, she insists she's going back to Mansfield . . . sometime. She came to New York to study dress designing, but she looked so wonderful in her own creations that she was soon in demand as a model for photographs of other designers' clothes. Voted Miss New York City of 1943, she debuted at a supper club, singing her own sweet way. It turned out that her own sweet way was good enough for big-time radio. If and when she goes back to Mansfield, her route probably will include at least a stop in Hollywood. VITAL STATISTICS: Height: 5′ 6″; Weight: 122 pounds; Bust, 34″; Waist: 24″; Hips: 35″.

Keenly interested in hunting as a sport, John Browning tested his rifles in duck blinds, on elk ranges and in deer parks

Gunsmith to America

by KEITH BARRETTE

ARTHUR WEITHAS

When you take down that favorite gun of yours, it isn't a Winchester, Remington, Stevens or Colt that you fondly finger, but a variety of Browning.

It was the genius of one man that put it in your hands—John M. Browning. It was manufactured under the name stamped on the breech under privileges granted by the patent holder.

When the Yanks marched into Liége, Belgium, among the major prizes of the capture were the factories and buildings of Fabrique Nationale D'Arms de Guerre, one of the few firms in the world that turned out firearms with the name, "Browning," stamped upon them. In French, so respected and associated has become the name, that the word "Browning" is a synonym for pistol.

Perhaps nowhere in history, with the possible exception of the originator of the gun, can be found one man who has had greater influence on the progress of firearms than John M. Browning. Practically every advancement made in the perfection of guns since 1879 is the result of this man's inventiveness. He was the son of Jonathan Browning, a Tennessee gunsmith who followed the westward sweep of Empire and moved to Ogden, Utah, in 1851.

His genius began to assert itself before John M. was fourteen years old. He was discovered one day by his father, busily whittling on several blocks of wood.

"What are you doing, son?" Pater Browning asked.

But young Browning was too engrossed in his work to reply.

When the father returned to the bench, a short while later, he found that John had whittled from those pieces of wood a breech mechanism for a rifle.

Like the shoemaker's child that wants, but cannot have a pair of shoes of his own, John Browning wanted a gun. His father would have gladly made him one, had he had the material to spare. But any spare steel or iron was needed in his own work. It was a case of fortunate misfortune, because John set to work and made an accurate, durable gun from scraps and parts picked up at random.

Father Browning knew ability when he saw it and proudly encouraged his son. Next John set to work to make a rifle for his brother, Matthew, which his father declared was better than those he himself turned out.

About 1879, when John Browning was nearing his twenty-fourth birthday, he secured his first patent. This was the model that later became popular as the "Single-shot Winchester." It established Browning's reputation and crystallized a long association with the Winchester people. The gun was made up in several calibres and the breech was opened by a lever, which also ejected the empty shell, recocked the gun and dropped the hammer almost out of sight so as not to interfere with the aiming.

Another broad forward step in perfecting the rifle was the gun Browning patented in 1884, which was later to be widely known as the '86 Model Winchester. To the sportsmen of that era, this model was as fantastic and revolutionary as the present idea of firing rockets to the moon.

Imagine a gun carrying its cartridges in a tube magazine under the barrel; a lever-opening breech that cocked the gun, tossed out the fired shell and slipped a live one in its place, all accomplished in the fleeting space of a breath!

The mechanical embodiments of this rifle formed the basis for practically every improvement in repeating rifles made since then.

The .22 calibre repeating rifle which the Winchester Company prevailed upon Browning to design demonstrates his ability to solve any problem in gun design.

The plan he submitted on paper was declared impractical. Browning didn't think so. To prove his theory, he went to work and made by hand an example of the small bore gun he had put on paper. At the conclusion of the demonstration, factory technicians had cause to hoist their eyebrows with surprise.

"This is the gun I showed in my plans," Browning told them. "You said it wouldn't work, but it seems to shoot pretty fair for me."

The gun, which went into immediate production, became familiarly known as the '90 Model Rifle, as hard a hitting and accurate a .22 as ever came from an assembly line.

John Browning, who was a great sportsman, was able to test his guns firsthand. His tall, sparsely-built figure was a familiar sight at all the major trapshooting events in the country. He was well known on the elk ranges of Wyoming, the deer parks of Idaho, and in the duck and geese blinds of his native Utah.

Perhaps it was this great love for hunting and shooting, with the needs of the country's sportsmen also at heart, that inspired him to design two of the nation's outstanding guns—the '92 Model lever-action repeating rifle, and a shotgun. A carbine of this particular model went with Admiral Peary to the North Pole. It is extremely popular in Latin America, Australia and the Far East, as well as in the United States, where .25-.20; .32-.20; and .44-.40 calibre ammunition is held in high favor.

The "scatter gun," operated on the same lever principle and carried the shells in a tubular magazine.

Close behind these two fine examples of gunsmithing came the '94 Model, lever-action repeating rifle, which ranked in importance with the Kentucky "Long Rifle" and "Judge Colt" in the winning of the West. There is today hardly a sheep camp, trapper's cabin or cattle ranch that does not have one of these guns in either the .25-.35; .30-.30; .32 special or .38-.55 calibre.

Browning's next great forward stride was his incorporation of a box magazine in a lever-action repeating rifle. This innovation was initially included in his '95 Model rifle for the purpose of handling the jacketed, sharp-nosed bullets. It was made especially to handle the .30-.40; .30 Army '03 Model; .30 Government '06; .35 and .405 calibre cartridges and the .303 British C.F. cartridges. The rifle's maximum accuracy and hard-hitting features prompted Theodore Roosevelt to carry one of these models on his historic African and South American expeditions.

Fascinated by the principle of the repeating shotgun of the slide-action type, Browning set about developing a hammerless shotgun with a solid, streamlined breech, which could be easily taken apart for cleaning and transporting. In 1904 he released the No. 520 Stevens Repeating shotgun, the first hammerless repeating shotgun produced and as nearly foolproof

"I just love to get packages—don't you?"

as a gun could be made. It was impossible to fire the gun before the action was fully closed and locked. Double life insurance was included by installing a thick steel wall behind the locked breech bolt to protect the sportsman from the explosion of faulty ammunition.

Browning's love of hunting was directly responsible for his discovery of one of the most important developments in firearm history.

One day in 1892 while the inventor was hunting water fowl in the marshes bordering the Great Salt Lake, he noticed the peculiar reaction of the bulrushes each time he fired his gun: each time he shot, the rushes were quite violently shaken.

He began experimenting, and after firing several purely "scientific" shots concluded that the reaction of the rushes was due to the rush of expanding gases produced by the burning powder.

"If the uncontrolled force of expanding gases shakes up some bulrushes, why can't this force be applied to a gun?" he wondered.

It was a fascinating problem. Upon returning to his shop, Browning immediately set to experimenting. He took a piece of iron four inches square and drilled a hole through one side of it, wide enough to clear a bullet. He set the block in front of his rifle and pulled the trigger. Sure enough the gas pressure following the exit of the bullet jolted the piece of iron some distance from the muzzle of the gun.

Thus he conceived the idea of the gas-operated automatic firearm. The first such gun he invented was equipped with a concave cap, centered with a hole, which fitted directly before the muzzle. The gas following the bullet forced the cap forward. A rod linked the cap with the gun's cocking action. When the gun was fired, the cap pulled the rod forward to operate the cocking mechanism.

"Do you suppose the Campbell people have all this trouble when they can stuff?"

Later the cap was replaced by drilling a small hole in the under side of the barrel. This allowed the escaping gas to operate against a small piston, which in turn emulated the human arm in operating the cocking apparatus.

From these early experiments came the automatic machine gun used by the United States in her war with Spain. Lieut. Parker, under Col. Theodore Roosevelt, used one of these machine guns with telling effect in the battle of Santiago.

With the invention of that machine gun, a new and potent arm was added to our national defense. Up to that time, the Army operated its cumbersome machine guns with a hand crank. The Browning machine gun could fire ten shots per second and owing to its decisive effectiveness was affectionately called, "Browning's Peacemaker." A brace of "peacemakers" manned by U. S. Marines dealt a kayo to a unit of Chinese Boxers and saved the foreign legation quarter at Peking during the uprising which took place in 1900.

However, all of Browning's achievements did not meet immediate success. The development of the automatic shotgun consumed more of his time, patience, resourcefulness and trial-and-error experimentation than any of his other designs.

In the beginning, Browning set for his problem a shotgun that would perform all of its operative functions automatically. The only human element in its firing would be limited to loading the magazine and pulling and releasing the trigger. Other gun experts are believed to have entertained the same idea, but all had met the same stumbling block—the broad variety of shotgun shells on the market. The gimmick that did the trick was the incorporation of his adjustable friction shock absorber that would handle light or heavy loads following a simple adjustment.

The first patent on Browning's automatic shotgun was issued in 1900. Today every successful automatic or autoloading shotgun has this shock absorbing device. At first this feature was included in all such "scatter guns," under license from the inventor, and later copied when the patents expired.

Practical though this shotgun was, Browning was turned down cold by one prominent American manufacturer. Discouraged, he made an appointment with another gun maker. Punctual in keeping the appointment, Browning cooled his heels in the outer offices for nearly a full morning, only to learn the second prospect had died during the night.

He impulsively journeyed to Liége, Belgium, a city famed throughout the world for its skilled gunmakers. In his moment of despair, he had left America some weeks before, acting on the force of an impulse. His spirits at the time were at one of the lowest points in his entire life because rejection and death had thwarted one of his fondest dreams—an American manufacturer for his prized shotgun.

When the Belgian manufacturers tried Browning's model, they were amazed at the mildness of its recoil, thanks to the adjustable shock absorber.

Browning's terms almost bowled them over—exclusive license to manufacture and sell the shotgun throughout the world. The Belgians had hoped for the best, but did not expect so generous an offer. Golden visions of quantity distribution of the gun to rich American sportsmen danced before their eyes until Browning burst the bubble—except America.

In his moment of triumph and glory, Browning had not forgotten his friends, the men in the duck blinds, behind the traps, in the lonely outposts of America. This is why the first automatic shotgun was not first produced in the United States.

The Belgian plant manufactured the gun first in the 12 gauge and later in the 16 gauge. For the American market, Browning organized a sales agency, but it only operated for a short time before arrangements were completed with the Remington Company to produce and distribute the gun, under their name in North America.

Browning by instinct was a man of peace. He abhorred war, but he did not permit his emotions to obscure a very realistic viewpoint. His attitude could easily be interpreted as an amendment to that old recipe for victory of "git thar fustest with th' mostest," by adding "an' th' bestest." His genius was primarily concerned in designing firearms for sportsmen. But when in World War I the Germans added new frightfulness to carnage by using a huge store of machine guns, Browning set to work to beat them at their own game.

The type of machine gun introduced by the Boches was of Maxim design. They were so heavy that great difficulty was experienced by the Germans in handling them. Browning designed a water-cooled machine gun that weighed only 37 pounds, that was recoil operated and fed by a cartridge belt.

When the tests were held in May, 1917, the date set by the War Department for machine gun competition, Browning added another surprise in the contest—the Browning automatic rifle. This was a gas-operated weapon capable of emptying a 20-round magazine in 2½ seconds. The Army selected both weapons for the armed services. It is believed by many that this contribution to the war was the greatest single factor in the winning of that conflict.

World War I written into history, Browning kept at his work.

"There will come another war," he is reported to have predicted, "and the skies will swarm with warriors."

America's gunsmith did not live to see his prophecy come painfully true. Suddenly in 1926, while in Belgium, he died of a heart attack.

However, during the remaining years of his life Browning held steadfast to his prediction. He was determined the country would not be caught flat-footed again and suffer the humility of "too little, too late." He made an air-cooled machine gun weighing only 22 pounds, but capable of hurling 700 steel bullets per minute at an enemy. It was later to become the first gun in this country successfully mounted on an airplane and its fire synchronized with the whirling propeller.

At the request of far-sighted Army officers, Browning designed three models of 37 mm. automatic cannon. The fire power and speed was increased each in turn. The first fired a projectile, weighing more than one pound, at a rate of 150 per minute with a velocity of 1,400 feet per second. The second and third models each fired heavier shells at increased speed and velocity. The automatic 37 mm. cannon on our planes, anti-tank and AA units all bear, in addition to the name of the manufacturer, the legend, "Browning Automatic Gun 37 mm."

About the time the 37 mm. gun was announced, a war-weary America lost its interest in military arms. The nation became complacent and antagonistic toward war. Concern over national safety ebbed so low that funds for further experimental work were refused. So strong was the wave of pacifism which swept the country that in the face of public opinion one major arms factory was forced to turn to the production of dish-washing machines to keep its doors open.

Nevertheless, Browning left America a rich heritage against a time of emergency. When it was learned planes could be armored against .30 calibre bullets, Browning countered with a .50 calibre machine gun. Not only that, but the fire power of the .30 calibre was stepped up to 20 shots per second or 1,200 per minute and the .50 calibre to 900 shots per minute.

Consequently every American warplane is equipped with either .30 or .50 or both calibre guns.

The war caught British munitions slightly off base. They had not quite completed the tooling to turn out .50 calibre Browning machine guns for their planes. But they were making quantities of .303 calibre Browning guns (.303 is the British rifle calibre cartridge corresponding to the Browning .30 calibre).

So instead British planes are armed with the .303 calibre Browning guns. One British plane bristles with eight of these hard-hitting weapons. It is little wonder that this particular plane has become known as the dangerous and destructive Spitfire with a fire power of 10,000 shells per minute.

Much praise has been heaped on the English for their determination and bravery during the Battle of Britain, which wavered precariously between defeat and victory from August, 1940, to near the end of 1941. But credit for ultimate victory is given to Browning and his weapons by many of Britain's high-ranking military officers.

Though Browning is dead, the history of the man remains incomplete. His work still is being carried on by his sons and grandsons.

When the global war is over, these men will see to it that Browning's friends in the duck blinds, on the prairies, on the mountains and in the forests are again equipped with fine shotguns and rifles. For after all, hunting and shooting, not fighting, were the things nearest to the heart of John M. Browning. ⵌ

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by RENZO DEE BOWERS

For Whom the Prisons Yawn

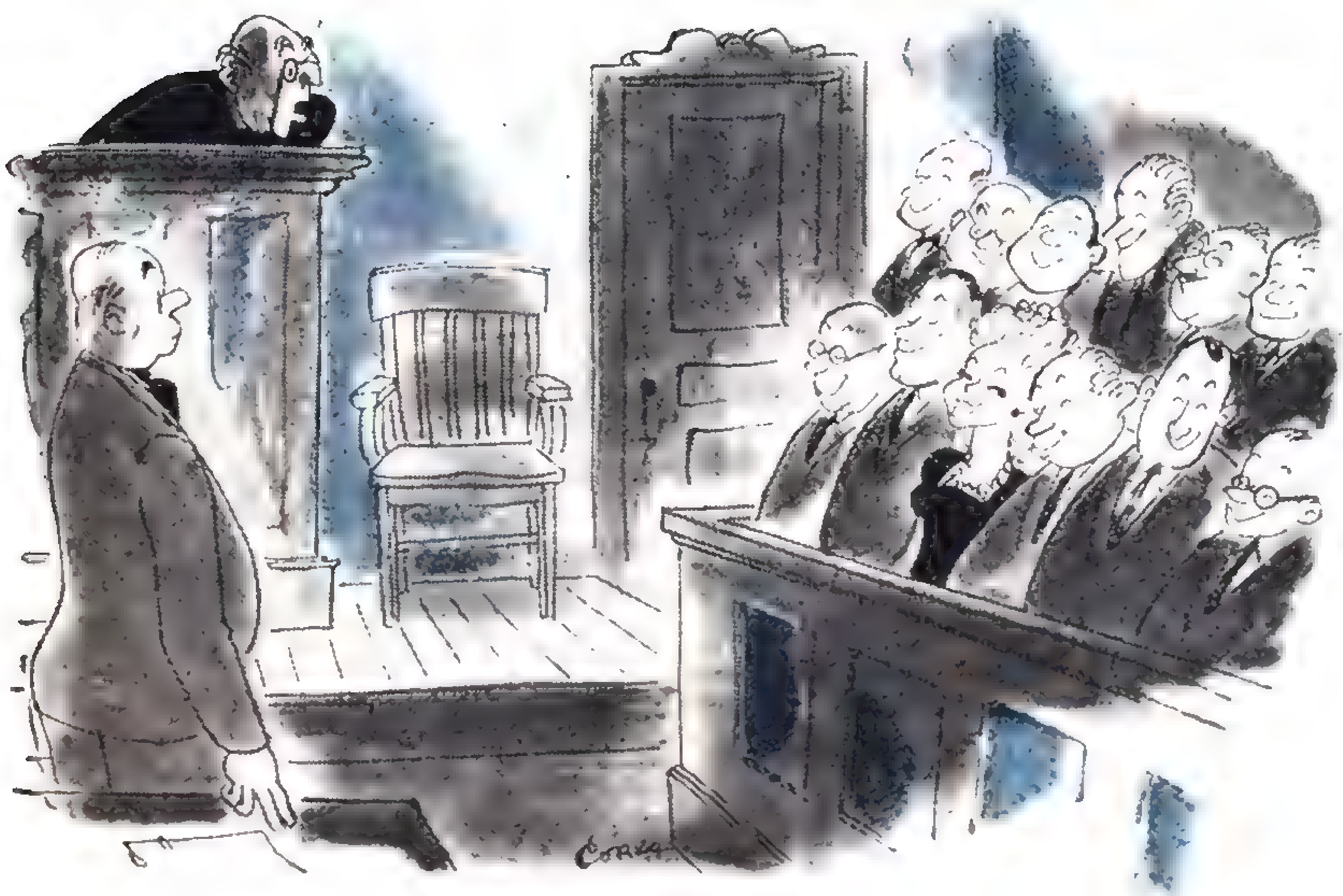
If you cause a death on the highway it won't save you to say: "I didn't know"

DETAIL FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH HIRSCH

A locally prominent young woman recently was sentenced to prison in a Midwestern state. Her automobile fender had struck a pedestrian while she was driving on the wrong side of a country highway at night.

She did not stop because she did not know she had hit anybody. She drove home that way every night.

Law officers worked two weeks to discover who had been driving the car that killed the man. Meanwhile the young woman was unaware of the whole matter. When she was arrested that was her defense. She knew nothing of it until she was accused of the killing.



"Have you gentlemen arrived at a verdict yet?"

No evidence at the trial disproved any of her contentions. Court officials conceded that she had unknowingly sideswiped an individual in the darkness. Nevertheless, on the facts, she was convicted of homicide.

In the law governing the operation of automobiles there is a new phase that most drivers do not understand. It is legal lore of a slightly technical nature. But your attention to this matter may save you from sitting someday in a prisoner's dock charged with murder by automobile and hearing the judge's words, "I sentence you to the penitentiary for the term of one to fourteen years."

Under the venerated rules of criminal law the prosecution has been required to prove criminal intent. Under this rule it had been found practically impossible to convince a jury that a driver had actually intended to kill the victim.

Change in the legal situation, beginning years ago in some states and spreading to practically every state now, grew out of the necessity of halting the present alarming increase in deaths from reckless driving. The change is radical.

The new rules drastically affect the status of anyone charged with killing another by auto. The prosecution need not prove intent. The intention is presumed by the law if it can be shown that the driver was violating the traffic laws in any way at the time of the accident.

The driver's only protection is that the infraction must have been responsible for the death or injury.

The cruel fact is that it is generally quite easy to make proof that the driver was violating some traffic or statutory law. Statistics show that reckless driving is almost always an accompaniment of automobile accidents. The accused driver may have been going at excessive speed, without adequate lights or brakes, or against a boulevard sign, or while intoxicated, or something. The law presumes that he intended whatever consequences followed his violation of the law. The young woman, just cited, was on the wrong side of the road.

In a Florida case a tourist and two companions swerved around another car to pass it at sixty miles an hour, and kept going. The passing car caught the fender of the other car enough to overturn it and kill an occupant. The tourist swore at the trial that he was not aware of having touched the other car. His companions swore the same. Still he was violating the law of the road by his excessive speed and that fact precluded the defense of non-intent, which otherwise he could have urged successfully.

In passing sentence the judge said: "Many citizens will be prosecuted and convicted in the future who had no intention of killing or injuring anyone. Why not slow down before it is too late?"

Hundreds of drivers who formerly would have gone scot free have had verdicts of guilty brought in against them under the present interpretations of the law. Convictions have been obtained in cases in which the accused person had not even been at the wheel of the death car.

Tom Parr and Neil Grey drove in Parr's car to a dance. Grey was drunk the entire evening. When they were ready to go back Grey slouched into the driver's seat. Parr stood on the running board. Grey had reversed the engine. The car plunged backward and crushed a young girl.

Both men were held for manslaughter.

You who are easygoing about the use of your car by others could well make a note of the court's remarks in the sentencing of Parr:

"The owner of a car is liable for injuries resulting from his operating it while intoxicated, or otherwise in violation of law," the judge said. "How then can he escape when he sits by and permits another who is intoxicated to operate it? He invites the consequences. He must pay the penalty."

A second drastic change in the administration of the laws has been equally forced by necessity and has a vital meaning to husbands and fathers. There is no more of the former indulgence to women drivers. Women must now accept the fact that never again are they going to receive special consideration in such cases simply because they are women.

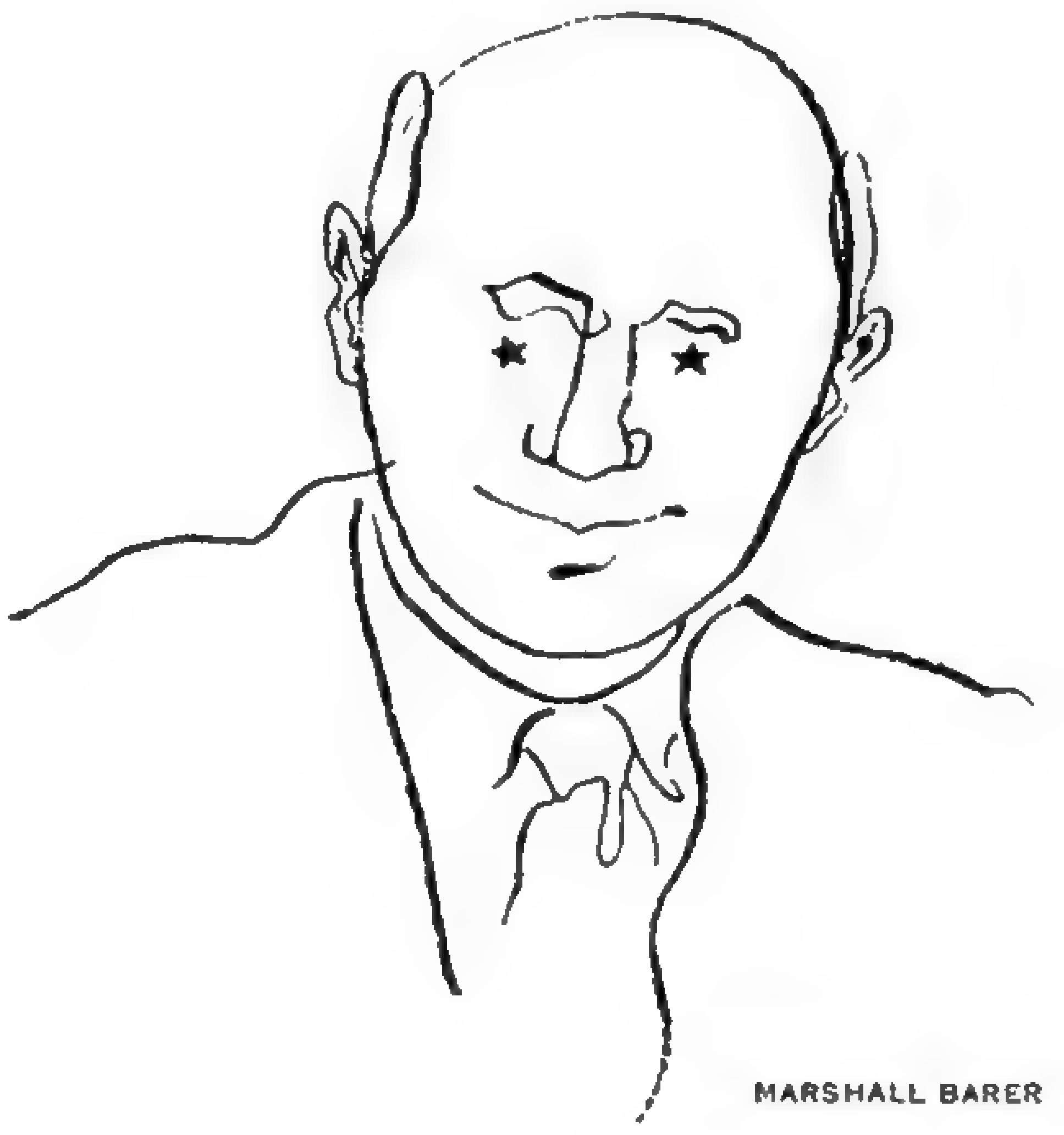
If you think that wacky and screwball driving has been eliminated under the restricted wartime conditions consider this: Last year 823,400 persons were injured in this country in automobile accidents.

There is one thing always to remember. The ruling question in the prosecution has come to be this: Was the driver negligent or violating the law at the time of the accident? This new stand of the courts has resulted in numerous verdicts of guilty against both men and women. All drivers should know this rule of law by heart and never forget it for a moment while they are at the wheel. #

by GILBERT SELDES

Sam Goldwyn and the Movies

Though his pictures are seasoned with melodrama they appeal to literate fans


MARSHALL BARER

I WOULD like to see the movies tell a good deal about the world. The movies can go back into history and tie up what they find there with what has happened in our own day. I would like to see the movies tell something about what science and industry have been accomplishing and what the results of these developments—chemistry, electronics, and so on—can mean in the years just ahead. These are the screen's two jobs: to entertain and to educate.

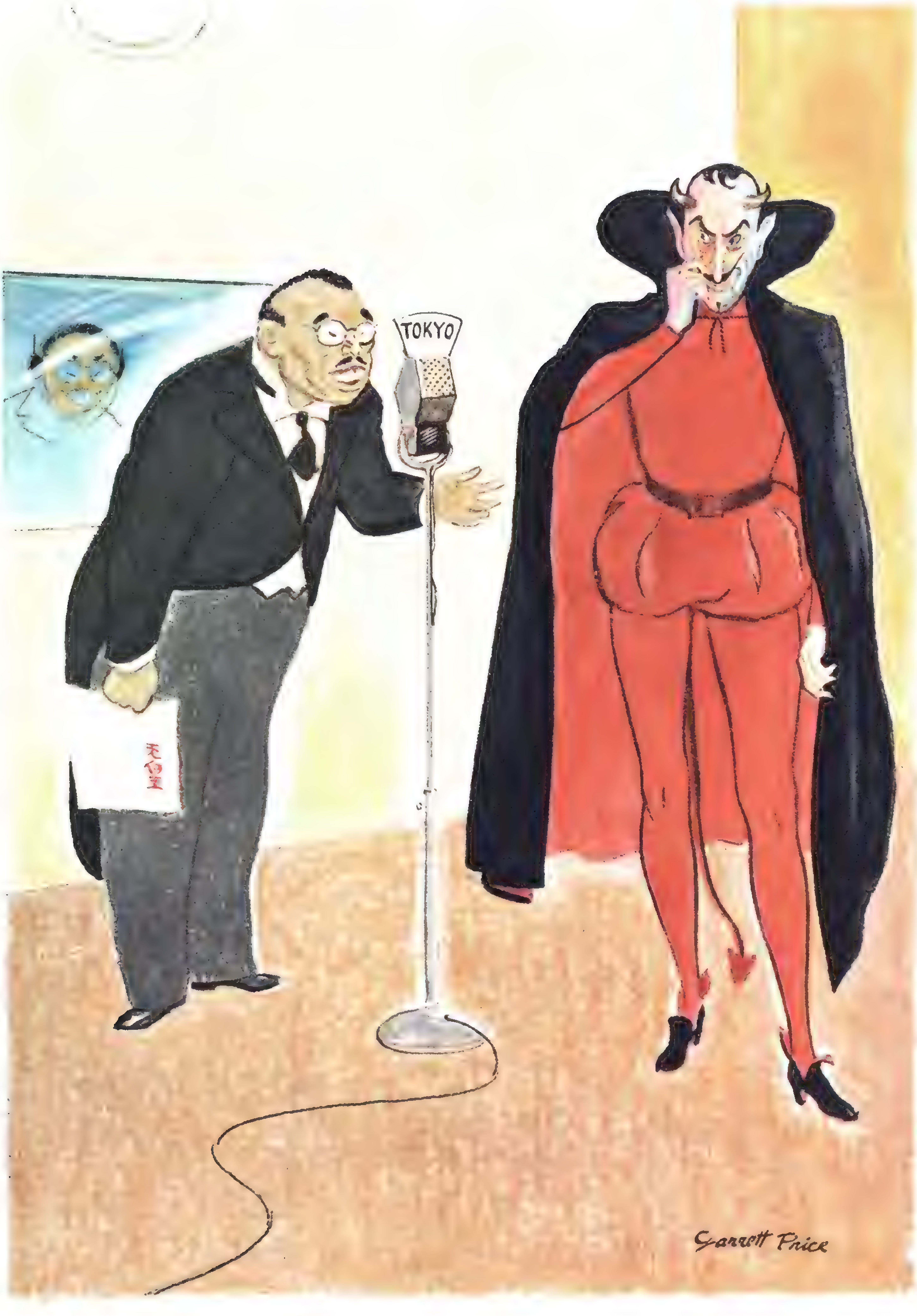
The above remarks are from an article in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*; the writer is not I, but Samuel Goldwyn, which is why they are important. The reason I didn't put quotation marks around the excerpts is that the "I" could be anyone of a thousan people, including myself; the significant thing is that the "I" is man who began making movies (with Cecil de Mille as director) i 1913, producing *The Squaw Man*, and who has to his credit half dozen of the best films made in America plus half a dozen othe highly successful pictures not so memorable, but above the averag No one is going to tell Goldwyn that his ideas are unpractical, be cause Goldwyn has the annoying faculty of proving that he is righ When he begins to talk about the *uses* to which film can be pu quite apart from making a million dollars, you had better listen.

"I tell you my boys need a furlough—she was just voted No. 1 pin-up girl!"

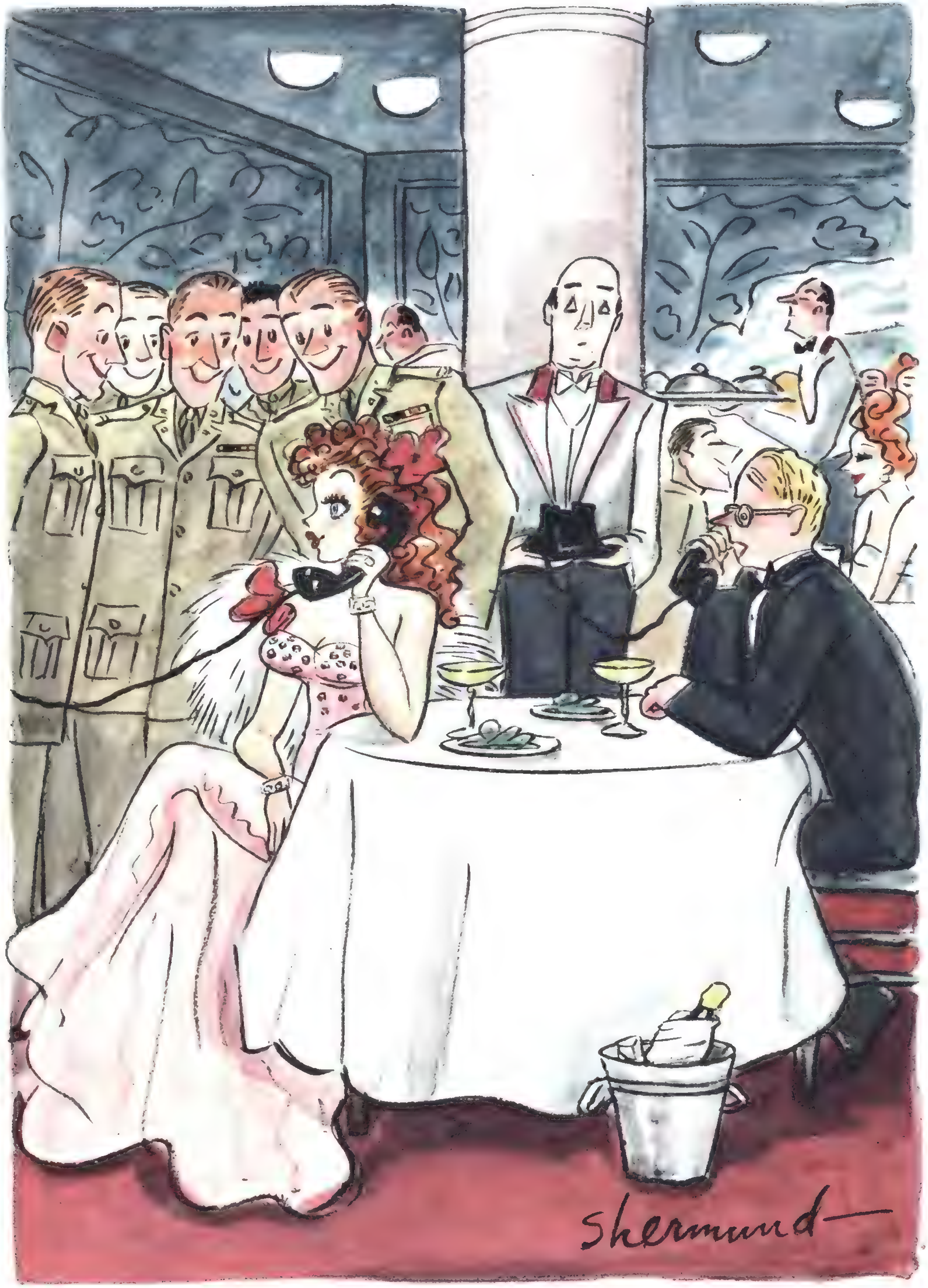
I had quite forgotten until I read it the other da that Goldwyn was involved with *The Cabinet of D Caligari*—the only picture I have ever heard hiss because of its style of production. Why he broug over this German forerunner of surrealism, I can imagine; like nearly everyone else in the pictu business, he may have been frightened by it, b cause his own atmosphere in production is simpl realistic and conventional; he does what everyo else does, but better; and his mind is open to idea He sees possibilities.

For instance, he bought *The Children's Hour,* play which centered around a scandal in a scho The scandal developed because a child gossip about the immorality of a teacher; the shock of t play was that the child was wrong, since she did n suspect the true relationship of two women tea ers, a subject which was candidly discussed in t play. The play *Trio*, dealing also with lesbianis was hounded out of the theatre this year; how co Goldwyn expect to get anywhere in the movies w the subject ten years ago?

He had suggested that Lillian Hellman, w wrote the movie script as well, take the heart o of her play, the melodrama which rises out of t scandal, and make the subject into a normal re tion between men and women. When you s *These Three* you recognized the fact that the ess tial thing had been saved, that Miss Hellman mi have originally written her (*Continued on page 1*


TOKYO
Garrett Price

"—and now, a word from our sponsor"



"Remember me?—I'm the guy you came with"

The way she played that last note on her trumpet left everyone in the Black Mirror feeling strangely exalted and frightened

The Hot Angel

by ROBERT FONTAINE

When they really felt like it, when they really wanted to go, they rode out over the crowd and sailed off somewhere close to Heaven.

They all went off, one by one: Tommy, losing himself in the black and white keys, making new paths through the melody; Zeke, slapping the bass, twisting it and turning it; Joe, weaving sheer beauty, wandering in and out of the theme, dancing through the music like a faun, and then—the Hot Angel! Betty, the Hot Angel, blasting through them, showing them one way to Paradise, chasing them scurrying back to earth, finding the melody at last, pure and simple and so loud and clear it could shatter a wine glass. You had there The Heavenly Four and you had there, showing the way, the Hot Angel.

When Ab Preston opened up the Black Mirror, they laughed. They said a woman couldn't play a trumpet; couldn't spiral skyward the way it ought to be, the way Bix and Louis and all the others said it should be. But the Hot Angel knew where to go and how to get there, and they filled the Black Mirror every night . . . the ones who understood and could go with her.

Ab didn't know. Ab didn't understand what made it go, what made them dream and dance, and listen and keep coming. Ab loved the Hot Angel, that was all. The Hot Angel was in love, too. She wasn't in love with Ab. She was going to marry Ab, but she wasn't in love with him. You ride along for a while by yourself and then you find the blue notes creeping, the minor strains making themselves felt and you want a hand to hold, an arm to take, someone to be around with, and playing for and dreaming about. She thought she could take love like that. Ab was the theme and she could take it away, make it the way she wanted it, make it clear and far away, and near and warm and lovely all at once, the way Bix and Louis and the others said it ought to be.

Tomorrow they were going away and she was blowing it hot for love that night. They were going to be married and take a rest for a couple of weeks. Tonight she was way off somewhere, so far, Tommy and Zeke and Joe wondered how she got back, wondered how this slim, sloe-eyed, beautiful, dark-haired angel could leave them like that, could make them breathless chasing the sounds inside their heads.

She took the last note high. So high you almost couldn't hear it. So high there isn't any such note on a trumpet and never will be again. She took it high like that and left them gasping, sitting around the tables, half-hidden by the smoke, wondering. Sleek men, chic women, feeling strange, and wonderful and a little frightened.

"Wonderful," Ab said. "Wonderful, Angel, take a rest."

The Angel smiled, slowly, oddly.

"Have a drink?" Ab asked. "Celebrate?"

"No thanks, Ab. There's an old friend of mine I want to see."

Ab smiled, held up the train tickets, waved them. The Angel smiled back at him, patted him gently on the back. Nice Ab.

Larry looked just the same when she saw him. The face was the same, sharp, blond; the full mouth; the eyes with dreams behind them. A little thinner, perhaps. Little lines of pain around the full mouth and the eyes with dreams behind them. But almost the same as he had looked when he used to sit in the apartment, in front of the white piano (Scotch in a tall glass), caressing the keys, begging with them, pleading, ordering.

The mouth smiled a little. It was the same mouth she had known. The mouth that pressed so hard when it kissed, the way it feels on that last note.

The piano hadn't been enough. The bottle brought you there, too, and quicker. After awhile you couldn't get back though. That was the difference. After awhile you had to stay there. And then he was gone! The apartment, deserted. You don't need anybody when you have a bottle. You don't want anybody. There was a note that said nothing. A short note, modest, self-effacing. Two years, now.

"I was following you," he said, "I was up there with you." He waved one hand about, gracefully. A strong, slim, white hand. The other he had in his pocket. She felt it now. She knew what she was looking for, with the trumpet, every night. She knew what she was saying with it and thinking with it. "You look good," she said.

"I'm all right. I quit the stuff. Quick! The only way to do it. You almost die for awhile. The world is stark, and bleak, cold and painful. Nothing to warm you."

"You had a piano to warm you," she said. "You had a piano, Larry, you were fine mixed with that."

Larry smiled sadly.

"I hope you'll be happy. I hear you're getting married."

"I want to talk about you, Larry. I want to know why. I want to know why all the love had to come out of a trumpet and not out of my heart the way I wanted it to, for you. The way it ought to be."

"Angel," Larry said. "You quit me. What was the poem? What were the lines? 'You gave me wings to fly, then took away my sky'? You got me up there, took me riding up there and then . . ."

"You were leaning on me, Larry. You got weak leaning on me. You could live on a bottle and lean on me when it hit you. I had to get you out of that. I had to take myself away so you could learn to stand up alone. Without me. Without a bottle."

Larry looked around at the blur of people, looked at the lights, and the waiters and the white piano on the stage. He came back and said: "A guy finds out things too late. A guy learns. But I've got a right to explain, Angel. Before you go, there's something I've got a right to tell you."

"What is it, Larry?" she asked searchingly, trembling, looking

straight into those eyes, looking for the dreams behind those eyes.

"My hands," Larry said. "They started to go. Cramped, twisted, paralyzed. The muscles went bad. I couldn't play. I couldn't get in there and get around. That's where the bottle came in. The bottle took me there. At least I thought it did. I couldn't tell, that way."

"Why didn't you tell me?" the Angel said. "Why didn't you, Larry?" She gasped, she trembled, her mouth quivered. All that pain that could have been sung away!

"Pride. We were headed for the top together. I knew I'd never get there with you. Not when my hands started to go. I didn't want to hold you back, either."

"Oh darling, darling . . ." the Angel said. She knew then, more than ever. She felt it singing inside.

It was time now to go back. Time to play again for them. They were waiting.

"I'm okay now," Larry said. "Work, with my hands, farming, digging. Funny. They got strong and firm. *Too* firm. Then I had to work them out. They're fine now. Angel, could I ask you a favor?" He was earnest as a child. He was pleading with her. "Could I play with you once before . . . before you go . . . before you get married? Could we play together once before? Now?"

The Angel felt her heart would break. "Of course, darling," she said, the music coming up inside her, warm and singing.

Ab watched them, puzzled. Ab saw Tommy get up, saw him shake hands with Larry, saw Larry sit down, saw him flex his fingers.

Ab saw the look the Angel gave Larry when they started, saw the smile on Larry's face. He was beginning to understand, just a little, Ab was.

Then he heard them. Ab didn't know what it was all about before. But he knew now. He knew why people came to hear it and why other people had to play it. He suddenly got his musical education all at once.

He heard them go sailing together, dancing around each other, spiraling away. He heard Zeke and Joe weaving around them, making a circle. He heard Larry and his Angel talking to each other in their own language. Telling everybody who could understand, the way it ought to be. The way Bix, and Louis and the others said it should be

Ab heard it all and his hand went slowly and automatically to his pocket. He took out the two tickets and tore them up and dropped the pieces on the floor.

He understood, then. He understood how it had to be. #

OIL BY WILLIAM GROPPER

Bloody Murder on the Networks

Radio script writers astonish their fans weekly with a sure-fire mystery formula

by JOHN ROEBURT

Bloody deeds and the crime passional are nightly events in over thirty million American radio homes. The subsidy of network murders is an important sales diablerie and U. S. advertisers allot a handsome share of their hundred-million-dollar yearly spending budget to it.

While moralists pillory this unrestrained trafficking in gore, chills and mayhem, network murder is valiantly defended as a catharsis for the weal and woe of our normally macabre existences—by its trade complement of producers, directors and writers. Curiously enough, this role of radio as laxative and headache remedy is approved by many famous-name clinicians—not all of them Freudians.

The common man, too, voices approval. The Crossley, Hooper, Nielsen trade surveys in audience interest prove the whodunit is one of America's favorite guessing games. The scores of competing murder shows that jam the airways are assured lusty audience appeal when the shooting script abundantly reads:

Joe: Don't alibi, Fred. It won't help. (MENACE) You're a rat and doublecrosser—and I'm paying you off—now!

Fred: (VOICE UP) No—Joe—no!

Sound: TWO SHOTS ON MIKE.

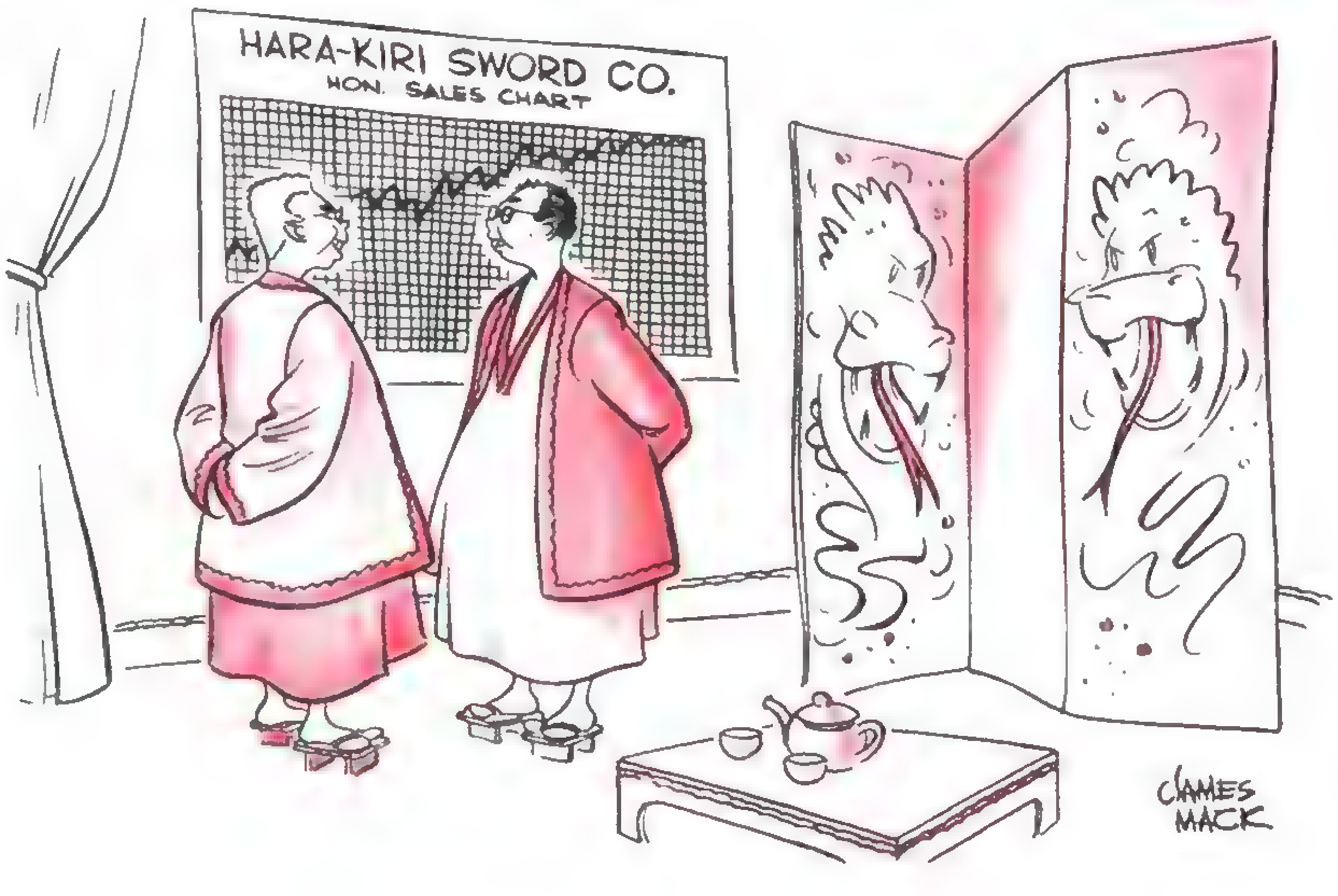
Fred: AD LIB SCREAMS OF ANGUISH—DIMINISHING.

Sound: THUD OF BODY TO FLOOR.

Music:

Crime programs differ in their format and appeal. These scare programs can be generally classified as: Straight Murder with emphasis on quasi-scientific crime detection (*Crime Doctor*, *Bulldog Drummond*, *Mr. District Attorney*, *Counterspy*, *It's Murder*); Murder-Horror, sharing the half-hour whodunit brain teaser with goosepimple atmosphere (*Inner Sanctum*, *Shadow*); Murder-Sex, crime detection with light-veined biology on the side (*Mr. and Mrs. North*, *The Thin Man*, *Falcon*).

Unlike other theatre, in radio the story is not necessarily the thing. Particular programs rely heavily on effects and devices beyond story. Most programs seek to weld (and do) permanent audience loyalty through the personality-appeal of the leading character. Such "name" detectives as Nick Charles, Dr. Ordway, Nero Wolfe, Sherlock Holmes, have proved holding power. Audience emotions are enticed and flayed with hypnotic musical snatches and sound effects. Sound effects muster the last ounce of engineer ingenuity. Picking a random few of the standard sound-effect techniques: thrust a knife into a potato (or watermelon) to achieve a gory stabbing; clack wooden sticks suspended from wires for the scarifying illusion of rattling bones; whack a rubber sponge for the effect of two strong



"If war continues another year humble servants will be wealthiest men in Japan!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

Janet Thomas, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

Blonde and little, she thinks big talk and hard work pay off. She's Janet Thomas and she's going to be an actress. "I'm going to play quick, bright sexy parts," says she, "sort of half Blondell and Grable." She's from Maysville, Kentucky and doesn't apologize for her Southern accent. In New York Mr. Powers put her face and figure in the papers. She's been on the West Coast three months now, majoring in the new twist to dramatic lessons . . . climbing high hills and screaming to the wind; result, laryngitis or a voice. On men: She's not fussy about looks but she stipulates that they must be fun. She adds, "There is nothing mysterious about Southern girls' success with men. It's merely the technique of not letting the boys know you are topping 'em!" Vital Statistics: height: 5'3"; weight: 110 lbs.; bust: 34"; waist: 24"; hips: 34".

men drubbing each other into horizontal rigidity; spank two coconut shells against each other for the cloppity-clop of a horse on a hard road; crackle Cellophane for a four-alarm blaze; slap a slice of liver on a marble slab for a sure-fire psychic trauma in the listener-in; use the ever-present door with creaking hinges that is the unchallenged backbone of radio drama to send Mr. and Mrs. America scooting for cover.

The lavish interlarding of sound and music, the careful carpentering of lead character-appeal are "needs must" in radio and compensate for the frequent lack of new and dynamic story. Often as not the weekly tale of gore is a patently re-shuffled stereotype—and understandably so. A radio story's life anticipation is minus-thirty-minutes and poof! —it vanishes into the opening stanza of the end commercial. This sudden death of a hard-begot brainchild, original or no, is the Achilles heel of standard crime radio. The prodigious manuscript turnover rate makes radio the most grueling of all dramatic media from the harassed writer's standpoint. The piling debris of wrecked scripts can be visualized by focusing on perennial programs like *The Thin Man* and *Inner Sanctum*—both begun in 1941 and still going strong. *Famous Jury Trials*, another hardy perennial, has on hand quite a stockpile of scripts based on authentic criminal trials. Writers grown sterile in the service of a "perennial" seek re-invigoration in new, beginning programs where memory gems can be palmed off as original stuff.

Writers fall ravenously on a new complex of greed and murder as spewed up by the daily presses. It is not unusual to dial into the same story a half dozen times in the same radio month—each with some small changes made, of course. In the absence of a ready-made bit of topical skullduggery on the daily news page—or perhaps in a current detective fiction magazine—the hapless assembly line writer resorts to the old standby—the formula.

The formula is the meal ticket and strangely enough—however old hat—it still baffles fifty or more per cent of its Crossley-certified listeners. The tag line pronouncement of guilt invariably achieves surprise. One such formula has appeared in some disguise at least twenty times on one or another of the night-time whodunit shows. In the trade it is known as the "two-hundred per cent gimmick." Synoptically: Doc manages Duke, a heavyweight boxer. Has also been like a father to the boy. The chance at the world championship is at stake. Also a 50,000-dollar purse. The opposing fighter is managed by Smoke Williams, a not-too-scrupulous egg. A shadier character named Toni Valenti, bookmaker, wanders in and out of the story, acting suspiciously. In the ring, Duke falls dead after being struck a weak blow and the respective name-detective-hero omnisciently proclaims, "It's Murder!" Who done it? The trail leads to Toni. But no. Toni claims he had a part ownership interest in Duke! Well then—Smoke? Naaa! Smoke also produces a secret part ownership interest in the dead Duke! Now it's getting weird. If everybody had a collateral interest in Duke—who would wish him dead? Aha—the killer was Doc. Doc fed arsenic to his own boy! Whew! How come? You see, it was this way: Doc had sold pieces of Duke to Toni and Smoke and probably skeighty-eight other guys and all the pieces added up to no less than two hundred per cent. Therefore, if his fighter won—Doc lost in the pay-off. This angle of oversubscribing a normal one hundred per cent can be draped around a last-guy-in-the-world-you'd-suspect in a racehorse setting, in stock flotations, theatrical financing et cetera, et cetera.

The formalized technique of working up a climax like a crash of eggshell chinaware on the listener's noggin is known as "unsuspicioning" to the trade. In the script writer's lexicon any climax can be rationalized, therefore any character can be guilty. So—the nicest guy imaginable (or lady) invariably turns out to be an unconscionable Landru (or Borgia). Toward this end, a devil's cargo of ex-cons, Himmlerites, body snatchers and caterwauling witches are used to enmesh the listener in detection fallacies.

Too often the raison de guilt has to be begged in an explanatory closing scene. In a recent tingler, a classic "unsuspicioning" coup was worked on the program's attested eight-and-a-half million listeners. During the first twenty-five minutes, brutal death was brought to bear upon a shilly-shallying judge, his schizoid daughter and a blackmailer named Gyp. After each scream and thud of body —a gun-toting maniac named Ferdie Bazzaza was observed less than whispering distance away from the scene of the crime. Besides Ferdie (and the detective team) the one remaining character was a scripture-spouting elderly lady bubbling with warm human qualities, although ostensibly an invalid and inches away from Death's call. Who did the triple killing? That's right—you're wrong! F. Bazzaza was "psychologically incapable of pulling a trigger due to World War I traumatic shock." It was obviously Granny who'd plotted the whole thing carefully for twenty long years because her nephew Timmy had been sent to the electric chair unjustly. Does the listener squawk: "Hey—wait a minute. How come it was obviously Granny in the twenty-eighth minute, bub? I was with the story right along. I didn't hear no clues pointing to Granny." Okay—here's how Granny, sucker:

Detective: Obviously Granny. She claimed to have seen Ferdie Bazzaza running across the lawn of the Hi-Spots Casino with the murder gun in his hand—no?

Girl: (THOUGHTFULLY) Y-es. So she did.

Detective: (WITH TRIUMPH) An impossible feat of twenty-twenty vision for an old woman with failing eyesight—especially on a moonless night—and at a distance of nearly one hundred yards.

Music: UP TO FINISH.

"Heavies" dripping suspicion (and accents) written into radio script casts are generally Hollywood types well established in the public minds as "menaces." Voice impersonators of such famed Gold Coast evildoers as Peter Lorre, Sidney Greenstreet, Von Stroheim, are in constant demand. As a whole, the free borrowing of cinematic types has become a convenient shorthand for director-scripter casting rapport. Scripts read: Pepi Renault—Peter Lorre type menace; Roland Manning—cast Charles Boyer (a riot of Boyer-accented bit players crowd audition chambers); The Brain —cast William Bendix type. Radio station corridors are alive with Alan Ladds (smoothie type), Victor Moores (whimsy type), Billie Burkes (split personality type), Bela Lugosi (mad doctor type). The sole type shortage is in ingenues with bedroom voices (schmaltz). A Claudia Morgan (*Thin Man*) is a pot of gold and one in a million.

Happily for the schmaltz manufactory, the purism that banned such song titles as *Horsie, Keep Your Tail Up* and *When You Were a Smile on Your Mother's Lips*, and chastised Mae West for her air lampooning of Adam and Eve—has had no real dampening effect on the script writer's ardor. Despite a mile-long list of FCC kilocycle karmas and self-imposed "Must Nots" as handtooled by the National Association of Broadcasters themselves—the facts of life are dutifully (and ingeniously) passed on to the public whodunit devotee. Neo-Rabelaisian lines and double-entendre (but cute) spark the Sex-Murder pattern of show. Two famous man-and-wife detective teams (the Norths and Nicky and Nora Charles) act out a romantic idyll weekly—sometimes with

(*Continued on page 134*)

ROBERT GREENHALGH

Pointers include when to bet, when to knock and when to help your neighbor

How to Play Knock Poker

by RICHARD L. FREY

Any time you want the lowdown on what next season's fad game will be, try dropping in at a championship bridge tournament. If you kibitz the game the masters play in their moments of "relaxation," you may get an inkling of what's coming up. All the recent fad games of intellectual society—gin rummy, charades, backgammon, hearts and others—were introduced or reborn in the bridge clubs.

Bridge experts love their bridge, but after eight or ten consecutive hours of it they turn to some second-favorite game. Any game that appeals to such skilled card players is likely to appeal to anybody—because it has to be a *good* game. So it is well to pay some attention to the bridge champs' latest favorite—Knock Poker.

At almost any bridge tournament nowadays, when the tournament director's whistle has been stowed away for the night and the final scores are being figured, you'll see a group of them huddled around a table. That means a Knock Poker game is in session. Stroll over—they won't mind kibitzers; it's being extroverts that made them bridge experts in the first place. Draw up a chair . . .

How the game is played

To start a Knock Poker game anybody picks up the deck and deals the cards *face up*, one at a time, around the table. This is merely to determine the first dealer, in accordance with an old poker tradition—"first jack deals."

But don't hope the first jack will fall to you. In Knock Poker, unlike most poker games, the deal is a great disadvantage.

Next step: everyone antes one chip. This forms the pot. The cards are then dealt around, one at a time, face down, until everyone has a five-card hand.

So far, it's been just like any game of draw poker. But now comes the "different" feature: the remainder of the deck is placed in the center of the table as it would be in a rummy game. And, as in rummy, the player at the dealer's left draws the top card of the pile, adds it to his hand, and then discards one card face up beside the pile.

From then on each player in turn may draw either the last discard or the top card of the pile, after which he always discards to reduce his hand to a five-card poker hand.

The object of each player is to build up the best possible poker hand from the cards he has and the cards he draws. The hands rank as in any poker game: straight flush is highest (royal flush is highest straight), then four of a kind, then a full house, then a flush, a straight, three of a kind, two pairs, one pair . . . You won't have to worry about the low hands, though. When every player has seven or eight cards from which to select the best five, the values run high.

So the game goes, with each player in turn drawing and discarding, until the decisive moment arrives: somebody knocks.

Any player may knock in any turn, after he draws but just before he discards. The knock means that the game will end in exactly one round: following the knock, everyone has one more turn, in which he may draw and then discard, until it comes around to the knocker again. The knocker does not have another turn; he must stick by what he had when he knocked.

The "betting" in Knock Poker is not like usual poker betting. There are no raises. The pot consists only of the antes put up before the deal. But there is betting in this way:

As soon as any player knocks, each player in turn after him draws; and then, before discarding, must decide either to drop out or to stay in.

A player who drops out must immediately pay one chip to the knocker. The knocker keeps this, no matter what happens later.

At the end of the round, the knocker plus all the players who have stayed in have a showdown. If the knocker has the high hand, everyone who stayed in pays him *two* chips. That is the risk one runs when he stays in.

But—and here is the feature that makes Knock Poker unique among games—if *anyone* beats the knocker, then the knocker must pay two chips to *everyone* who stayed in. The player with the high hand takes the pot—those antes which were put up before the deal—but otherwise he does no better than anyone else. He simply collects his two chips from the knocker.

Here are two examples to show you how the game works:

Example 1. There are five players, A, B, C, D and E. Each antes, so there are five chips in the pot. The cards are dealt, and the players in turn draw and discard. Then C knocks. D draws and stays in. E draws, decides to drop, and pays one chip to C. A and B both stay in. C now shows his hand (he does not have another chance to draw) and D, A and B show their hands. C has a full house, and no one else can beat him. D, A and B pay the two chips each to C, and C takes the pot as well.

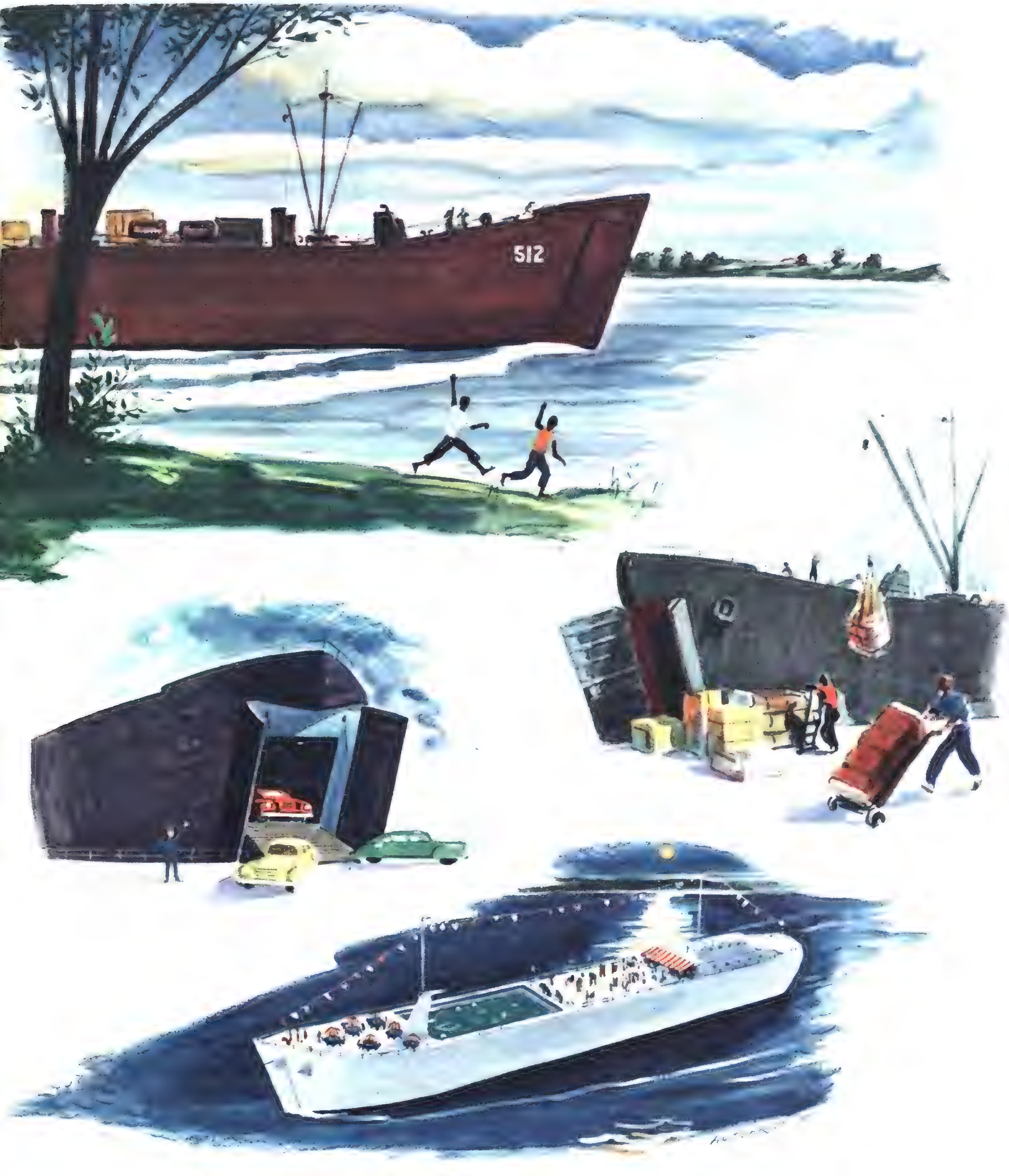
Example 2. The situation is the same; C knocks, D, A and B stay, and E drops (paying one chip to C). Now the hands are shown. C has three of a kind. D and A have nothing, but B has a flush. C pays two chips to D, two chips to A and two chips to B. B takes the pot with its five chips.

That's all there is to the game, as far as its mechanics are concerned. The veriest beginner can play Knock Poker without difficulty and with great enjoyment. But there are still two phases to be covered: first, the matter of skillful play. Second, the special rules covering irregularities that couldn't arise in a commonplace poker game.

Some pointers on play

A poker player who already knows something about how to appraise a poker hand will find it necessary to readjust his values in this game. *Be conservative in knock-* (*Continued on page 153*)

"Will I remain a bachelor?"

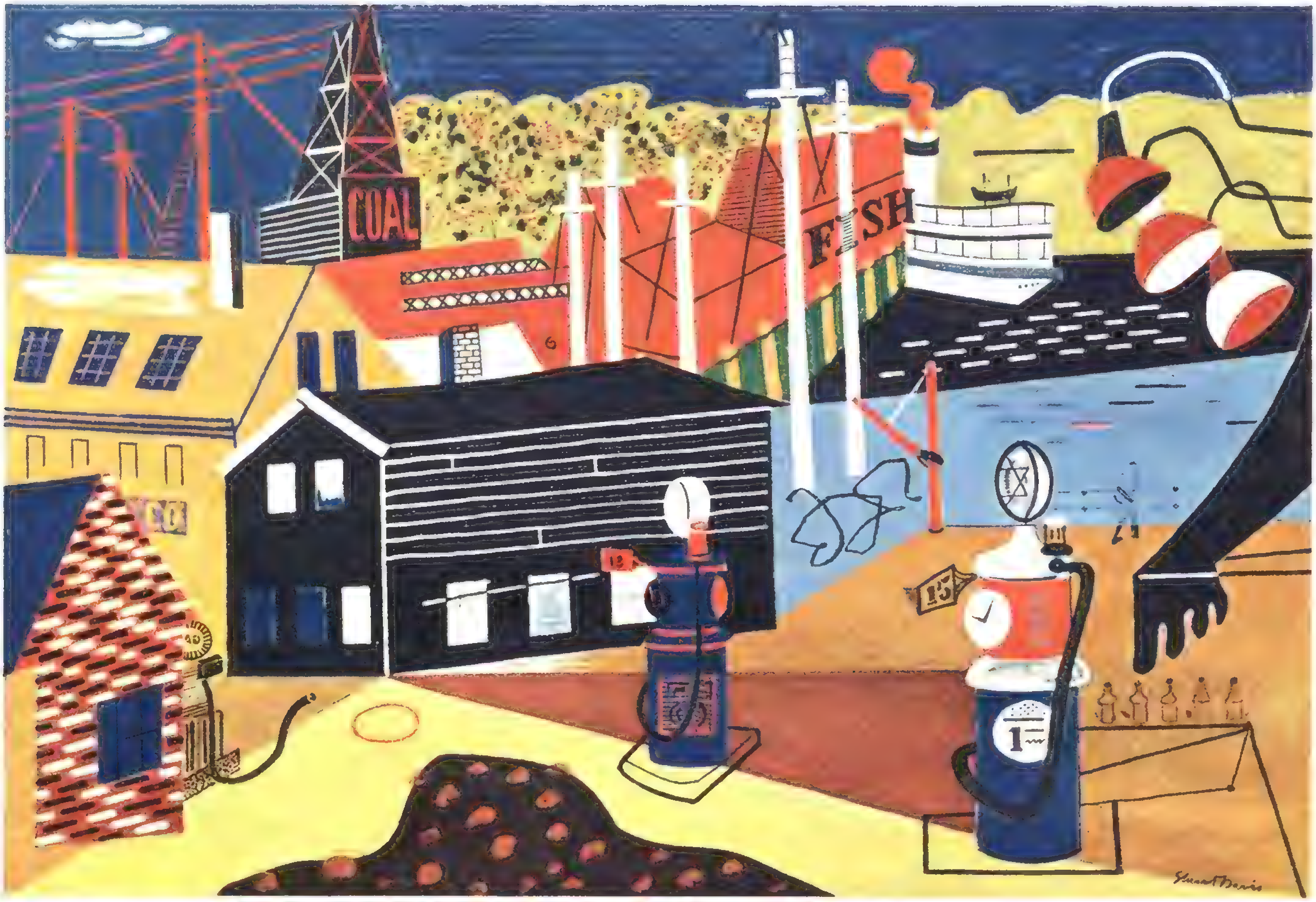


THE LST—

Home from the Sea

Drawings by Wayne Hotchkiss

The LST (Landing Ship Tanks) will play a postwar role on the rivers, canals and lakes of America. Already the Navy's Bureau of Ships has received discreet inquiries from railroad, steamship, oil and freight companies about the sale of these scarred veterans of the assault beaches. Of giant capacity, the 325-foot craft can be loaded with 500 to 600 tons. With ballast tanks full, the LST is a seaworthy ocean-going freighter. With tanks pumped out, the LST can nose up to a beach or dock. Open the bow doors, and you roll in the barrels and bales. Other cargo can be swung to the upper deck by boom or conveyed by elevator from the tank deck. Shiny automobiles can be driven aboard at Detroit . . . driven out at New Orleans.



OIL (42" x 32") BY STUART DAVIS IN THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA COLLECTION

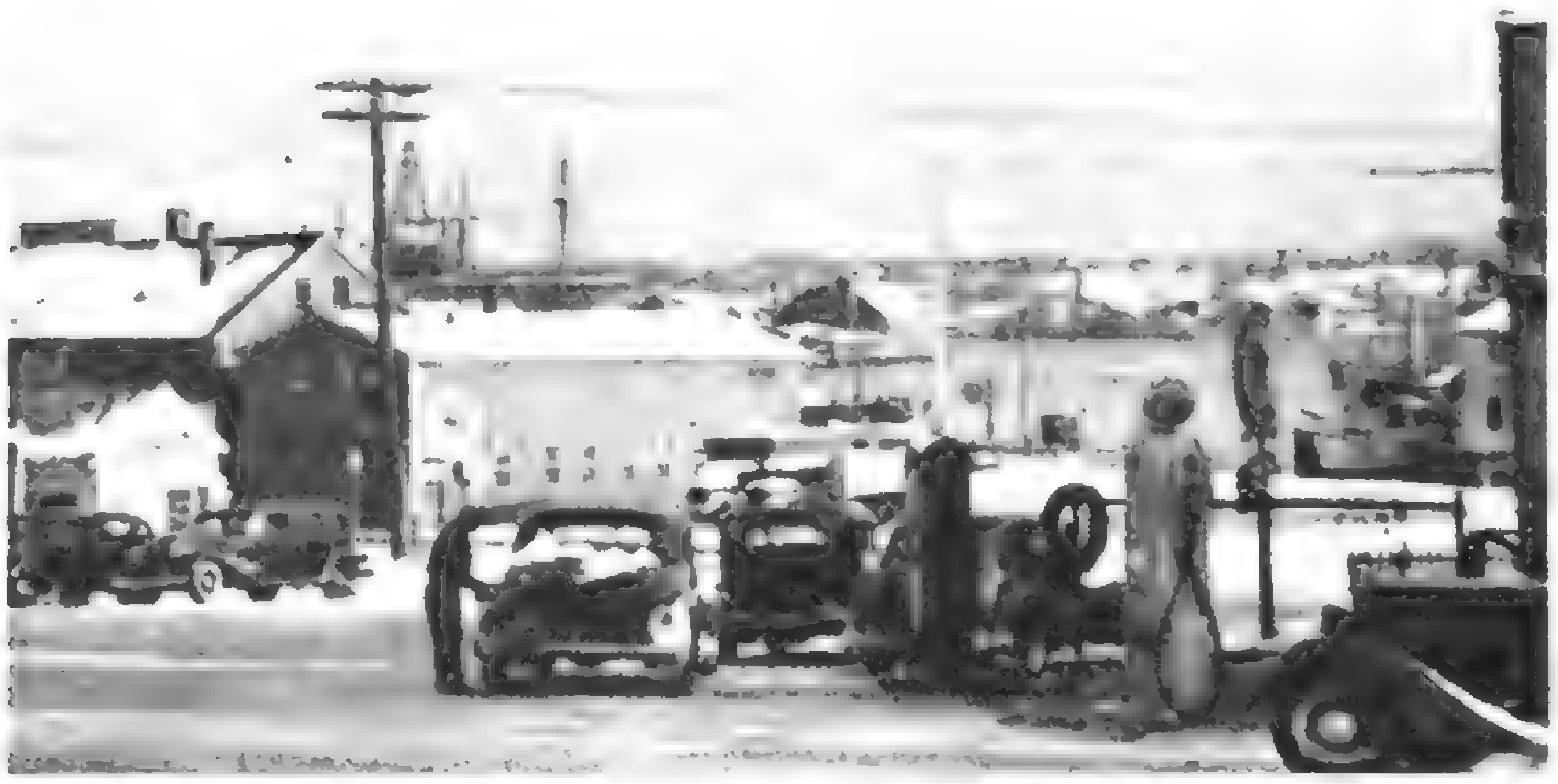
GARAGE LIGHTS

Esquire's Art Institute II

With this little pony you can gallop right through Esky's sophomore art lovers' course

WELCOME back to school! You made the Freshman Honor roll last month by hurdling over all obstacles of a painting called *Melancholy Interlude*, like the stout fellow you are. So now you're a sophomore in Esky's course in contemporary art, sophisticated as all Hell. And this semi-abstract composition called *Garage Lights* need hold no fears for you. We'll take it in easy steps.

First we'll acquaint you with the artist, Stuart Davis. His usual expression in painting is to reshape aspects of reality into form and color combinations which suggest neon-lit montages on his chosen themes. *Garage Lights* is (for him) highly realistic in the representation of its subject matter and almost subdued in color. One of the most daring of moderns, he usually departs much farther from reality than he has in this painting showing the natural shape of hills and the contrived industrial forms of a fish-processing plant and a coal bin, the gas tanks of a city street together with the masts of fishing schooners in the inlet of a Massachusetts bay.



Original view of scene of GARAGE LIGHTS *by Stuart Davis*

Now let us compare the photograph of the scene with the painting. The camera shot was made in the Winter of 1940 and the painting in the Summer of 1930, but aside from that, the only difference is in the way you and Stuart Davis regard the scene.

No slave to the *status quo*, the artist simply brought forward certain objects that were actually in the distance. Why? He likes them better that way, because they make a better design. Besides, as he says: "The single optical point of view was set aside in favor of multiple points of view which are held simultaneously in a mental picture, so that the painting has no counterpart in any single view of this scene, but it has a counterpart in the experience of anyone who is familiar with a place and who brings his previous knowledge of it into relationship with what is directly before him."

Do you follow?

The scene is laid at the entrance to the town of Gloucester on the road from Boston. The wet part is Gloucester Harbor. The white masts (one of which the artist rendered partly transparent for the benefit of anyone uncertain of the spelling of FISH) are shorthand indications of as many schooners. Painting the schooners in from beam to bowsprit would have been much too obvious; that kind of thing is for children. Surely you know what a schooner looks like.

The white steamer with the orange smoke, nosing through the riffled water from behind the fishhouse, is the daily boat from Boston—and how nice of Mr. Davis, selective as he is, to include a lifeboat. This ship does not appear, naturally, in the wintertime snapshot. Nor does the awning at right, nor the garage lights above it, which give the painting its title.

Next let us see, in detail, how the artist's multiple viewpoint works out. The speckled building on the extreme left of the painting has been brought toward the foreground (in the photograph you'll find it in the middle distance, tritely white, and partly obscured by two parked cars). The water is much further away in the snapshot than in the painting. That's where an artist has it all over an engineer—he can, with a flick of his paint brush, pick up an entire harbor and set it down again wherever it suits his fancy. The long, dark building came forward, too. Are you catching onto the formula now? What happened to those snow-covered hills in the photograph? That's right; Mr. Davis wanted you to get a good, clear view of them, all green with summer vegetation, so he gave them a strong pull forward. Same for the pyramidal coal structure.

Materialists (and who isn't) will note wistfully that gasoline was fifteen cents a gallon back in 1930, when the painting was made. And captious observers may see that the star on the nearer tank is not strictly according to Texaco. Such minor technicalities are among the poetic licenses permitted to artists.

Having spent fifteen summers in Gloucester up to the date of *Garage Lights*, Stuart Davis was so familiar with the district that any particular aspect of it was seen by him in relation to the general picture of Gloucester and to his previous experience of it.

"What interested me in Gloucester," he explains, "was the juxtaposition of the sea and of boats with the industrial manifestation of the land. In that sense, the gasoline pumps typify modern industrial development in contrast with the earlier aspects, as exemplified by the wharf and the masts. The color is brilliant and strong in contrast because the light of Gloucester is exceptionally clear and sharp and while the colors are not literal they convey the sense of the light, so that I found nothing incongruous between the colors that I chose and those actually in the scene."

Now that you're hep to the multiple viewpoint, you may want to supplement this three-minute lecture course with some homework. You'll find Stuart Davis' other paintings in the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum, the Philips Memorial Gallery, and elsewhere. Next month we take up Philip Evergood's *Orderly Retreat*. If you have any questions in the meanwhile, wrap them around a package of cigarettes and send them in to Esky. ⌗

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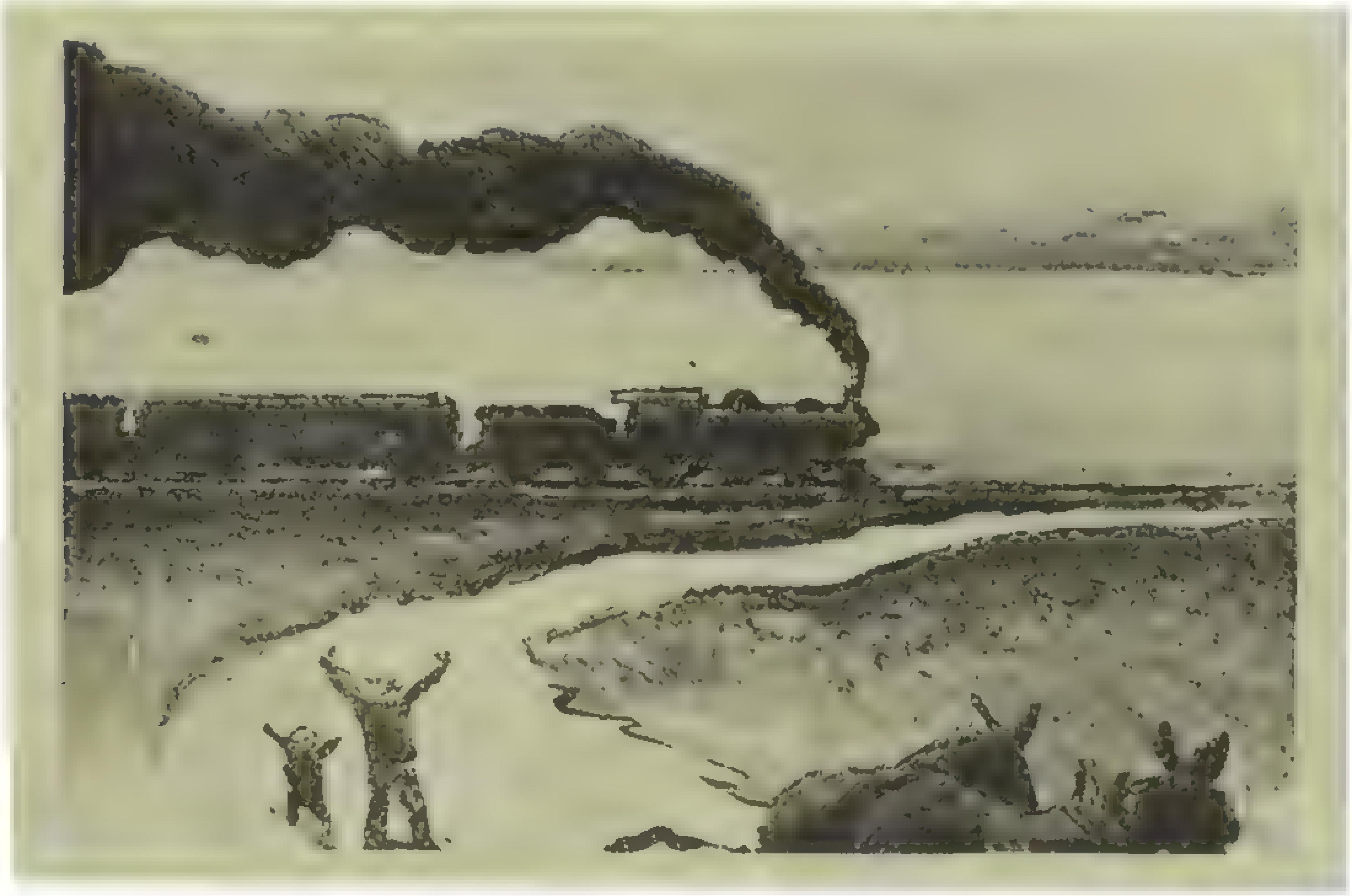
by MARTIN DIBNER

Sir Grane and the Monster

The frail boy sought refuge from his barren world in the wondrous legends of Roland, St. George and King Arthur



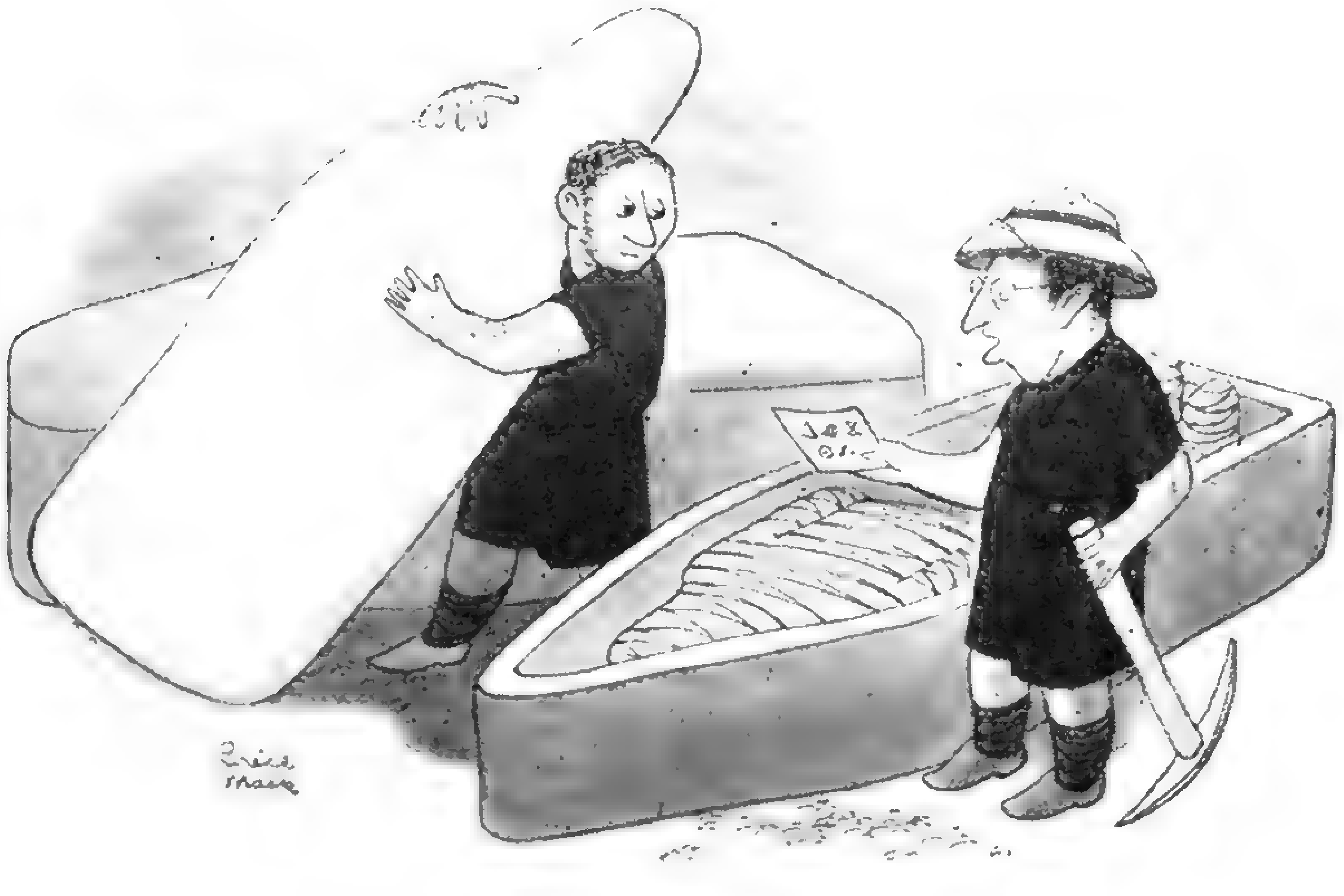
DETAIL FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY THOMAS HART BENTON

There was no other way for Grane Amandus, and no one thought to change this. Not that anyone possibly could, for there was no one else; just his Ma and Pa and the exhausted farm with its parched and barren fields and the gentle, mocking hills beyond. A piteous, calloused handful of useless earth and helpless creatures.

There were books, though, four of them, and this was for Grane. This alone, and not the days of schoolroom splendor that rightfully should have been his own, for if there was a school in this God-forsaken valley it had no way of knowing of the Amandus farmhouse; and most certainly no one else had seen or heard of Grane. There had been a school once in Iowa, five tortured years ago, and he had a fine speller and a thick, hard-covered reader full of pictures, and for companionship—a group of youngsters also six years old. Those days remained as brightly-colored miniatures not quite forgotten in the frail youngster's mind, but these last five years had dulled them with the tedious drudgery of his daily tasks. The sadness and the silence that now became his parents' way of life transmitted itself in part to the sensitive child and in these years he grew apart from them, not knowing why or how it happened. He sought expression and escape and there was nothing he could turn to but these books.

Drained of color, shabby and worn, they fitted remarkably the poverty-stricken atmosphere of their final refuge. It was impossible to establish their origin since none of them possessed their covers. Pages were absent at disheartening intervals and those that survived were battered and dog-eared. The books were kept on a small shelf that Grane had built alongside his bed and there they would lie wretched and still, until the evenings when he would awaken them after the supper dishes had been cleared, and the last chore done.

Eleven is a thirsting age, demanding gourds of knowledge and downing it with huge noisome gulps, and here was the fountain at which Grane would slake his burning thirst. He devoted all his time at night to the well-thumbed, tattered pages of his precious library, and though he read them innumerable times his ardor never slackened. He would sprawl his tired body full-length upon the wooden floor of the one large room that served the family as a sitting room and kitchen, and he would remain there, chin in hands, for many hours. Certain evenings Grane would spend the time with illustrations alone, studying the line drawings, memorizing details of dress and facial expression. He would allow himself endless fancying and his buoyant imagination was boundless in the enthusiastic situations that it conjured. And then his mother would call to him several times and he would creep



"It says 'wrapped by operator No. 21'"

off to bed reluctantly, his four books returned in neat order to their place on the shelf.

The books told of Arthur and his Knights of the Table Round, and the legends of Roland and Beowulf and St. George. There were courageous accounts of the golden deeds of sire and sword that could set the most cynical youngster's heart aleap with dream on glowing dream of the daring spirit that sought adventure in those days of yore. And Grane was far removed from anything resembling cynicism. These were soothing to his lonely mind, and his aching body was forgotten in the presence of these deeds of valor. He could hear the clash of ringing steel on steel, the clarion call of trumpets and the cries of ladies fair in distress.

The magnificent tales of King Arthur were a constant source of fascination to Grane Amandus. Each knight became an erstwhile friend and he worshipped them all for their faith to the King and their devotion to great deeds and pure living. Sir Lancelot of the Lake, and young Sir Galahad—"His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure"—these two rode side by side with gallant Grane each evening there on the warped wooden floor. And they would sally forth in search of adventure up and down the land, punishing the evil and defending the weak and aiding the needy.

Grane wept the first time he read the story of Roland. The tragic account of the Frankish chieftain's noble sacrifice for his King Charlemagne, and the destruction of his faithful followers left an indelible impression. For many months after, he dared not read the legend for fear his mother or father might see how he was affected, and only when he felt fully able to hide this emotion did he return to the pages, and then, too, he experienced difficulty in controling the impulsive surge of tears that would invariably brim up from his sympathetic soul.

It was a continuous cavalcade of prancing white steeds and glorious men in all the armor and trappings of their times, and each simple picture became a living fragment in the mural of the youth's mind. Each name produced a thousand deeds and gestures and still there was nothing but the printed words and pictures and around it all the tedious work of day and the wretchedness of the poor house and it was inevitable that something should spring from such strangeness.

Finally the very essence of these printed lines and the penstrokes of every illustration had become impregnated in the flesh and bone and skin and blood that made up the physical being of a thin-legged, straw-haired, misty-eyed country kid called Grane Amandus.

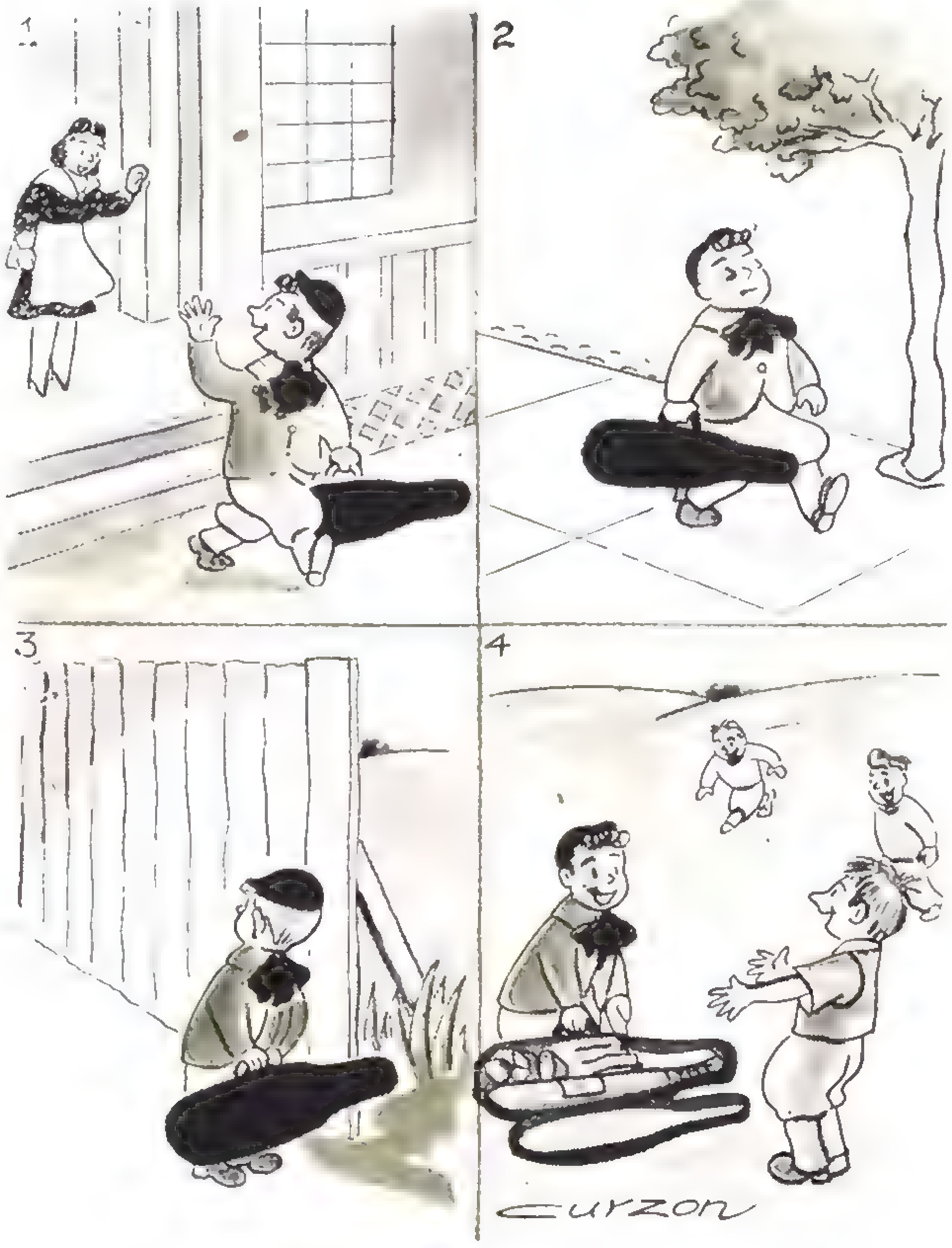
There was a listlessness now as he performed his chores and it became increasingly evident as the days became warmer and summer flung the full weight of its baking heat against the rainless land and the dust piled thick and choking against the grey unpainted buildings. And soon the father saw this, and couldn't know the depths it touched, but saw his farm sink down a little deeper and he thought to ask his son about the work not being done. It was a sullen, blazing day and old Amandus found him at the edge of the small woods that clung to the first broad hill in back of the farm. Grane had cut a half-dead sapling down and at the moment was lopping off the branches with short deliberate strokes of a hand ax. The father stood there awhile and his son did not look up, perhaps did not know his father stood beside him.

"What do you do, son?"

For several moments there was silence except for the dry sharp sound of the ax and the rustle of the parched leaves. Grane did not look up yet, and sweat glistened at the blond nape of his neck. He finished with the branches and his ax worked now on the bark, trimming it off and revealing the light-colored sleekness underneath. The older man turned and stared restlessly down to the farm. He had been an uncommunicative child himself, and sensed the futility of any conversation now. Grane had dropped the ax and his small hand brushed a lock of hair away from his eyes, and he examined his shaft of wood. "Better come soon, Grane. There are those rocks must be moved from the far field. Soon, hear?"

He spoke tersely, but that was his way. Down below, his wife made a lean, crisp silhouette of color against a dead grey building and he shaded his eyes and turned away from his boy. He left him there, incapable of spanning this chasm between them, and he moved slowly down the gentle slope of hillside to his wife and they stood there talking easily, the old man leaning on the handle of the pump, and she with her hands on her hips. They looked up once to the edge of the woods where their son had finished peeling the bark from the fresh-cut sapling. He was bent over now, brushing the shavings away from his patched work pants. He looked up and waved to them, a skinny awkward kid with a long, raw pole to hold him down, and that was the last time they saw him.

Sir Grane Amandus, gentle knight of the Table Round, ran his strong fingers along the smooth, polished surface of his gleaming new lance, and his noble heart thrilled to the satiny touch of the splendid weapon. The lengthy shaft tapered gracefully to its finely-wrought spearhead which glistened in the bright sunlight as he turned it in his fond, caressing fingers. And then Sir Grane arose, and let his gaze sweep down the gentle slope. Below him stood a tidy manor house of small dimensions, and there appeared to be two of its inhabitants close by. Perhaps a liege and one of the scullery maids, but that mattered not for Sir Grane was humble in soul though highly born, and he waved to them in a most friendly fashion. Then he turned and started on his journey through the nearby woods.



Each sense was tingling and alert to both the danger and the beauties of nature that were in evidence about him. Full well he knew the perils of his mission and he exulted in the thought that he was, indeed, in the prime of condition for his forthcoming encounter. How fortunate that he, of all the knights in Christendom, had been chosen to undertake this challenging task! And he the youngest of all the tournament champions in Merrie England! A quick smile flashed across the handsome lord's face and the sunlight smiled through the green of the forest glade, and his armor shimmered, lustrous and bright in its reflection.

Soon he was traversing the far side of the hill that backed the manor house, and he looked upon an unknown countryside. For many leagues in all directions the land stretched in varying tones of gold and green, now flat, now rolling, clear-limned against the azure of the sky. Here and there were splotches, lush with brilliantly colored flowers such as he had never seen, and there was a magic strangeness to it that he could not understand. He realized this must be the land of the pagans and a new excitement welled up within him, for this was the domain of the quarry he sought and the final episode of his lone crusade could not be far off. He strode along fearless and defiant, his faith illuminating his face with an almost holy glow, and despite the weight of his armor and the distance he had now traveled, he betrayed not the slightest fatigue.

At times the ground gave way beneath his steady foot and he was conscious of a softness in the earth beneath him, and he smiled to himself for the trail was growing warm. He was most certainly approaching a marshy section of the country, and that is what he had expected. Our gallant hero's patient search would be rewarded at last! For these were the very marshes that concealed the lair of his long-sought quarry, the one-eyed dragon.

There were many tales regarding the outrageous deeds of this dreaded monster. Suffice to say that countless heroes failed to return from their journeys against it, and thousands of defenseless pagans lost their lives and their possessions as a result of its bestia maraudings. Whole villages had been destroyed from the fire that i breathed through its mighty nostrils, and for many years none had dared defy this terrible thing. There was no doubt this was the mos feared monster in all the world, as the tales of horror and tragedy that remained in its bloody wake gave mute evidence. Then her indeed was a foe worthy of the steel of such a knight as Sir Grane Amandus, this servant to his God and King. And now he heard a strange sound as from afar—a long, high-pitched, bloodcurdling shriek so awesome in its quality that Sir Grane stopped for a moment. It was the cry of the dreadful one-eyed dragon as it thundered on its way to deal out death and destruction! This did not daunt our fearless knight however and he continued in the direction whence the awful sound had come.

The sun had sunk beyond the distant hills and left its far-flung feathers, red and gold against the azure of the sky. A breath of early evening wind swept gently through the tall marsh weeds dispensing quiet shudders, and a long black bird of prey, far overhead, took up a ceaseless vigil of the scene soon to be enacted below. Sir Grane was not unaware of the subtle tenseness that the situation had taken, and he reminded himself of those splendid concepts of chivalry that had been his lifelong training. He was confident, supremely so, that such a creature, base and vile, could never vanquish him. He was fulfilling a mission that was a sacred trust that could result in nought but a glorious, shining victory. There could be no other way, and he continued on his watchful course to combat, in the approaching dusk.

Once again the earsplitting shriek rent the air, much closer now, and brave Sir Grane could see the fearsome beast off in the distant gloom. Truly it was as frightening to behold as he had been forewarned. He caught his breath as he observed the astonishing speed with which it moved. Great flames belched forth from one huge nostril atop its head, and its long twisting body glistened strangely as it lunged closer. The monster's roars were deafening now, and clouds of steam and smoky venom belched from its low-slung jaws. It shrieked and shrieked again, again, but Sir Grane knew not the meaning of fear and proudly advanced step by step, into the approaching path of the dragon. Suddenly the beast flung out a penetrating light from its one huge eye, a terrifying thing to behold, and for the moment caught Sir Grane by surprise. He lightly leaped aside to avoid this unknown ray and stumbled. Quite suddenly he found himself in a section where a long narrow clearing had been hewed through the tall marsh grass, and it was through this clearing that the dragon sped toward him. It seemed to falter in its stride as its eye-beam struck our hero, then it roared and shrieked anew, and thundered ahead.

Sir Grane steadied himself by gripping one of the long shiny rails over which he had stumbled, and once upon his feet, he braced himself, legs apart, body bent slightly forward, his mighty lance poised for action. And his eyes glowed with a strange, triumphant light and there was a half-smile on his white lips. ⧺

OLD STEEL ENGRAVING

Give Me Yesterday

This cold palace offered nothing to a man who had known resplendent shaving mugs, voluble barbers, laughter and song

by JEROME HOLLINGSWORTH

The very old gentleman cleared his throat and repeated a little louder, "Brought my grandson down for his first real haircut."

The only sign that he was heard above the muted bustle was that the dyspeptic-looking man in the club chair next to him rose and moved to the other side of the room. The old gentleman flushed, and tucked his chin into his high stiff collar. "Must be a law against a friendly remark," he muttered. He closed his eyes, as if in disdain at the elegance of the crystal, chromium and marble.

Suddenly someone asked, "Have you an appointment, sir?"

It was a nice young fellow, not more than fifty, dressed in striped trousers and with a white flower in his lapel, so the old gentleman said politely, "Just waiting for my grandson. You the head barber?"

"No sir, I am general floor manager. That is," seeing a look of astonishment, "I direct the clients, attend to the sale of special tonics, and keep an eye on our young ladies, the manicurists."

"Quite a job," the old gentleman commented dryly. "There was none of that in my day. My dad told about a few lady barbers after the Civil War, but the decent women ran them out of town."

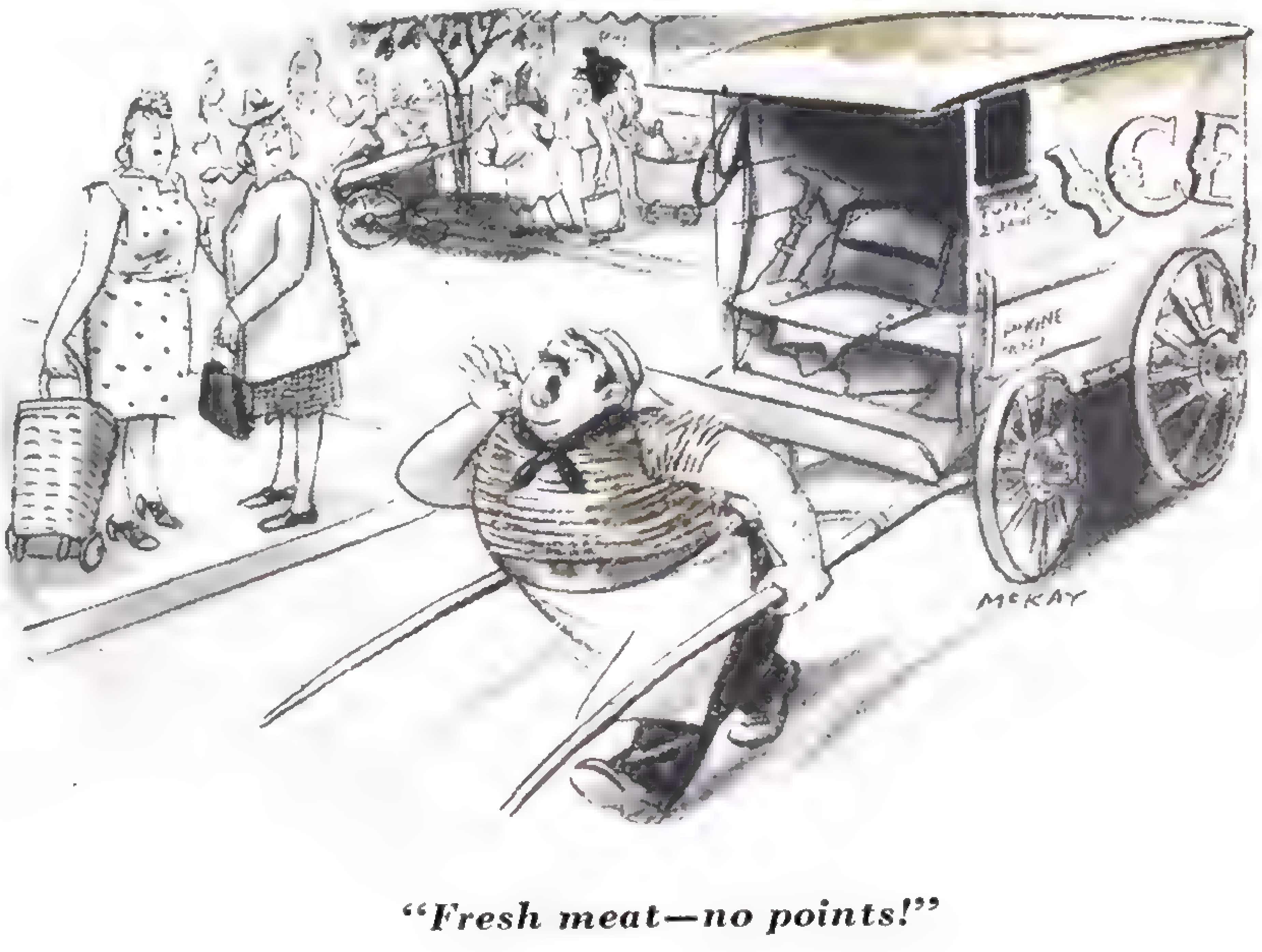
"Excuse me, sir!" The manager hurried to the door to murmur good-bye to a portly pink-chinned man. He returned smiling like a cat with cream on its whiskers. "One of our best clients," he confided. "President of the City Bank, Mr. . . .?"

"Hutchins is the name. Well, in my day a man as important as that would have his own shaving mug, right out so's we could see it! That's what I miss: no handsome mugs. You could tell what a man was worth by where his mug stood in the barbershop . . . bankers and lawyers and undertakers and such on the top rows, of the finest porcelain, with their names and lodge symbols and whatnot in solid gold. I recollect my own . . . right in the middle of the second row, and so fancy you could hardly read my name on it." He chuckled. "Seems silly, eh, young man?"

"Not at all, sir. Probably it added a lot to the richness of the interior," he said, smothering a yawn.

"That's right . . . and, of course, if we didn't have these gadgety dentist chairs like yours, we had good red-carpet coverings on ours, and plenty of pictures on the walls, prizefights and races and a pretty woman now and then. And there was something comfortable about it, all warm and bright."

Mr. Hutchins looked scornfully down the long glittering line of chairs, each with its prone victim and its silent snipping barber. "In my time, even if you couldn't talk back for the lather, the barber knew all the latest politics and such, and the fellows waiting for the chair had their say, too. It was more like a good club. Here . "



"Fresh meat—no points!"

"Our clients prefer to relax," the manager interrupted rather stiffly. "The quiet of the establishment is one of the reasons for its success."

"Oh, it's refined all right. Very nice, too. My grandson'll be coming here right along now. His father's only a college professor, though," the old gentleman added innocently.

The manager refused to be baited. "Our best clients are from all the upper professions," he stated.

"In a way that's kind of a pity. When I was a boy and needed a haircut, all my friends would go along with me, just to listen to the town drunkard play his banjo at the back of the shop. On Saturday nights there'd usually be a farmer with his accordian or Jew's harp. It was mighty lively. If we couldn't get inside for the crowd we'd watch through the window, good as a show, to see Lucioni's colored helper cut a buck and wing with a razor in one hand and a mug of lather in the other . . .

"And now and then a traveling barber would drift in for a few weeks, and the shop couldn't hold all the fellows come to listen to his new stories and try his new tonics. All bay rum, at bottom, but the fancy bottles and names . . . and smells! . . . would knock your eye out! And the beards . . ."

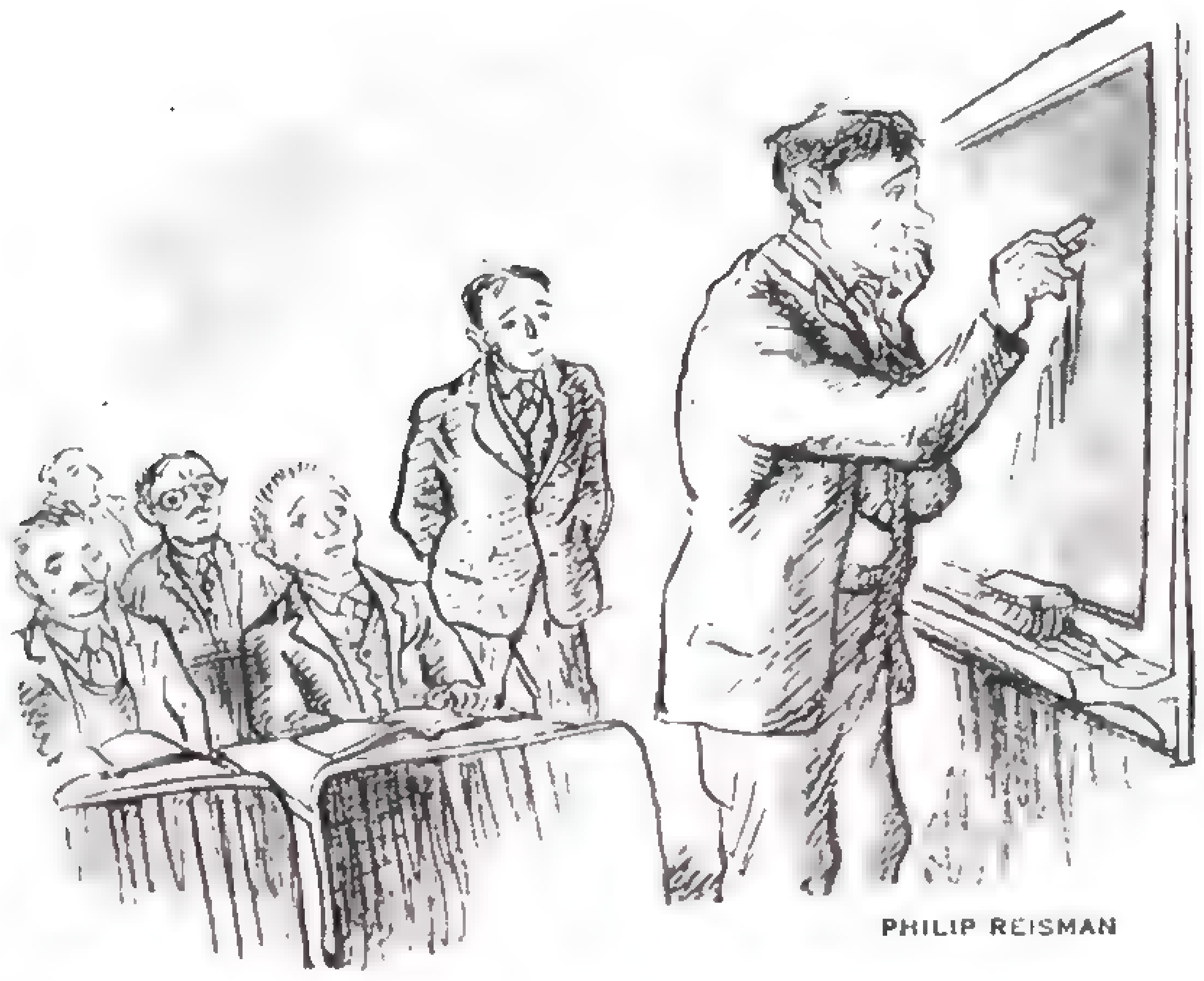
The manager excused himself, welcomed a man who must have been at least the mayor's brother, and came back to Mr. Hutchins, who seemed hardly to have noticed the interruption.

"The beards changed with each new barber. My father wore his three different ways one year, until finally my mother put her foot down for fear she wouldn't recognize him! Nothing like that now . . . these young fellows all look alike!"

"Our clients have their set ways, sir," the manager protested. "Just ask the experts who attend to them . . . the formation of the skull . . . the contour of the face . . . They are *very* fussy!"

"Never know it," the old gentleman remarked coldly. "But most of them look half-dead anyway. What they need is a little fun, or maybe an old drunkard to play the banjo!" He chuckled at his suggestion, but the manager had a look of concentration on his smooth face. "Music!" he muttered. "Soft semi-classical selections! *Trees*! *The Rosary*! From a concealed public-address system! Mr. Hutchins, thank you, sir, thank you!"

He hurried away, but the old gentleman seemed not to notice. He gazed with tolerant amusement at the palatial barbershop, then closed his eyes gently against the glitter. He was asleep, a little boy again, listening to Lucioni quote Josh Billings in his funny accent . . . feeling the tickle of the checked apron around his shoulders and the chill snip of the scissors behind his ears . . . ⌗


PHILIP REISMAN

One Will Stand

His son might learn new ways, but Jan's heart echoed the song that said a Pole and a German would never be brothers

by PETER MANKOWSKI

JOZEF lengthened his twelve-year-old stride to keep up with his father down the dark street. The boy's hand tightened in the huge grasp of the calloused palm.

Jan Kubela was in a hurry. His scarf flowed behind him in the rushing wintry air. They were on their way to the Washington Elementary School.

Jan had sworn he would never set foot in an American school. Not that he did not believe in education. Many times Jozef had heard of how his father, as a boy in Poland, had taken his turn at the window of their hut to watch for any gendarme who might discover the family lesson in the Polish language and history. It was all right for Jozef to go to an American school since he was going to be an American and could make his home in America. He was a free boy and would grow into a free man.

It was in September that Jozef had come home with news of the night school. From then he had buzzed about his father like a village fly. "Father," he would say, "you must go. You can get your first citizenship papers. It will not be hard for you. I can help you. I have my blackboard at home. See."

And one night in December Jozef had pulled out the board from behind the wood box and had stood it on its tottering legs in front of the stove.

Jan listened to the new alphabet as his son wrote each letter. Then Jozef began putting the letters into words. *Fork, spoon, cup* had gone along all right. The *k* in *cup* was a strange one.

Then *cent*. That strange *k* sound from *cup* was now an *s* sound. And when Jozef, spying Tomek licking his paws under the stove, had written *cat*, it was a *k* again.

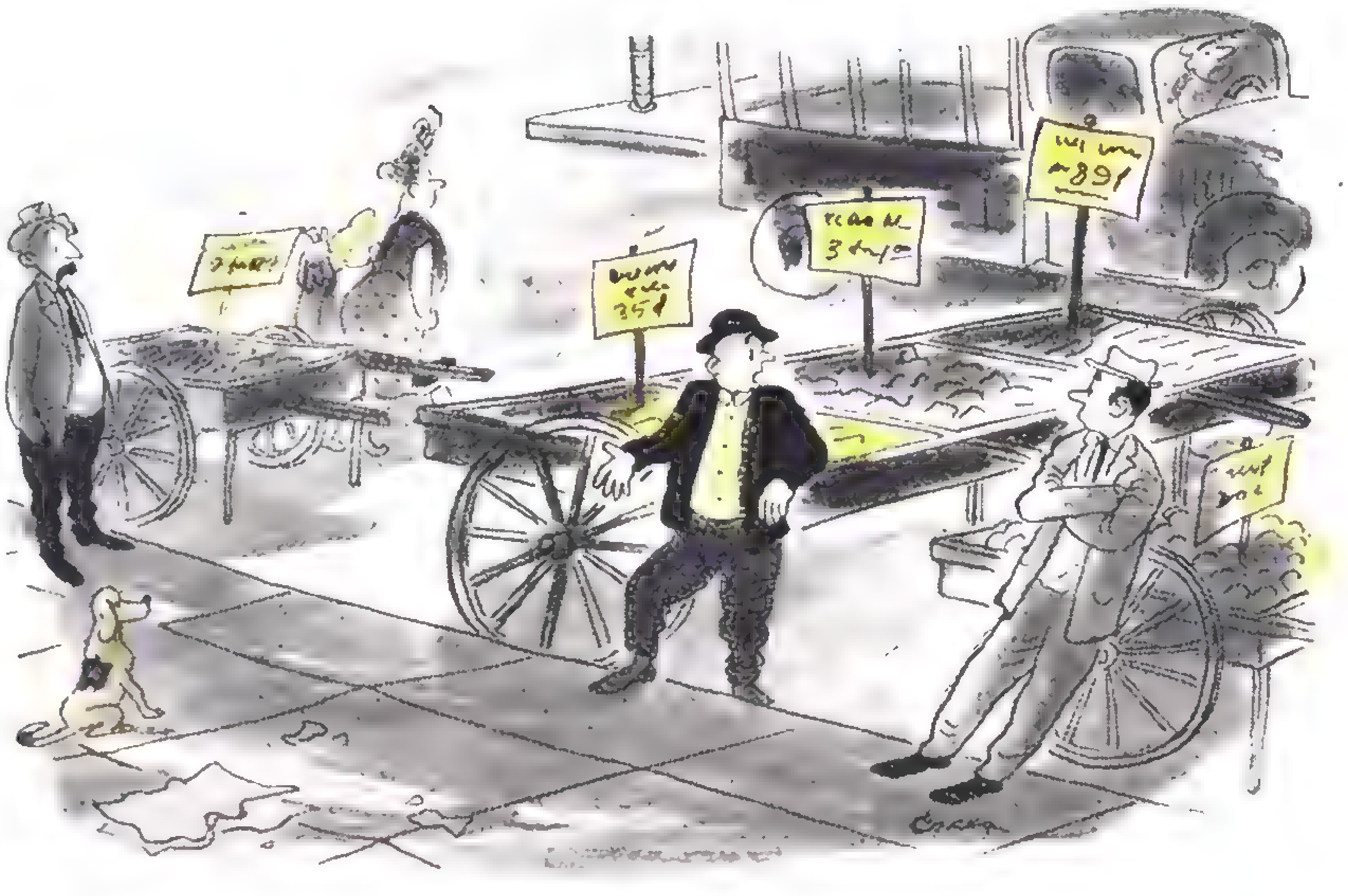
"*Co to?*" Jan had exclaimed. "First, it is a *k*. Then it is an *s*. It is; then it is not. In Polish, it always is what it sounds. That is enough for tonight. I am going to bed."

The blackboard had not been brought forth again, but Jozef had not given up. Finally on the Monday evening that the class was to open, he made his frontal attack. It centered around Herr Stolz and his son, Herman. Jozef began by saying to his father:

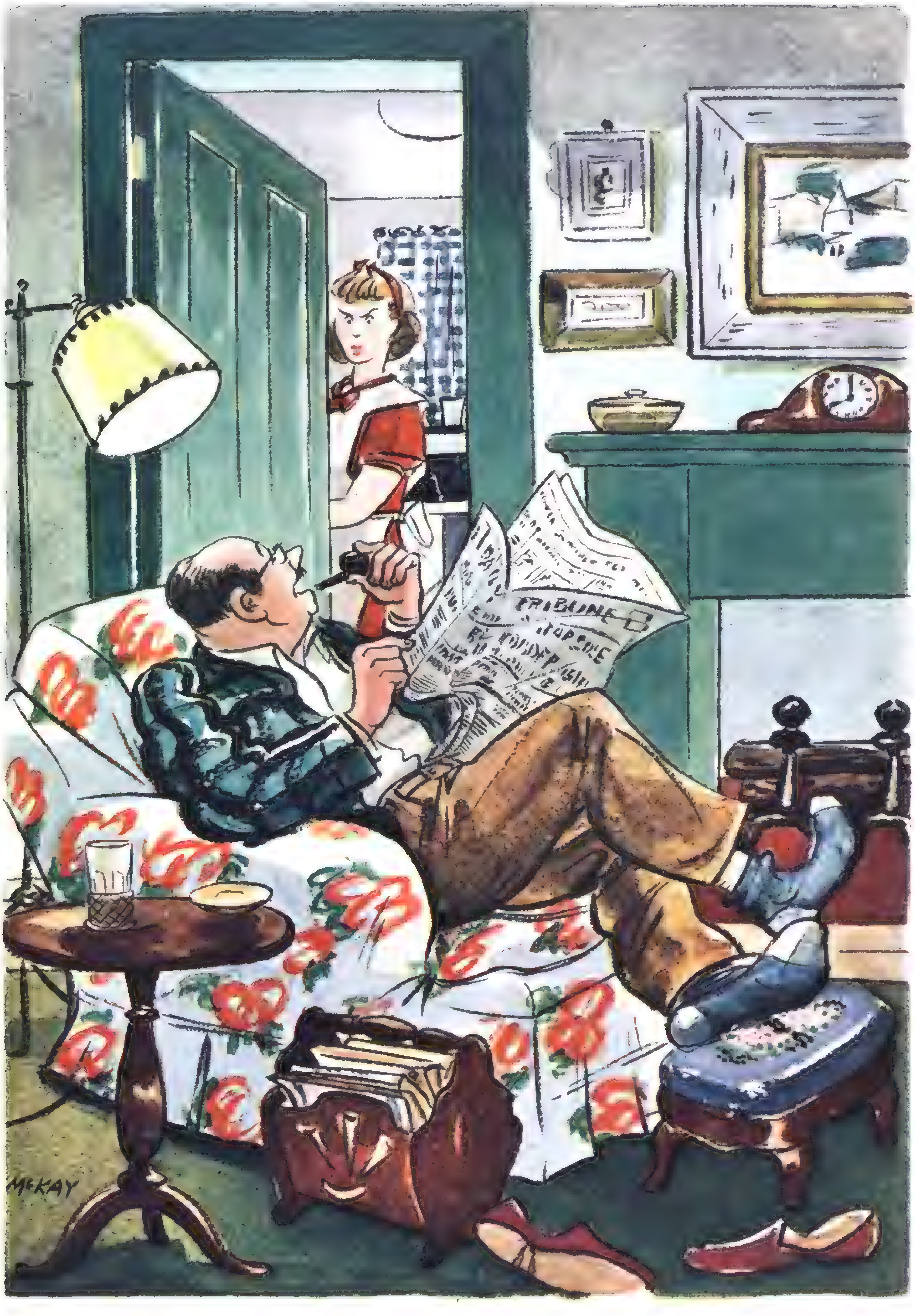
"You know, *tata*, Herman teases me every day. He says everyone in Germany goes at least to a high school or even to a university. He says his father is going to the class so that he can show them what a German knows and that he is going to be foreman at the brewery after he learns to write English. Then he says people in Poland don't have any schools. That they talk with their hands and fingers—"

Jan started to remove his right work shoe and then stopped.

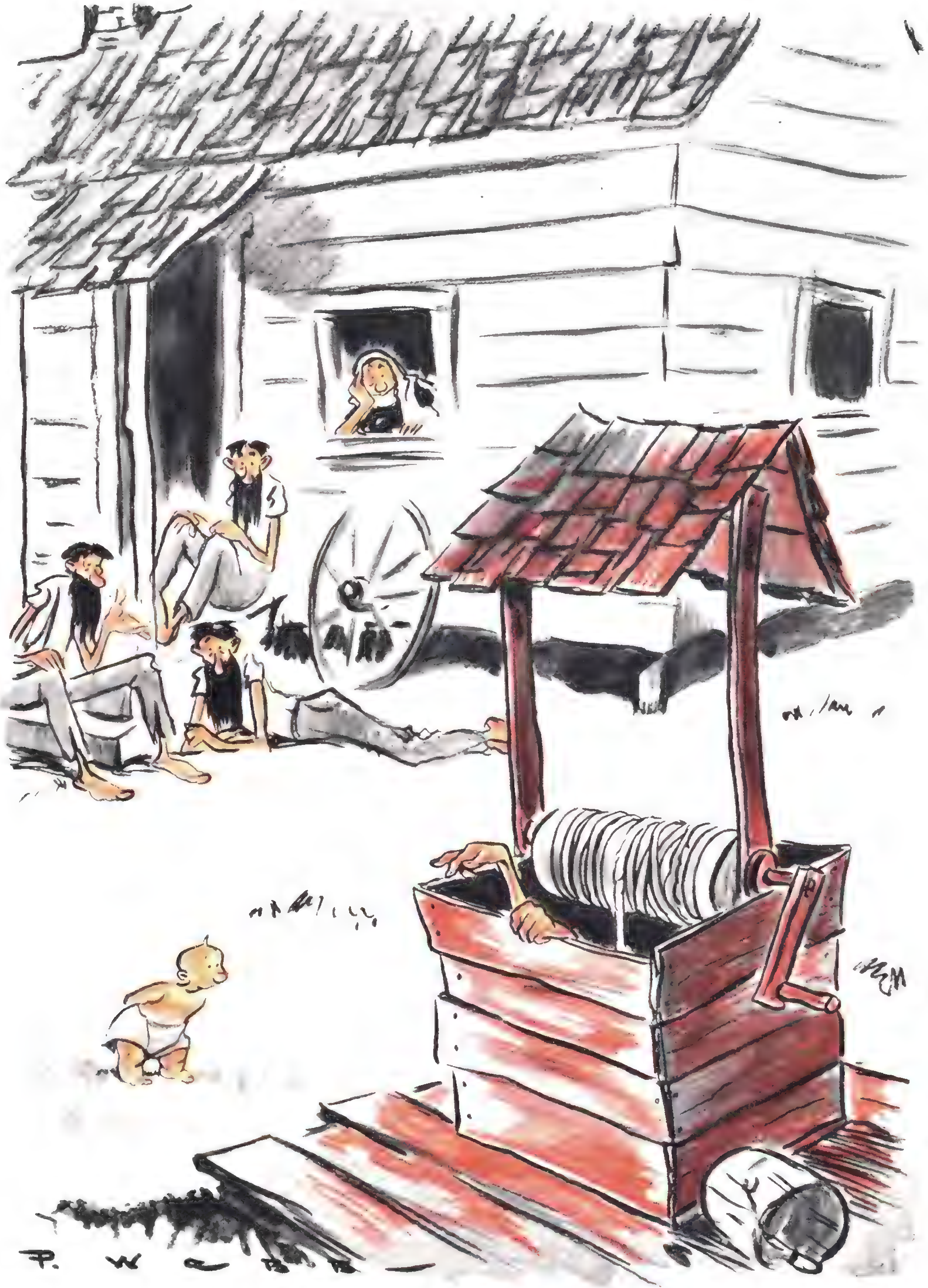
Just as Jan was considered one of the (*Continued on page 138*)



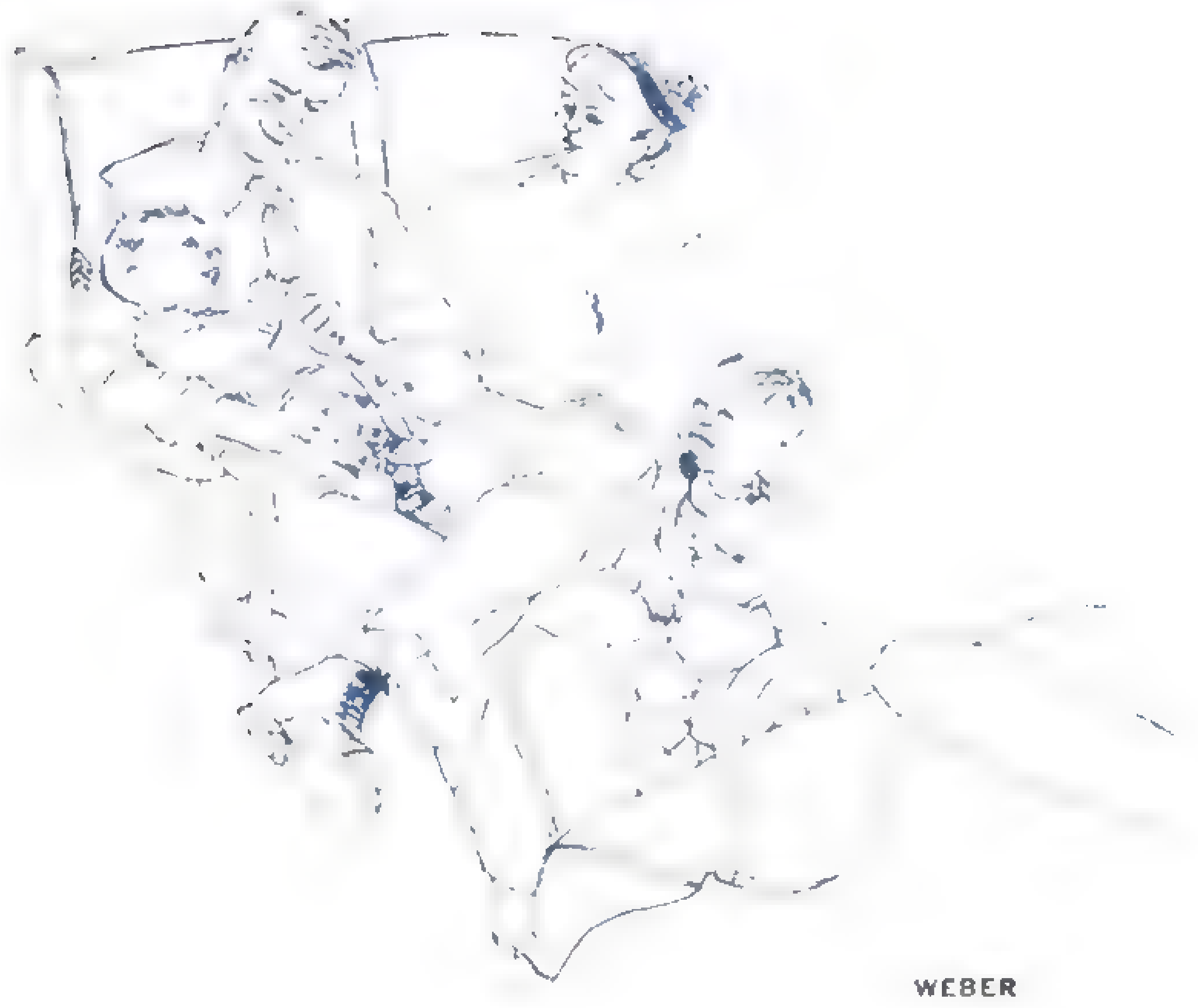
"Me, I was satisfied—but my wife is insanely ambitious"


TRIBUNE
McKAY

"I'm settled comfortably in my chair, smoking my pipe and reading the paper, dear—there must be something you'd want me to do now!"



"See! All that worryin' yestiddy for nawthin'—Ah told you Oncle Furd would work his way out sooner or later"



San Francisco was just a place where the sergeant could get blotto before he shipped out to the South Pacific

Texas Night Train

by **MILTON MAZER**

Our air field was as deep in Texas as anyone would want to get. Above the two slots for regular mail at the field post office there are two signs, one marked "United States," the other "Texas." That's how most of us here feel about the state. It's too big and too empty.

On the train going north out of San Antonio that evening there were no Texans aboard. There were a lot of boys making connections in St. Louis for towns in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa and even more making connections for places in California. They teamed up early. Before we were two hours out there was a crowd sprawling over two seats talking about southern Wisconsin, and another group arguing about the California climate.

Two other soldiers and I had two seats facing each other, which we wanted to keep so we could stretch out during the night. One was a small boy of nineteen, with a round grinning face, who was bound for Arkansas. The other was a top sergeant with a heavy jaw and a dark face and big hands that must have weighed a pound each. The sergeant might have been twenty-five or even thirty, but he didn't talk much. The boy from Arkansas did. In five minutes I knew all about him, his ma, his pa and their farm. About every other minute he slapped his fresh corporal's stripes saying, "Wait'll my Ma sees these." I tried to get the sergeant talking. "Yeah," he was "from San Francisco." "Yeh" before the war he was a "sandhog." "Yeh" the Army was "okay."

After awhile one soldier got out an accordion. He soon had a crowd around him singing. When someone asked for the Air Corps song that started a whole round of service songs. He played *Anchors Aweigh* for two sailors up from Corpus Christi, and everybody cheered them. After awhile a soldier moved slowly down the aisle showing everyone a picture of his wife and baby. He was tanked up. At our seat he shoved the picture in front of the sergeant's face and said, "Take a look, Sergeant. Ain't they something?" The sergeant pushed it away. "Move on, soldier." "But look, Sergeant, you ain't seen it yet." The sergeant glanced at it quickly, and his face got darker. "Get the hell away," he said. "I don't want to see any damn dame with a kid." The boy walked on down the car, sobered. The freshly made corporal at my side looked at the sergeant's insignia to make sure they weren't in the same outfit. "He didn't mean anything, Sergeant. He just wanted you to see his wife and baby."

"I don't want to see any dames with kids," the sergeant mumbled and picked up a paper he had already read twice through.

At one small town where the train stopped there were USO girls in white who stood at the car doors with cookies. Not many of the boys went out to get the cookies, but they all liked the idea. "Gee, that's nice of them, ain't it?" I guess it made them feel they mattered, that even the folks in a tiny Texas town they never heard of cared about them. As the train pulled out they all cheered and waved to the girls.

At the next stop I got out and brought back some hot doughnuts. I shoved the bag at the sergeant who took a couple and mumbled, "Thanks." He thawed out a bit then and when the baby-faced corporal fell asleep he talked a little. He was heading for San Francisco, but he didn't know why. There was no one there. They gave him leave before going across and he had to take it. No family? "No." Well, yes, he had a wife and kid but he didn't know where she was. "Bitch," he mumbled. The kid? Let her have it. Less to think about over there. Frisco would be just a place to get drunk before he went over. He shifted around and let his lids drop so I'd know he didn't want to talk any more.

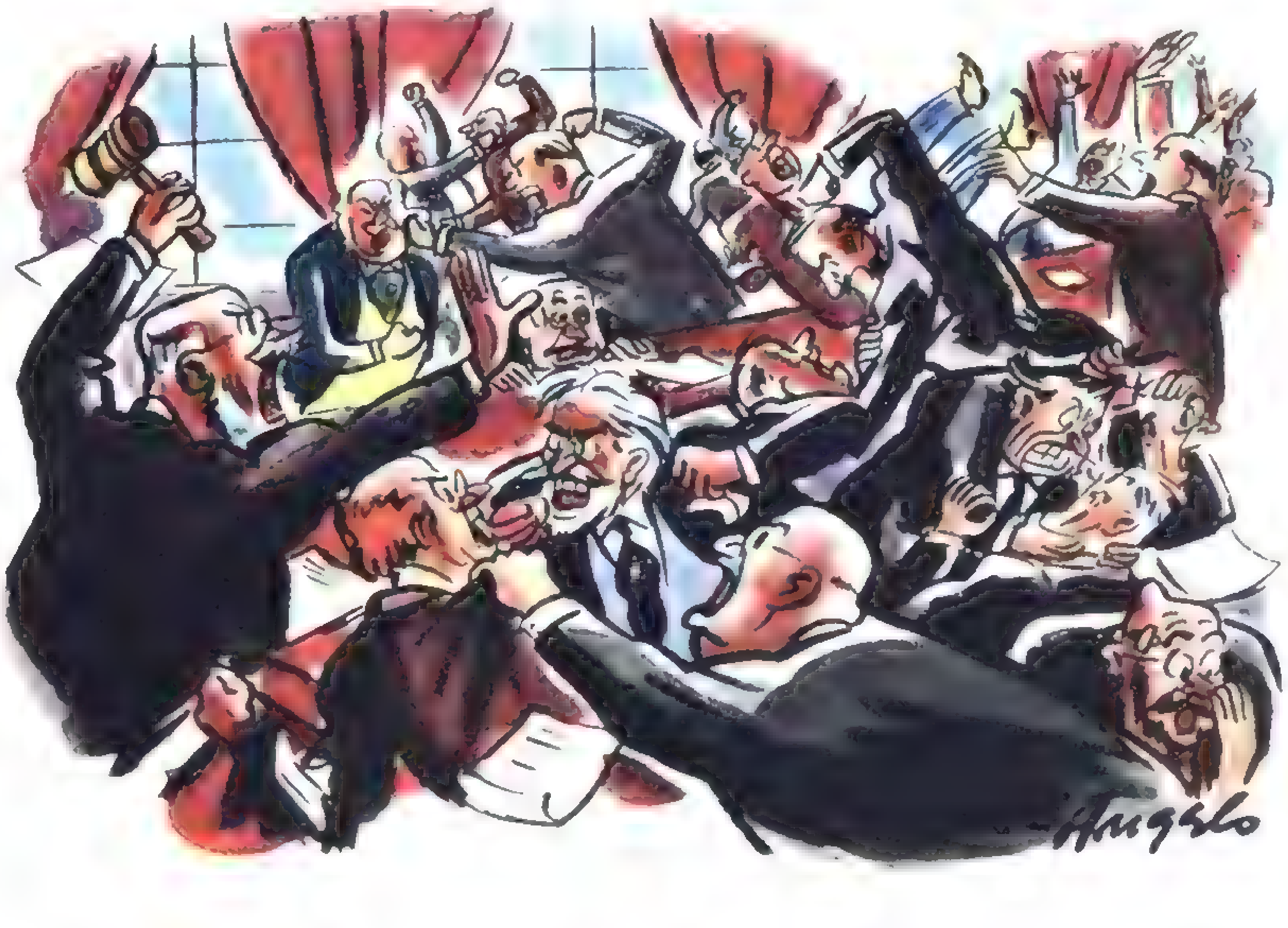
In a little while the train got quiet and the boys sprawled out awkwardly, trying to sleep. Some of them were lying the way you see dead men lie in the newsreels and war pictures. The conductor came through and dimmed the lights. The only noise was the heavy breathing of the soldiers and of the train cutting through the night. The next thing I knew the train had stopped and you could hear a rustle as the boys shifted their cramped arms and legs. I looked at the sergeant. He was sitting rigidly awake with his hands crossed on his lap, the way marines do when they sit at attention.

A thin woman in a checked gingham dress got on. She had a baby on one arm and dragged a broken suitcase with the other. A boy of three followed her down the aisle. When they were just opposite, the sergeant touched her arm and pointed to the space beside him, moving over to make more room. The woman dropped the suitcase in the aisle. She kept the baby in her lap and started to hoist the boy onto the seat between her and the sergeant. The sergeant reached down with both hands and pulled the boy up on his lap. "Here, fella," he mumbled. The boy looked at him for a moment and then nestled his head against the sergeant's chest. The woman leaned back in her seat. The big hand of the sergeant covered one of the boy's thighs.

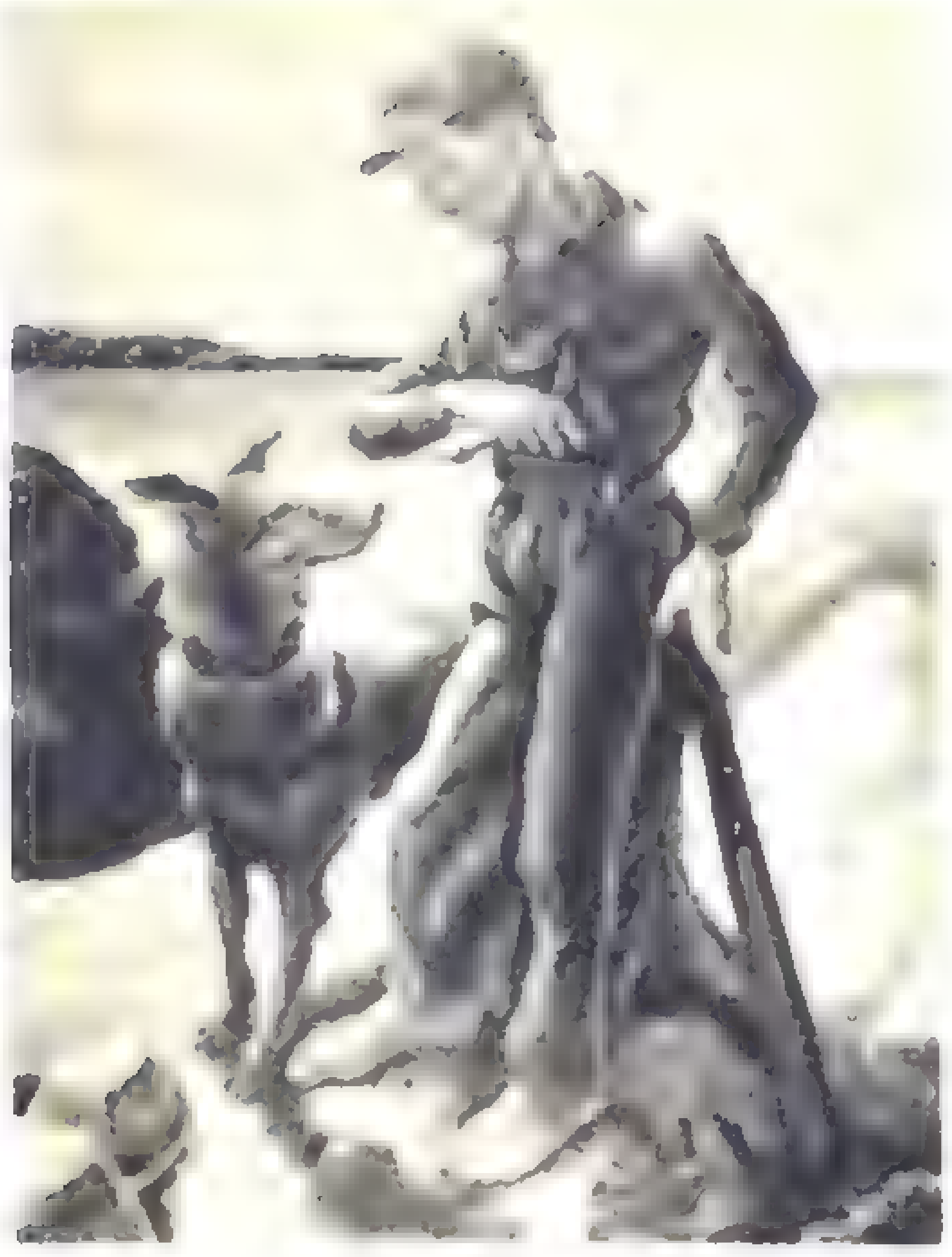
I must have slept awhile because when I woke the train was standing at a small station and the sergeant and the boy were gone. After awhile I saw him come out of the station carrying the boy. I pretended to be asleep when he came back to the seat. There was a rim of milk circling the child's mouth. When they were settled the sergeant took out a clean handkerchief and wiped the boy's mouth. The child smiled and settled back to sleep. The sergeant remained sitting rigidly erect.

When I woke in the morning a few of the soldiers were already up and searching for toothbrushes among their luggage. The boy was still on the sergeant's lap, but awake, and the sergeant was smoothing his blond hair. When I opened my eyes wide and looked straight at him the sergeant picked up the child and quickly put him on the seat beside him. "Here, fella," he said.

Then he turned to me and muttered, "Kid fell asleep."



"Sit down, I said—who's running this Peace Conference?"



GESSO BY THOMAS HART BENTON

Ever since early morning when he had found the broken sickle he had feared that something terrible might happen

Footsteps in the Alfalfa

by FEIKE FEIKEMA

Rain did not fall during the last two weeks in June, and a thin, inch-deep layer of dust formed on the good land. Hank Bramstedt, a grim farmer working in the black soil of the Missouri River valley, looked up from the vigorous earth, remembering last year's bitter drouth. He stood tall in the land.

He stopped to light his pipe, and to consider the signs. He looked at the grain and saw that it was still luxuriant and that the stems were bursting with full-headed wheat and oats. And cornfields sparkled in the morning dew while the pasture grasses sucked deep of the subsoil moisture. He nodded to himself. Things weren't too bad yet.

He worked a while and then looked up again. He vaguely sensed an ominous quality in the air, a stealthy movement. Something was about to happen. Sniffing, rolling his shoulders, and drawing his lips up into a defensive grimace, he studied his surroundings. With nervous fingers, he combed his blond hair.

He had started at dawn to cut the alfalfa west of the house. Even now, two hours later, dew lay deep in the green leaves, weighting down the straggly legumes. The undulating veil of purple and yellow blossoms covering the hayfield threw off fresh intoxicating scents.

He worked on, driving the team of horses along, sometimes sniffing the perfumed air, sometimes puffing on his pipe. He idly watched the long scissoring arm of the mower, wet with the sop of cut alfalfa, move stealthily into the root world where it scared up crickets and insects. Sometimes these tiny, fear-crazed creatures hit so hard against his blue overalls they stunned themselves and fell into the mown stalks like tiny pebbles.

At the end of each round of cutting, Hank stopped to oil the machine. Though he loved the old mower, he wasn't too sure of its loyalty. He was afraid that it would break down; for many of its moving parts were badly worn. The sickle-driver rattled and pounded, and the grease cup riding on it was constantly hungry. The boxing which held the flywheel ball bearings threatened to burn out all morning. It sucked oil like a tornado. Patiently, like a physician soothing his clamorous patient with salve, he coached and doctored the old machine along. And when he finished each greasing after the round of cutting, he wiped his fingers on his grimy overall trousers.

As he mowed along he suddenly remembered that Tom Reilly was coming to get the rent money today for his father, who owned the farm. Hank drew in his breath quickly, and then relaxed. That was it. Now he knew why he had felt uneasy all morning. It was because he didn't have a single red cent to meet the rent, nor for that matter, to catch up on last year's. He nodded his head. Yes, that was it. When a man cut his finger first thing in the morning, he was usually touchy for the rest of the day.

Pondering on what excuses he could offer, he felt glad that Rover, the collie, ran panting, red tongue long, behind him, and that the solid friendly horses, Nellie and Kelley, plodded ahead.

Soon he felt a thirst for something, and, tying the reins on a lever while the horses followed the edge of the uncut hay by themselves, he pulled out his corncob and filled it thoughtfully. Watching the sickle out of the corner of his eye, he lighted the pipe. He puffed deeply, and for a moment, contently, enjoying the rich full smoke. He shifted in his seat and scratched himself. Then he took up his lines again and went back to his brooding.

He watched the stalks of alfalfa falling over the sickle in staggering columns. The stalks were like soldiers who, though always courageously advancing toward him, could never quite get to him because the deadly gunfire of his sickle mowed them down.

The untiring swallows swooped in long diving streams past his horses for insects and flies. A flock of blackbirds chattered in a gnarled maple near by. Three tall cottonwoods near the west end of the field sparkled in the sun. Farther west, the trees hid the Missouri River and the rising folds of Nebraska's belly. Overhead, a thin wisp of a white cloud curled and turned ceaselessly against the blue.

Hank shivered and wished that his wife Laura were near. Then he looked up. Wasn't it about time for her to bring the forenoon lunch? He glanced at his watch and nodded.

The day warmed. The growths in the heaving loam swelled and grew. Sweat trickled down his face and along his neck. Wet stains spread over his blue shirt.

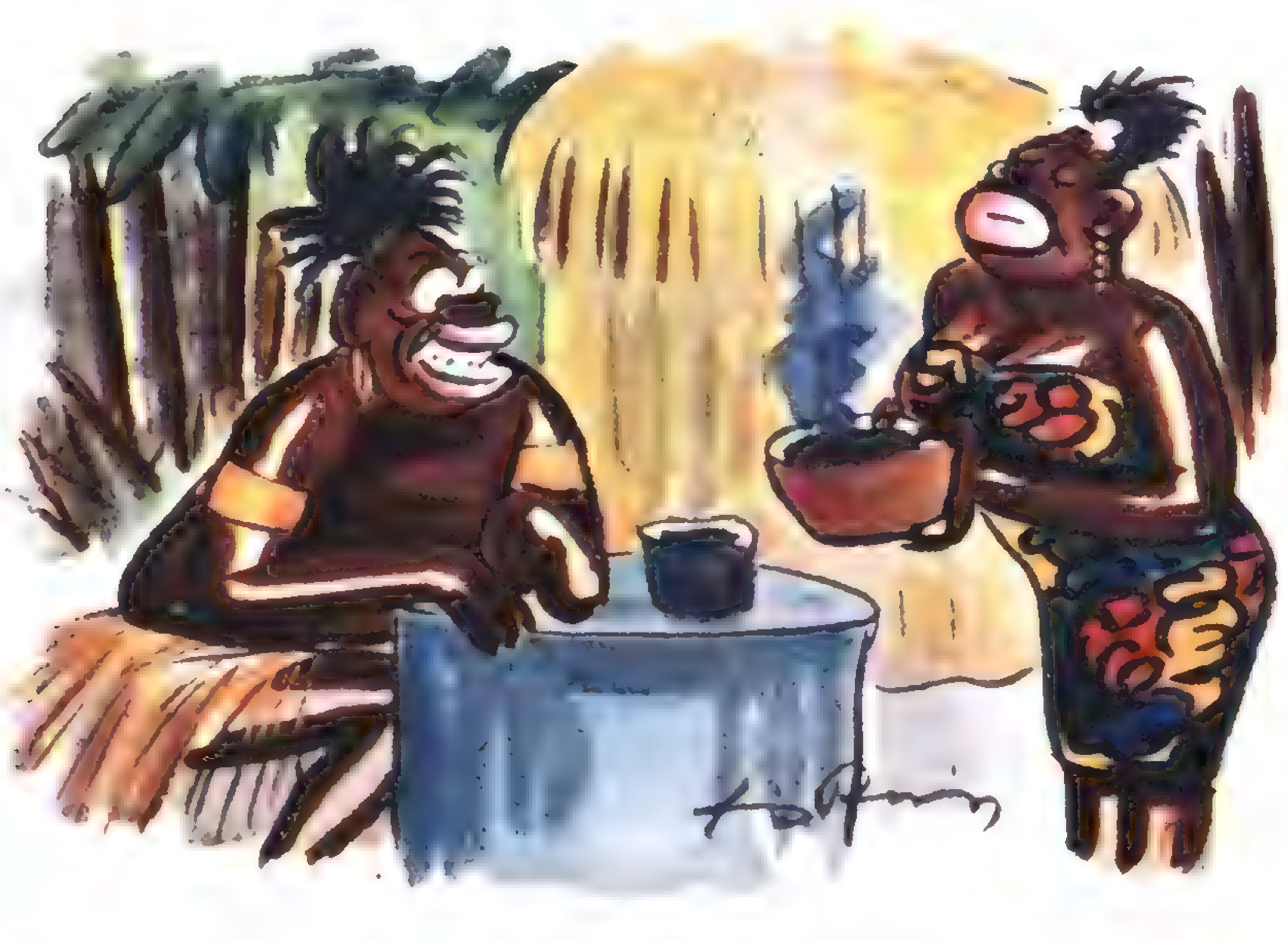
Soon he became conscious of another kind of warmth. His first thought was of Laura, but after a moment, as he found no secret vagary of excitement, he drew up the image of the neighbor's daughter, Bertha Walters, strong and supple and budding, almost sap-dripping. Sweet Bertha! What a woman she was.

Hank blinked his eyes, and guiltily turned his thoughts back to his work.

Then he missed Rover. Quickly he glanced around the field. He stood up on the moving, rocking mower, trying to sight the dog in the tall legumes. He cursed. That damned dog was probably sitting somewhere in the unmown alfalfa. First thing he'd know, he'd come along and find the dog cut in halves; like the time he had accidentally cut through a nest of soft young bunny rabbits. He remembered how their mother had so lost her wits on the appearance of the strange, snaking sickle that she had deserted them in a bound.

He stopped the horses. He called the dog. He whistled sharply. Again and again. Finally, yes, the stalks of the alfalfa began to flow toward him, there, past the horses. And then in a moment, the dog emerged, red tongue drooling, leaping lightly over the sickle.

Shocked to see how closely the dog came to the sickle's cutting edge, that the dog had shown no fear of it, Hank looked down at the dog, and rubbed its head. "I think you'd better go home, ol' boy," he said kindly. "You ain't doin' no good out here. An' anyway, fust thing you know, I'll clip your feet off. Go home now. G'wan. Go. Go home."



"Whom are we having tonight?"

Rover was puzzled and ran a ways and then stood, afraid, alternately slinking and wagging his tail, depending on how he interpreted Hank's tone.

"G'wan, go home now. Go."

Again the dog ran a ways, cowering, and then it turned. It wagged its tail, looking at him, and then started toward him again.

"G'wan. Go. Go. March!"

Once more the dog slunk away, stopping momentarily every rod to see if Hank hadn't relented.

Hank shifted in his seat. The dog meant no harm. He watched it step slowly through the fallen alfalfa until it reached the house yard where it turned and sat beside a fence post, looking mournfully out to him.

Hank sat smoking his pipe awhile. Now he was sure something was going on. Luckily, this time, he had just missed cutting up the dog. But in the next hour something worse might show up. He narrowed his eyes. He looked back at the yard again. Yes, the dog was still there.

There had been something funny about the morning when he got up. There had been that broken sickle in the mower. He had been lucky to see it. Suppose he had gone to the field with it and had started up? One of the blades would have been sure to have flown in his face, or have hit the rump of a horse, precipitating a runaway; or, worse still, the broken sickle might have jammed the old mower and wrecked it. Funny, too, how the sickle had seemed freshly broken, as if some intruder had come in the night with a sledgehammer and had deliberately cracked it. Hank cocked his head, and puffed on his pipe, and listened.

Then he heaved a sigh, and, trying to laugh at himself, he started up the horses to finish the round he was on. He was getting to be a child with such goblins running wild in his head. He watched the sickle closely. Sniffing, he threw quick glances over the land, and at the walking horses, and at the roaring and rattling sickle-driver before him. He leaned over and oiled one of the holes as he bumped along.

A sudden squeal, and he jumped up from his seat and jerked on the lines. "Whoa!" The horses stopped instantly.

He leaped towards the sickle. A bright red-bronze pheasant rooster, gasping, and cut in half, looked at him vindictively. Hank heaved a sigh. Well, thank God, it was only a bird. He trembled. He studied the gay feathers and then suddenly cursed. What the hell was up today, anyway? He leaned forward and took up the throbbing pheasant and snapped off its head between his fingers. He crossed its legs and, searching through the toolbox and finding a piece of bailing-wire, hung the bird from the seat of the mower. He and Laura would have fresh meat this noon.

Before crawling on the seat again, he beat through the near-by standing alfalfa to chase up the rooster's mate. They often went about in pairs. When he found none, he guessed the she-bird had hidden herself beneath a cluster of leaves; and grumbling, he started up the mower again.

He finished the round without mishap. He hitched the horses to a fence post and brought the broken pheasant to the house. On the way back, he stopped a moment to pat the dog's head, and then trudged through the fallen rows of legumes, kicking a little as he went along.

It was when he was oiling and greasing the machine again a half hour later that his eyes happened to light on an odd design in the mown alfalfa. It was as if someone had scuffled through the fallen stalks and had kicked them up into little mounds. He could even follow the trail of the stranger's footsteps. Seven feet apart they were, and they stretched in from the north side of the field, from the house yard, and came toward him. He tightened inside. The stranger, or whatever it was, would be right upon him.

Then footsteps did sound near by and he bounded up. "Oh, my God. . . . Laura! You."

Laura, tall, with quick sympathetic brown eyes, laughed. "Why, Hank, you're white! You look like you expected the devil himself."

Hank muttered, and tried to laugh, and then put away his pipe that he had just lighted. "Well, you're not exactly wrong. Maybe I did."

"Oh Hank."

Seeing her mocking eyes, he grumbled, "Well, it's no laughin' matter, woman. All morning long I've been havin' the feelin' somethin's up. I dunno." He looked quickly at the sky, then at the land, then at his hands.

"Piffle. Come, get down off that high horse and take a drink of your coffee before it gets cold."

He clambered down and, groaning, sat down in the fading green of the cut hay. "By God, hot coffee sounds good. It'll brace me up."

She sat beside him. "Why, Hank, you are nervous. Is it one a them nervous spells a yours agin?"

"No. It ain't that. This is different. I've been feelin' it all day."

She pushed him with a friendly gesture. "Aw, you got a guilty conscience. Yer heart's botherin' y'u."

Hank studied this idea a moment. He wondered if she had guessed his thoughts about Bertha. Then he said, "Well, you could be right. I've been thinkin' about Tom Reilly. He's comin' out fer the rent. . . ." He cocked his head, thinking. "No. It's more than that."

She opened the basket and laid out two sandwiches and two pieces of cake. She took up two cups and from a small pail poured hot, creamed coffee. "Here, take some a this an' maybe you'll feel better." She handed him a sandwich.

He took them and began to drink his coffee, sipping at it and blowing on it at the same time.

She looked around at the sky. "I haven't noticed anything odd. Seems all right to me. Seems a great day to me."

Hank mumbled through a mouthful of bread.

"What?"

Hank swallowed to clear his throat of crumbs. "Well, take that broken sickle there. Last night I put it in, clean an' sharpened. Came by this mornin', an' found it broke."

"Aw, you probably broke it yourself."

"Oh no. Fact is, I ran the mower by hand a little last night an' it worked. That's the last thing I did. No."

Laura shrugged. She bit into her sandwich.

"An, then, I dunno, I. . . . well, I got a feelin' . . ."

"Man, man. What a nestful a worries you are."

"Well . . ." Then, "Say, that reminds me. Something else was funny this mornin' when I got up. There was five dead chickens in the coop."

"Oh?" she said, now startled.

"Sure. An' it wasn't weasels, either. There wasn't a sign on them broilers. Why, they didn't even look touched, or sick. Just dead. For no reason at all."

For a second her mouth fell open, and small balls of chewed food rolled off her tongue. Then she snapped it shut. "Oh, Hank, don't try to scare me, too."

"Well . . ."

"No," she said finally, "no, I think it's only your guilty conscience." Then, suddenly changing in man-

(*Continued on page 141*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. L. SAWIN

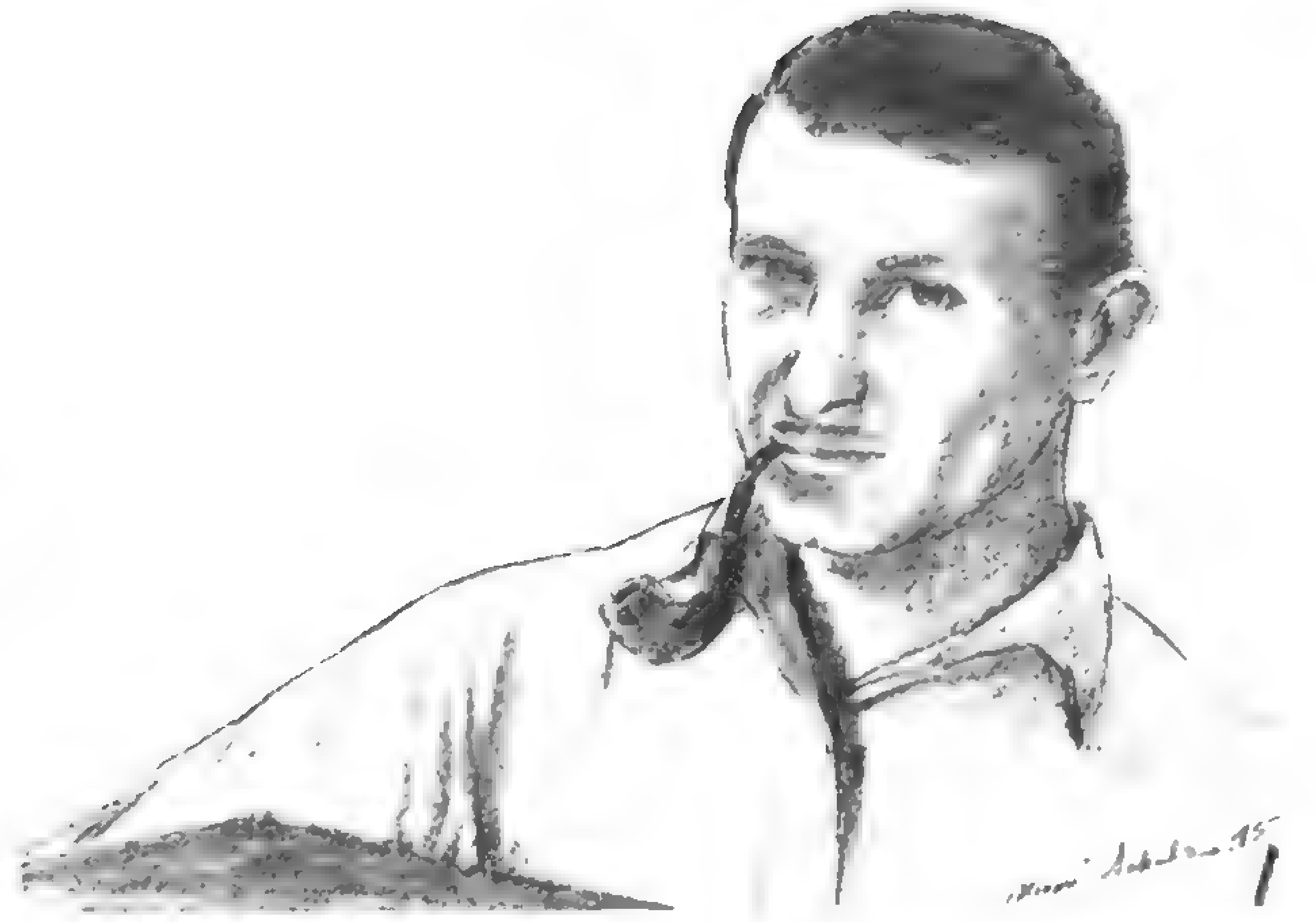
"One Particular Beauteous Star"

Capable of making five feet a second in the water, Brenda Mersereau Helser won her first national senior title in the outdoor 110 yard sprint in 1940. She has since collected six American crowns. In 1944 she set a record of 1 minute, nine-tenths of a second for 100 yards. Discovered as a swimmer in the chilly waters of Oswego Lake, Oregon, she later attended Stanford. Nineteen years old now, she models clothes, and has sold four short stories to magazines. Her father is a lieutenant colonel in the Army. Her mother helped unravel the paper work at the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. In 1940 Brenda was chosen for the American Olympic swimming team which was slated to go to Helsinki. Has big brown eyes and a figure which merits orchids...or had you noticed? Her address? Yes, Hollywood—where she'll undoubtedly go far.

Of the artist's boyhood in Russia, his striving for a place in the New World, for self-expression and other things

About Miron Sokole

by HARRY SALPETER



SELF-PORTRAIT

Look at the opposite page for the best that is Miron Sokole. He makes a better picture than a story. Which is as it should be. The fact is that he is a plain, simple person, devoid of dash or savor, who has lived an unpretentious lower middle-class life; he has not suffered from the refinements of education or travel or from the dramatic contrast between what he strove for and what he could get. If there is anything in analogies we ought to be able to say of Sokole that he is happy because he has almost no biography, but Sokole's case proves there is nothing in *that* analogy.

I should like to write an exciting account of the life, the struggles and the triumphs of Miron Sokole, but if there is such a story, the artist does not yet know it. The truth of the matter is that when Sokole isn't painting a picture he seems to be a commonplace person. Since he refuses, or lacks the skill, to inflate himself, he robs his enemies of the sour satisfaction of deflating him. Perhaps one of the major keys to his character is that he is more often conscious of enemies than of friends. Although the precise truth lies somewhere in between, he is more of a lone wolf than a social being.

He is a typical immigrant East Side boy concerned with the facts of life and the humdrum realities of making a living through the exercise of certain skills. He suspects literature and pretensions generally. He does not work with others nor identify himself with any group, partly out of fear that his style as a painter may be traced to a group influence, although it is clear that one does not become an individual by the mere act of separating himself from his fellows. Miron Sokole is so typical that you could almost reconstruct his life by taking pieces out of the episodes and backgrounds that make up the lives of such other artists of immigrant lower middle-class origin as Bill Gropper, Louis Ribak, Mervin Jules, Morris Kantor, Harry Gottlieb, Sol Wilson, Joseph de Martini and a dozen others.

Sokole describes himself as a moody, sensitive youth who always liked to sketch and always wanted to be alone, even way back in Odessa, where he was born forty-four years ago. Other words which he uses to describe his boyhood years are introspective and gloomy. Since he was constantly indulging his deep desire to sketch and was encouraged in the ambition to become an artist by his good and helpful mother and still carries with him memories of happy days spent on the Black Sea beach of his native town, it is probable that he discovered that he had a gloomy Russian soul after he had landed in New York around 1915. This so-called Russian mood penetrated and permeated some of his first paintings of depressing street scenes in more or less slum areas. The paintings of his present period, fortunately, have been freed of this burden.

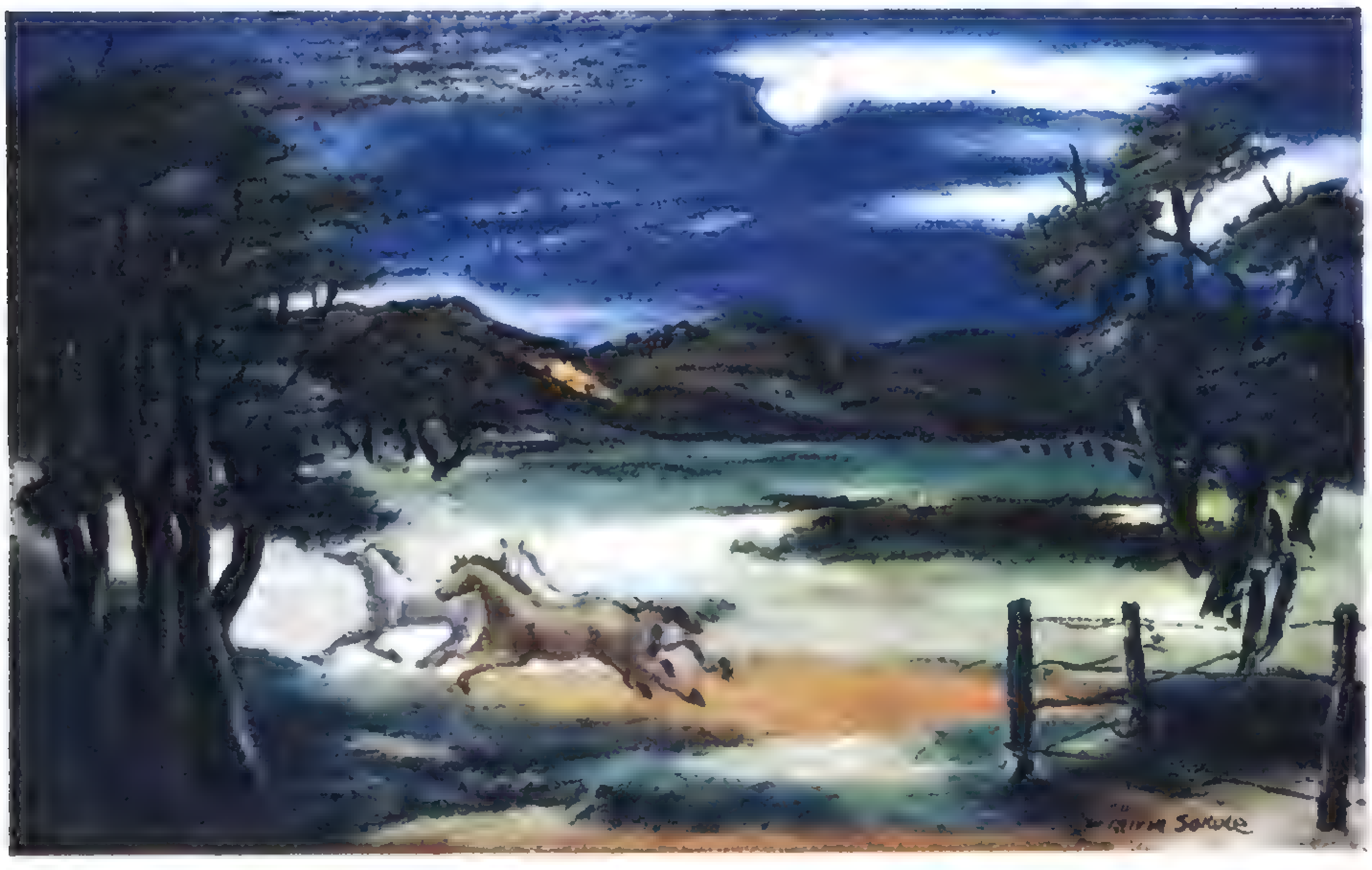
He was no more than twelve when he sought to enter the Imperial Academy of Art in Odessa. His mother packed up Miron's best sketches and drawings and together they went to visit a well-known teacher at the Academy. After an interminable wait, they were ushered into the Presence. The young man's mother stated the purpose of the visit. "Is Miron an artist? Does he have talent?" The harried Academician barely glanced at one of the sketches, raised his hands toward his bushy head and then cried out as if in agony, "Why does every mother in Odessa think her son will be an artist?"—and that was the end of Miron's Russian art career. But it didn't matter, because his destiny was being prepared in the new land of opportunity to the west.

His father already had left for America to make a new home for his wife and their four children. With the outbreak of the first World War, communications between Russia and the United States became increasingly difficult, but in the Summer of 1915 there arrived those anxiously awaited ship's tickets for the Sokoles. Because of the war the family could not embark at any of the usual points but had to make their way through Siberia, putting aboard at Archangel, on the last passenger vessel to leave a Russian port. Most of their fellow-passengers were stranded Americans.

Practically at the gangplank, Russian officials held up the family because Miron, at fourteen, and an elder brother, nearing sixteen, were regarded as good conscript possibilities for the Russian Army, but eventually they were permitted to go. The boat followed a lengthy, devious route, skirting the coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland and Canada to reduce the risk of submarine action. Near Norway they were caught in a vast icefield and had to retrace a whole day's voyage. Several times, in the open spaces of the Atlantic, the ship was alerted and all had to sleep fully clad and with the additional burden of life preservers.

After the excitement of that voyage, life on the East Side of New York was somewhat of an anticlimax. For Miron it was work by day and study at night; later on, the routine changed to a job by day and painting at night, which explains why the problem of the unaltering daylight of the north window has been an academic one for Sokole. Painting under artificial light most of the time—except during holidays and week ends—the sunlight which Sokole puts into his canvases has been more or less arbitrarily determined. It is perhaps not entirely accidental that moonlight should play an important role in recent paintings and that the word should appear in the titles of two recently completed pictures.

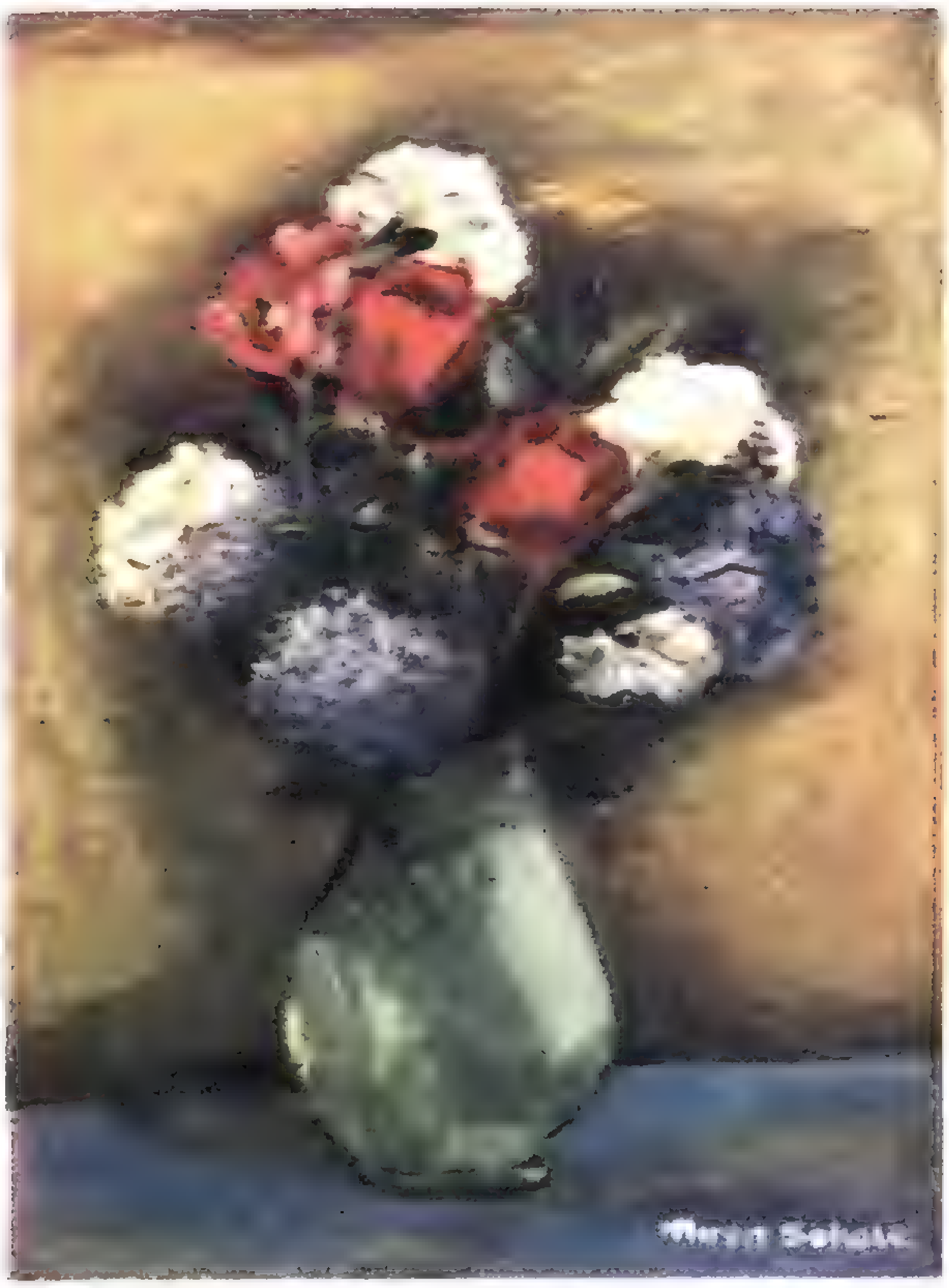
He was knocking on the door of Cooper Union before he was sixteen, when he could not speak the language more than sketchily. Being under age, he was not permitted to register, but instead was given the freedom of the museum, in which he was allowed to spend his evenings copying ornaments. On that day in 1917 when he became eligible for enrollment he entered Coop- (*Continued on page 130*)



OIL (30" x 20")

ESCAPE BY MOONLIGHT

While the artist was walking along a country road in Oklahoma one night, he saw a group of horses peacefully grazing. Suddenly, as if in response to a common impulse, four or five of the horses started running toward the fence; one leaped it but continued running parallel to it and to the horses running on the other side. Four years later, Mr. Sokole recorded his memory of the scene.

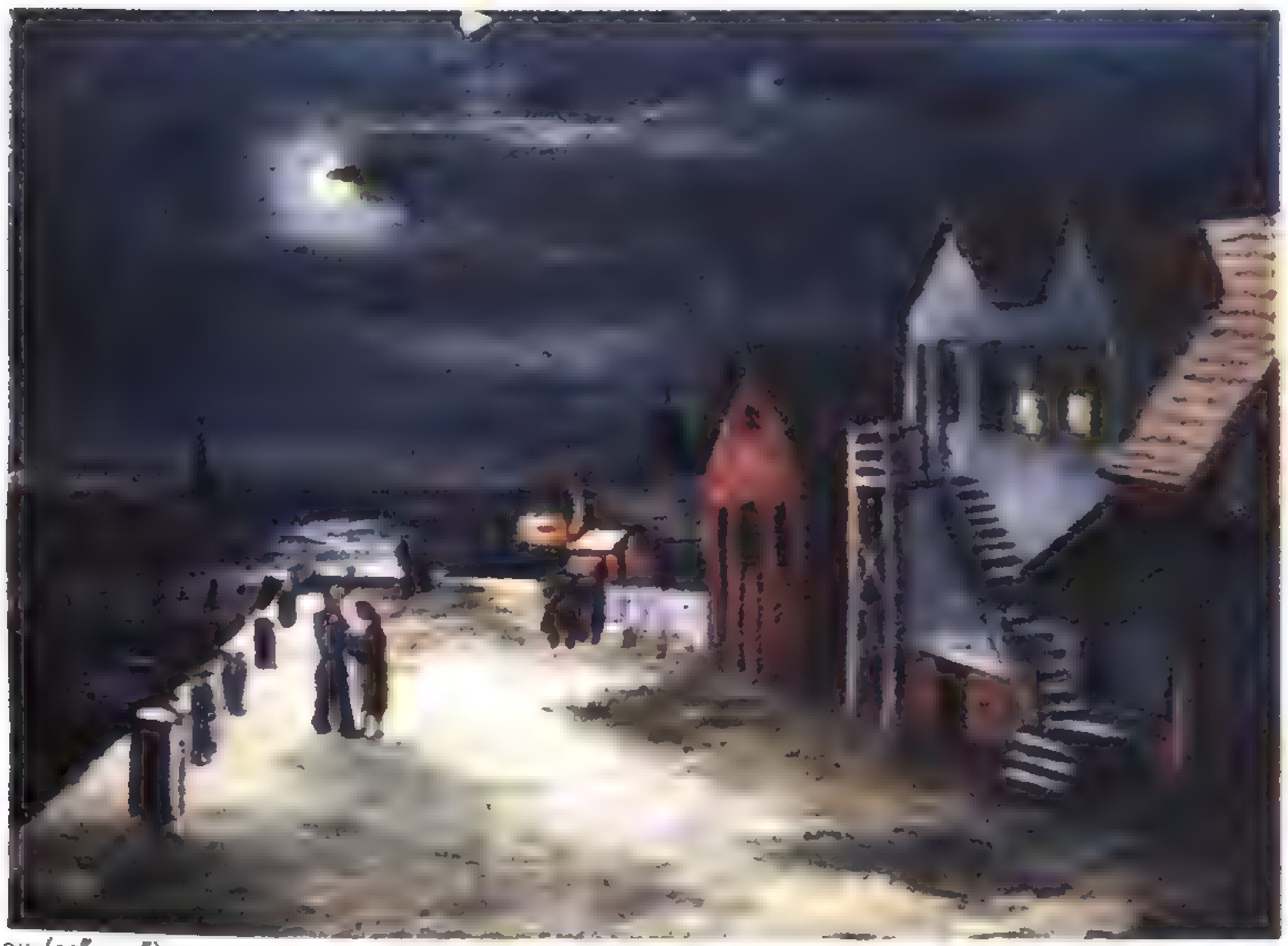


OIL (14" x 20") **TULIPS AND CARNATIONS**

A Group of Paintings

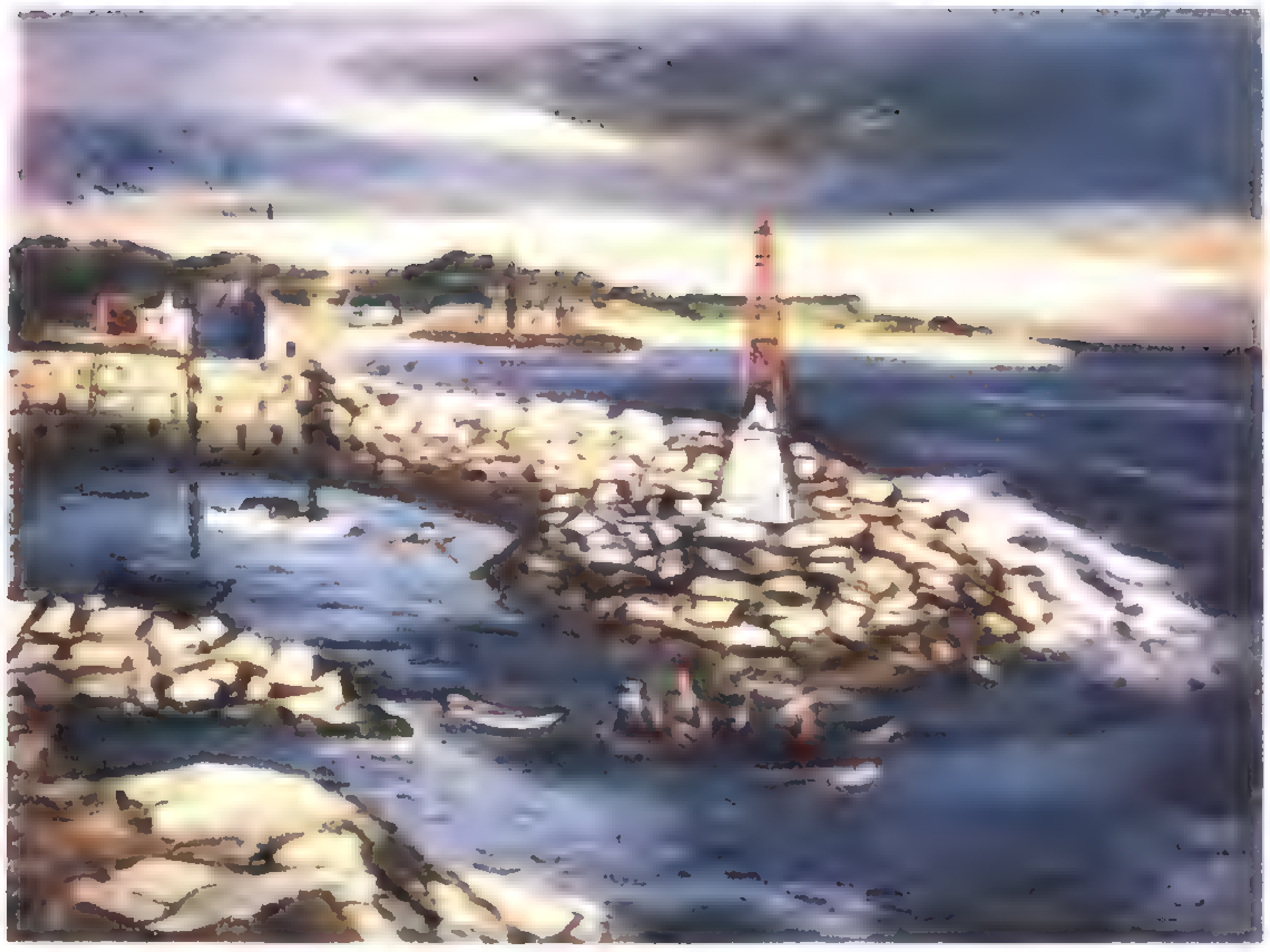
by MIRON SOKOLE

Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. A. D. Gruskin, Director of Midtown Galleries, New York City, where these and other paintings by Miron Sokole are on display



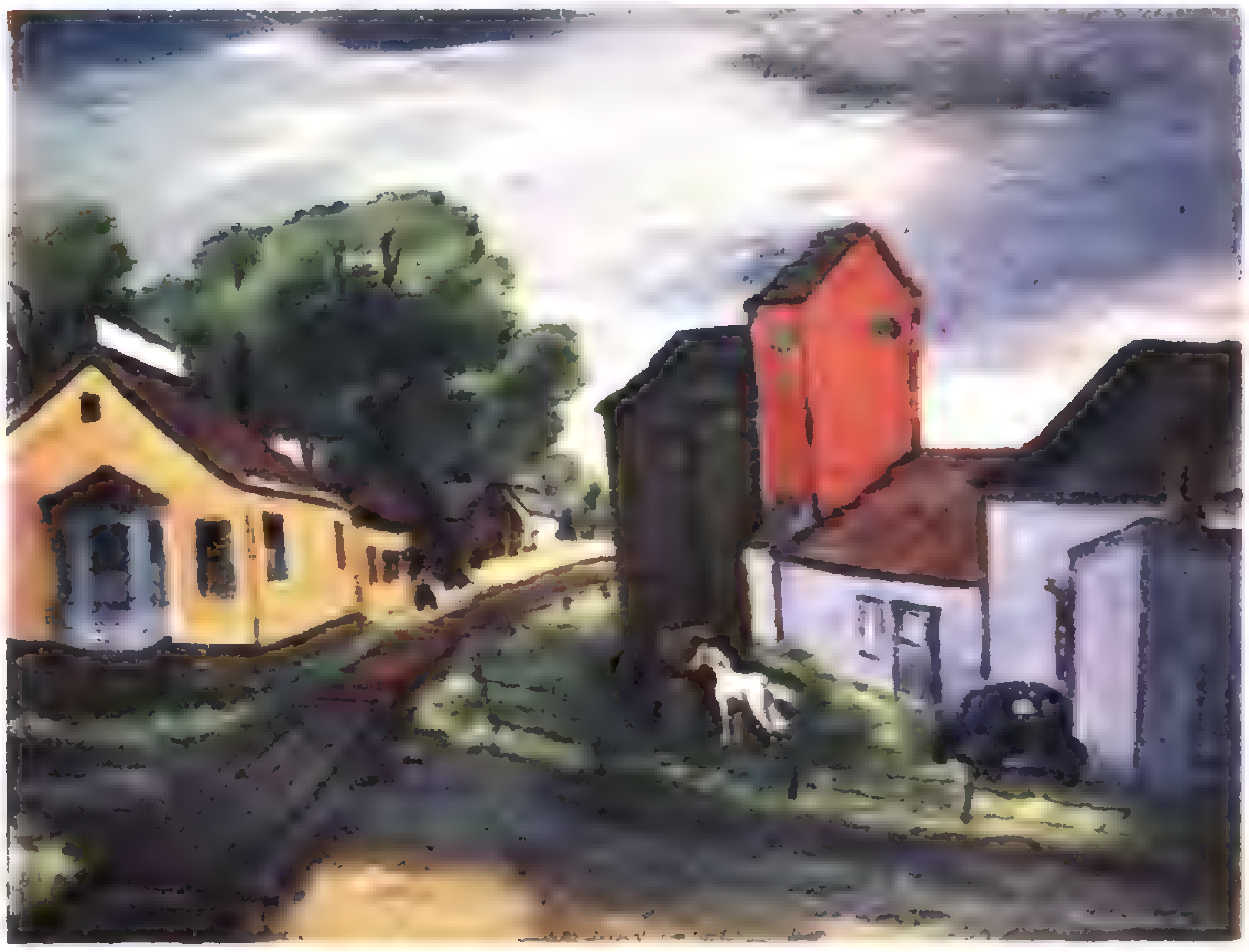
OIL (26" x 20") **MOONLIGHT AND LIBERTY**

The original sketch for this painting was made in Rockport, Maine, on a sunny day in 1941. The artist wished to record the broad, lonesome feeling of the deserted pier. The strong sunlight by which he worked cast shadows which, he felt, would make an effective moonlight view. In his first pencil sketch he instinctively translated daylight into night—thus emphasizing the deserted quality of the scene. Later, when he worked the material of his sketches into the painting, he introduced, as minor notes, the sailors and girls; and he threw in the neon lights to heighten the night effect.



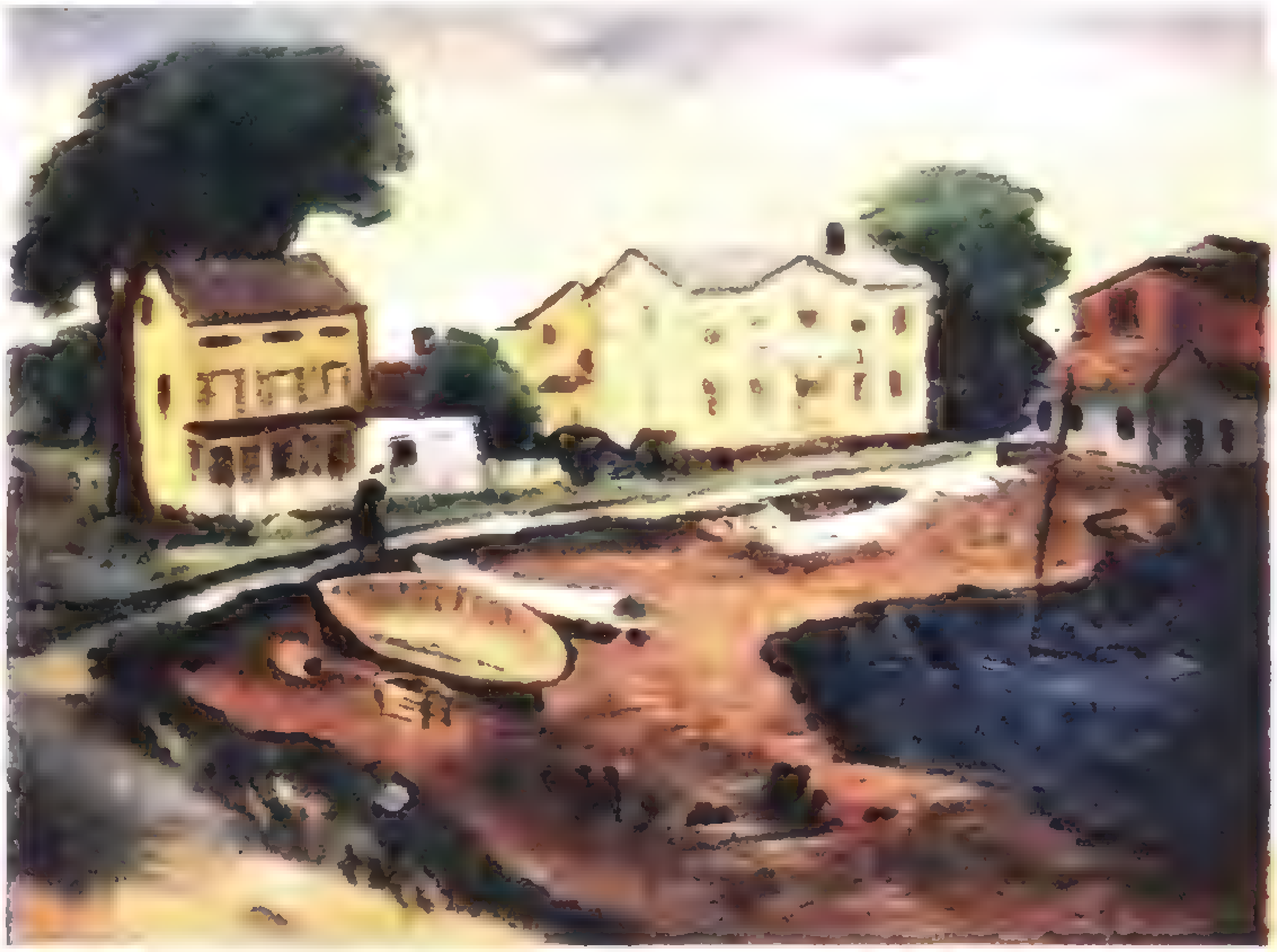
OIL (34" x 28") **ROCKY NECK**

This natural feature of Rockport is known to artists and tourists the world over. As his theme, Miron Sokole wished to emphasize the effect of power in the rock formation. It is a power capable of resisting the terrific beating which the ocean constantly administers to it. The boats riding at anchor and the fishermen getting ready to cast off are introduced as subordinate notes.

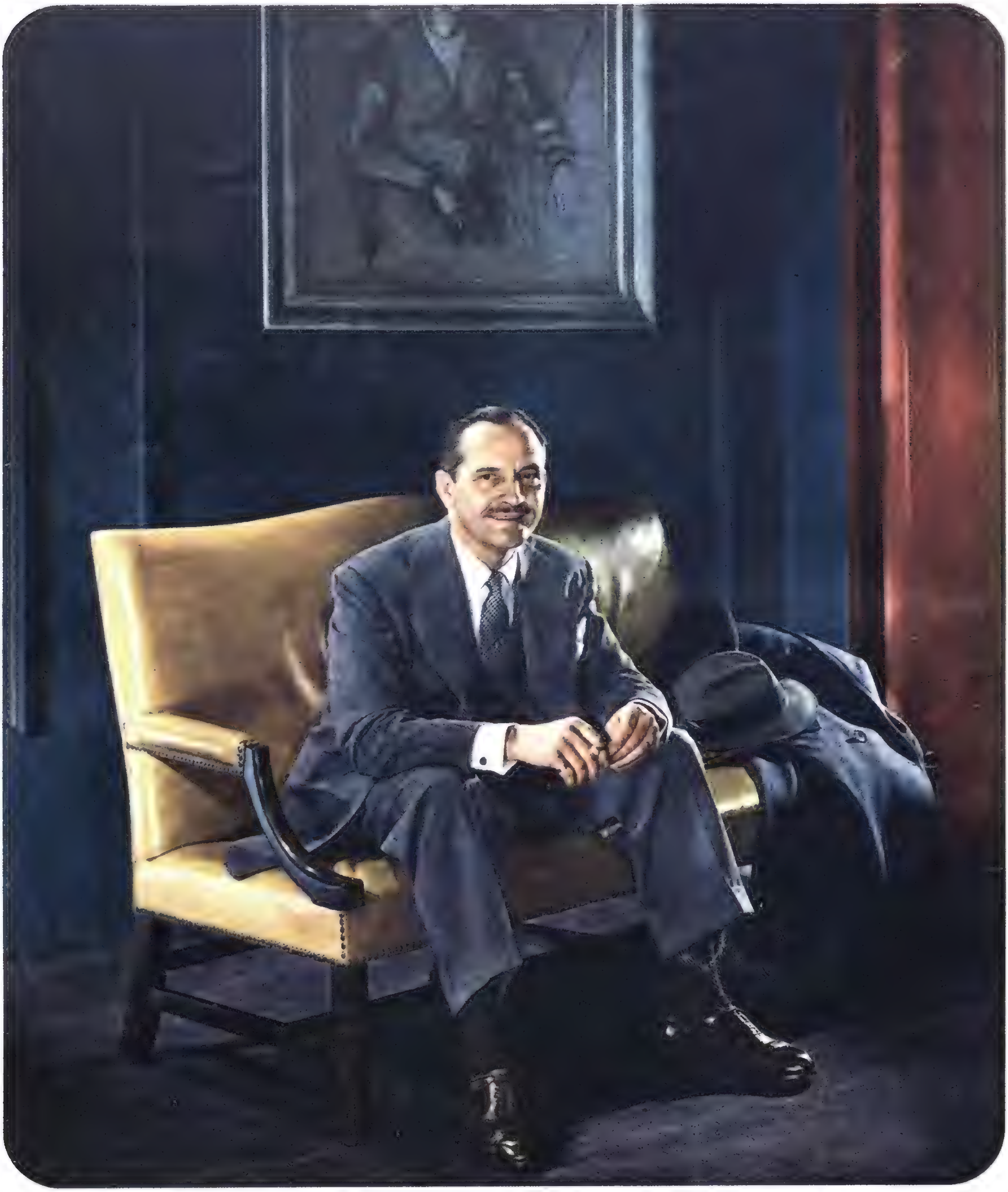


OIL (30" x 24") **WHITE COLT**

The artist sketched this view in New Paltz, N. Y., in the Summer of '37. There was a human figure in the original sketch, but when Mr. Sokole did the painting, he took it out and, wanting a touch of white, arbitrarily added the white colt. The car is placed arbitrarily too, for the artist is too good a driver to try to get a car inside a wire fence, except in a painting.



OIL (30" x 24") **RECEDING TIDE**



BEST-DRESSED ACTOR OF THE MONTH

Fredric March

Photograph by Hurrell

In off-stage mufti, after months in uniform in *A Bell for Adano*, Mr. March wears a brown and white tick pattern worsted suit, with blue stripes. His Macclesfield tie, in blue, brown and silver, repeats the suit pattern. Like many actors he retreats to conservatism in private life. His ties have small, neat figures because "a large pattern makes you look at the tie instead of the guy." He has two inside pockets in each side of his jackets. With his grey cashmere topcoat, he wears a hat with the new black-on-tan combination. His tie clip is a gold loop knot. (Bright readers noting any discrepancy between the above-named colors and those in the picture above will kindly address their squawks to Hurrell who did it with his little blue light.)

LAURITZEN

It will be a glorious day for American literature when some of our earnest and honest and promising novelists grow up

Wolfes and Wolves

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

"Dark Medallion," Dorothy Langley, Simon & Schuster, $2.50.
"The Folded Leaf," William Maxwell, Harper, $2.50.
"Let Us Consider One Another," Josephine Lawrence, Appleton-Century, $2.75.
"This Is Beverly," Hope Bishop Colket, Lippincott, $2.50.
"East of Midnight," Forrest Rosaire, Knopf, $2.50.
"A Lion Is in the Streets," Adria Locke Langley, Whittlesey House, $3.00.
"I Married Them," Janet Van Duyn, Howell, Soskin, $2.50.
"Youth Is the Time," Robert Gessner, Scribner, $2.50.
"Virgin with Butterflies," Tom Powers, Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50.
"Family Tree," Florence Maple, Knopf, $2.50.
"The Music Is Gone," LeGarde S. Doughty, Duell, Sloane & Pearce, $2.50.
"34 Charlton," René Kuhn, Appleton-Century, $2.75.
"The Ghostly Lover," Elizabeth Hardwick, Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.
"They Walk in Darkness," Ellen C. Philtine, Liveright, $2.50.
"The Human Image," Robert Smith, Harper, $2.50.
"A Sweep of Dusk," William Kehoe, Dutton, $2.75.
"Hunky Johnny," E. J. Nichols, Houghton-Mifflin, (Postponed).
"Ward Twenty," James Warner Bellah, Appleton-Century, $2.00.
"Manhattan Furlough," Hiram Haydn, Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50.
"Coming Home," Lester Cohen, Viking, $2.75.
Autobiographical:
"The Best Is Yet," Morris L. Ernst, Harper, $3.00.
"This, Too, Shall Pass Away," George Rony, Creative Age Press (New York), $2.75.

I AM staggering from an orgy of reading twenty novels, all published this year, and I judge from the reviews that I should have considered at least twenty others. My head aches, not because they are so bad, but because they are so very good that they ought to be better; because a few of them ought really to be great.

Together, they show an astonishing change in the standards of honesty, conscious intelligence and craftsmanship in three decades in America. The taboos, the sentimentality and the rigged plots which falsified nearly all fiction in 1915, even in 1925, are absent from most of these twenty novels, and there is little of the cheap slickness of the magazines and movies. They reveal an America serious and grownup.

But most of them need more rigorous use of the blue pencil and far more rigorous avoidance of the influences of Tom Wolfe and William Faulkner and Mary McCarthy, that ferociously brilliant author of *The Company She Keeps*. For mind you, those influences act upon youngsters who have never read the originals, but have drunk in the sweet poison as they have sat on the floor about the bright young English instructor, or in the artistic flat of the interior decorator who is going to start another Free and Fearless Little Magazine as soon as she can get the cash out of her mean old uncle.

The typical Promising Young Author today is a college-bred female not over twenty-eight who knows her Tom Wolfe and still thrills to Hemingway and has so far rediscovered Dreiser as almost to have read him. She knows enough Freud secondhand to believe, erroneously, that all pure men and women think of nothing but fornication, she has picked up such highbrow banalities as "phobia" and "frame of reference," and she is clever, dismayingly clever, and a little supercilious. Particularly, this new Edith Wharton has been taught, by the trainers for the Hopwood golden-glove contest at Michigan or by the modernistic teachers at some other hectic college that she must "write only of what she knows," without learning the corollary that she ought to know a lot more than she does now.

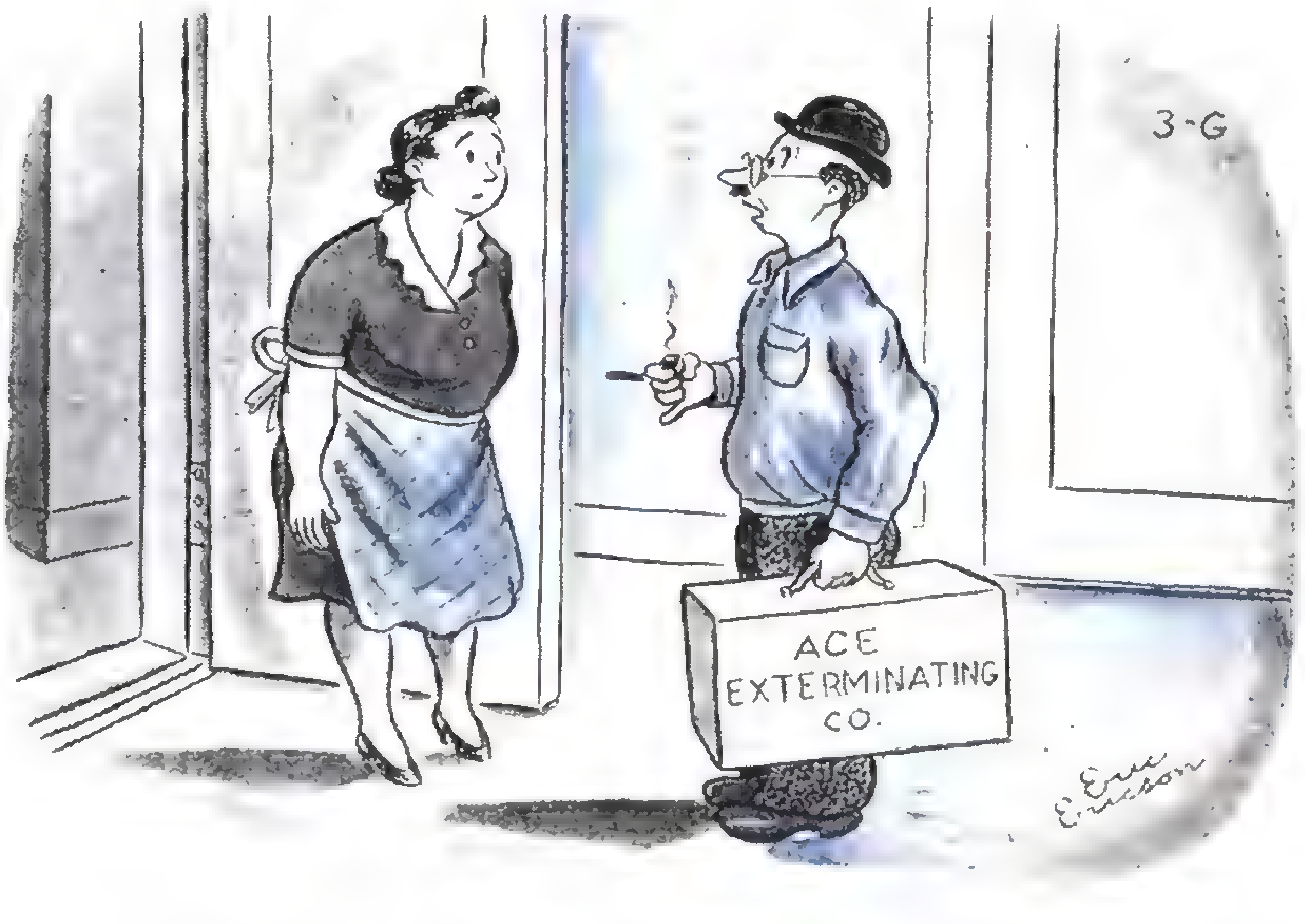
So, since she is still a child, for all her intimidatingly level look, she writes and overwrites of childish matters; of parents vs. children, of the aunt with the seven sweethearts and the seventy psychoses, of jumping into the car and escaping to California (in the Twenties, it would have been to Montparnasse), of her classmates in high school and college, and of little Vivian's impressions at the age of seven months: the shadows on the window blind, the voice of the cook, Father's smell of cigars and Cousin Ed who is a wolf at seven.

Now these are all matters of importance and interest, but to our young ladies they are the only essentials. I long for one novel by a girl fresh from a state university in which the heroine shall have graduated from college and from agoraphobia before the story starts and who won't even brood about them thereafter.

And—this is new, the past couple of years—I would like to persuade my dream girl that the use of the four-letter words doesn't absolutely prove that she is singularly courageous. Now that even those mild and benevolent publishers Don Brace and Max Perkins permit them to be printed in select volumes for family use, they don't mean anything at all but dubious taste.

Out of these twenty novels, five are possibly first-rate: *Dark Medallion*, a fine and wistful story which, without any phony Freudianism, portrays the loneliness of a child and the deterioration of her family; *The Folded Leaf*, which is as good a story of adolescence as the reviewers have said; *Let Us Consider One Another*, by Josephine Lawrence, who in this, as in her earlier *Years Are So Long* and *A Good Home with Nice People*, is our best interpreter of the white-collar class which we so scorn because we all belong to it; *This Is Beverly*, by an entirely new writer, Hope Bishop Colket a swift and very funny tale of a pretentious female fool; and *East of Midnight*, by Forrest Rosaire, who has suffered from the Wolfe cum Freud tie as much as any of the brats, but who can tell a good story of a girl born desperate.

These are the best of the lot; they are excellent fiction, important for any reader who would like to know just where—and why—we all are now. Yet all of them, except *This Is Beverly*, are just as obsessed with childhood, with parents and early mates, as are the lesser entries. Is it possible that the American mind is still just as trapped in infantilism as it used to be, and that what has seemed our growing maturity is merely a change in our (*Continued on page 129*)



". . . and I'll be back tomorrow to mop up the last bit of enemy resistance"

Concerning strange and various record companies and the music of Max Miller

The Rhythm Section

YASUO KUNIYOSHI

by LEONARD FEATHER *and* PAUL EDUARD MILLER

Got a couple of shoestrings handy? Okay, go ahead and start a record company. It's everybody's field day now. In New York alone you can find a bank clerk, a playboy, a hat distributor, a booking agent, an ex-Mayor, a radio station, twelve music publishers, seventeen record shops, a night-club owner and a juke-box czar, all running record companies on the side—and almost all steering their musical course in the direction of hot jazz.

Do you feel qualified to run your own record company? Well, all you do is go to the musicians' union and take out a license guaranteeing to pay the union a royalty on each record you sell. Then you fish around for "connections" to get pressings.

Let's say you can't find the right connection; all the plants that manufacture records are tied up with their prewar clients, or committed to a big company and unwilling to mess with such small fry as yourself. Okay, so you go ahead and build your own plant. Right now there are fifty-seven record companies (my figures are highly approximate) that have started to build their own plants, and will assure you hastily that they will be in full production by Next Tuesday Without Fail. Then you meet them on Tuesday and find out that owing to a slight galvistration of the mortis in the boiler of the fradistrating machine, the first records won't be out until the following Monday. The following Monday you learn that because twelve workmen went to work at the war plant next door, there will be a few weeks delay, but next month WITHOUT FAIL. . . .

Undaunted by these stories, you can go ahead and do your recording while your partners are looking for machines and manpower and a place to place the plant. (It's to be assumed you have roped in a few partners—preferably gold-lined gentlemen with no knowledge of the record business and with slightly less knowledge of music.) You decide to register yourself as Wrecker Records, Inc.

How do you make records? Why, that's very simple. You book three hours at a private recording studio—probably at WOR, where most of the independent companies do their recording in New York—and you loaf along 52nd Street one night, handpicking musicians as they wander in and out of each other's places of employment. The week before last, Sehmecca Records assembled Johnny Guarnieri on piano, Joe Thomas on trumpet, Slam Stewart on bass and a drummer named Hi, to record under the name of Johnny Guarnieri and His Orchestra. Last week Breaker Records got together a brand-new combination composed of Slam Stewart on bass, Joe Thomas on trumpet, Johnny Guarnieri on piano and a drummer named Hi, to record under the name of Joe Thomas and His Orchestra. So you decide to do something different. You get Hi and Thomas and Stewart and Guarnieri plus Don Byas on tenor sax, and record them as Don Byas and His Orchestra.

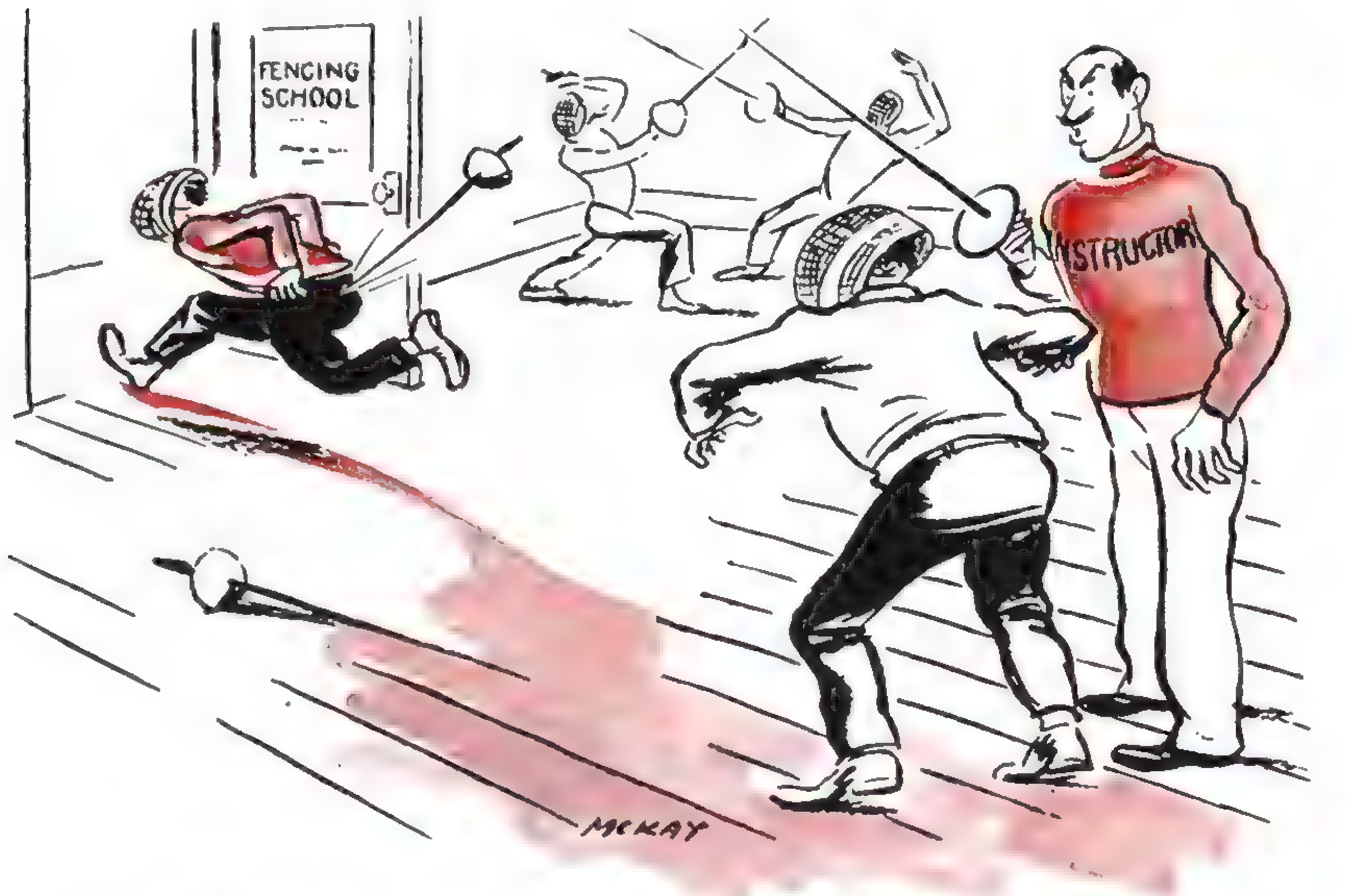
You don't read or write music yourself, and don't want to pay anybody to write music for the session, so when the boys come in the studio they start noodling around with *I Got Rhythm* or *Honeysuckle Rose*, and pretty soon they have a brand-new melody based on the same chords, and they decide to call the new product *Jumpin' at Wrecker* or *Wreckerlection Stomp*. The boys don't realize that in the course of their noodling they have created a new tune of their own, so you put yourself down as a composer, without telling them. Next day you copyright the number, place it with a music publisher and land yourself a fat advance royalty. Oh yes, it's a nice game, the record business.

The above slightly satirical description should not give you the impression that all the independent recording outfits are run as haphazardly as this. There are some that are scrupulously fair in their treatment of musicians, paying more than the thirty dollars scale for a three-hour, four-tune session, and there are a couple whose supervisors can actually read and write music. There are even some that don't chisel on song royalties! Moreover, regardless of their business methods, some good records are likely to result, if the musicians work well together. Since all these Guarnieris and Byases and Thomases and Slams are fine musicians, the products are generally of some musical merit.

The pity of it all is that Victor, Columbia and Decca, who have the largest distribution facilities, the best recording, surface and reproduction, devote their time very largely to the stuff that has million-sale possibilities. If they can dispose of 750,000 discs of *My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time*, as two of these companies did, not long ago, they are not interested in giving over their pressing machines to the production of a good jazz record which might sell 50,000. That's why most of the real jazz, especially the small-band stuff, is still being made by recorders who have high blood pressure from running around trying to get 500 copies pressed here and 1,000 at a plant in Dagnabbett, Wisconsin.

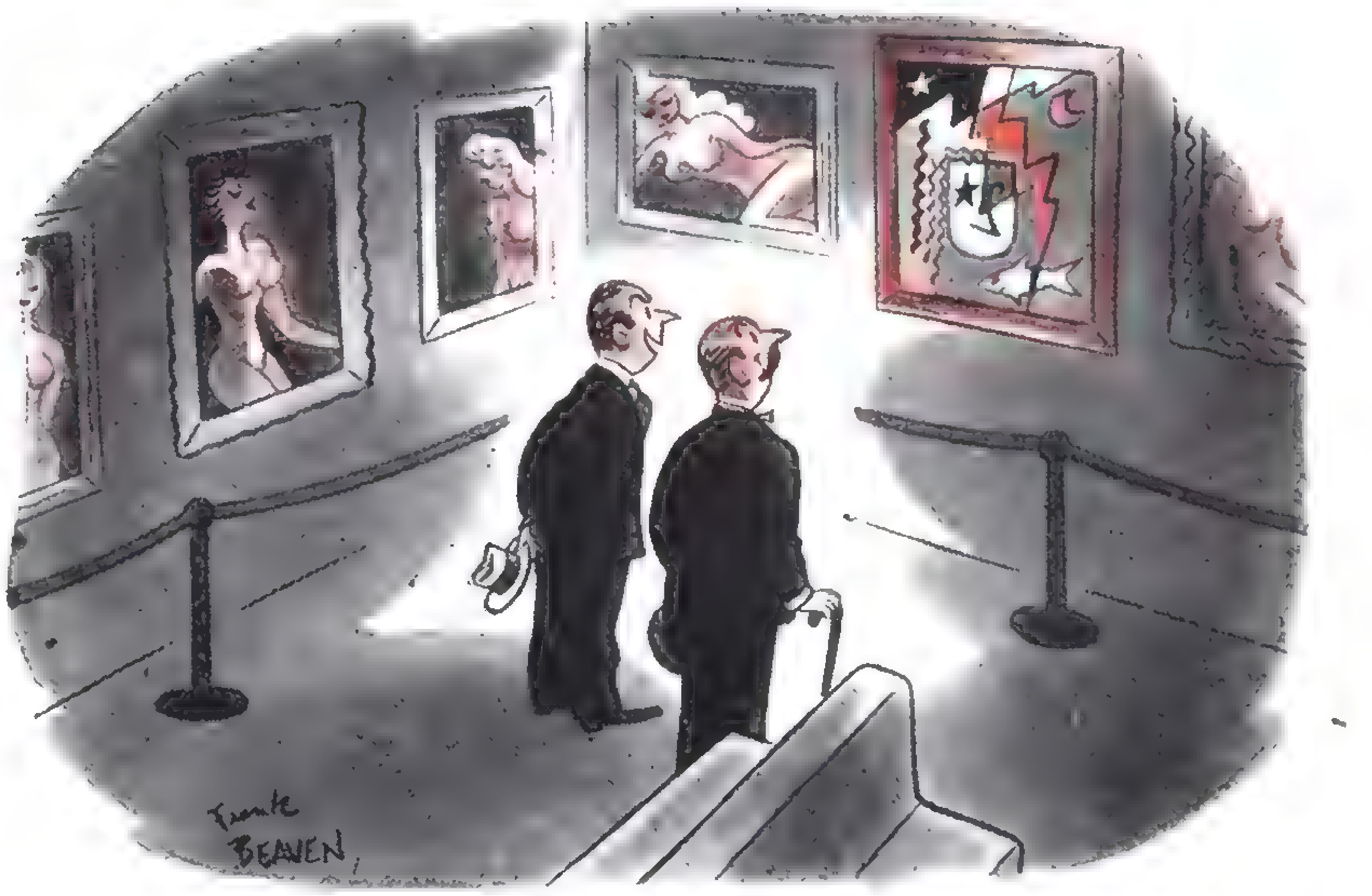
Just over a year ago, when I surveyed the record scene on this page, the situation was developing this way, but tracking down all the record companies was a comparatively easy problem then. Today it's a reviewer's nightmare. Comet Records, Hub Records, Duke Records, Jamboree Records, De Luxe Records, Super Discs, Exclusive, Excelsior, Premier, Atlas, Celebrity, Manor, Regis, National, take me away! Try to get sample copies for a survey of the month's releases and you'll eventually give up in favor of some easy task like locating 500 pairs of nylons.

What will happen after the war, when unlimited quantities of shellac can be brought from India and unlimited manpower will be ready to press records by the billion? Some say the big companies will completely crush the independents, and that hot jazz will suffer. Others incline, with me, to the belief that there will be plenty of room in the field for everyone, but that quality of product will, as the man told Jack Benny, be essential to continuing success. —LEONARD FEATHER.



"Well now, Mr. Johnson, you have that lunge down pat —but what say we brush up on that aim?"

Max Miller—
Champion of Good Jazz



"I knew you'd like it!"

He was playing an out-of-tune upright piano with the front board removed. Some of the key hammers refused to function. In anger he reached up and ripped a whole octave of hammers completely loose from their attachments. He said: "If you want me to play here you'll have to throw this one on the junk heap."

He was playing vibraharp and piano with his own small outfit in a Chicago Loop stage bar. The intermission pianist was Dorothy Donegan. One night she engaged in a controversy with the bandleader. It led to harsh words, then to physical altercation. When the two were parted he told the manager: "Either she goes or I go." The management fired Donegan. Business continued three-deep around the bar. The confidence was justified.

He was playing string bass for a Chicago band of local repute. The leader wanted to add the vibes to his instrumentation, but knew no one whom he could get to play them. He told the leader: "You get the vibes; I'll play them." He did—to the leader's surprised satisfaction.

He was featured on vibes and playing guitar for a nationally known name-band. After eight months of playing music he didn't like he told the leader: "Even if you offered me a thousand a week, I wouldn't stay with your band any longer." He returned to Chicago, starved for three months before landing another job—starved because he insisted on playing jazz only.

He held the position of musical director at a radio station, in addition to playing vibes and leading his own small jazz outfit in several commercial broadcasts. The station's program director warned him that sponsors did not like the jazz he played. He said: "Tell the sponsor we intend to keep on playing jazz, so he'd better get a different show." One of the sponsors was William K. Wrigley. He did not withdraw the program. Nor did the others.

That, I assure you, is a behind-the-scene introduction to the characteristic Max Miller (no relation). Those actions typify a man who has chosen to fight for conditions which allow him to function as the artist that he is. For fifteen years Max has waged that fight, and now, having arrived at a point where he can be judged a first-rate jazz artist, his battle takes on significance. It has come to mean something of incalculable value that during all those years Max has fought for quality—of jazz, of jazz musicians and of jazz musicianship. It is no accident that many unknown but meritorious jazzmen have worked under his leadership: pianists Mel Grant, Harry Hinda and Frank Melrose; altoists Johnny Bothwell and Bill Funkey; string bassists Ed Mihelick and Bill Rutz; tenorman Emmet Carl; clarinetist Coco Bavuso; trumpeter Shorty Sherock; vocalist Anita O'Day; drummer Ken Smith.

Max Miller has always preferred to work with musicians rather than players. He distinguishes between the two in this manner: "Players know their instruments but don't understand sounds. Instinctively they may know why they get certain sounds, but they cannot always obtain the sounds at will. The musician can. The musician goes beyond study and practice, beyond the mechanics of playing, but with his superior knowledge he carries with him an instinctive feeling for the right patterns and harmonics plus a conscious discriminating taste."

Believing as he does, Max has demanded that the men who work with him as well as for him maintain the standards of musicianship as he defines it. He knows that with musicians he can create jazz that arrests the attention of even the average jazzfan. Because he believes as he does he has the spirit and determination to give his employers and his public the best—as he interprets it. All the musicians who enjoyed working with Max have given him their respect both as musician and leader. With that kind of co-operation he has been tireless in his efforts always to play good jazz, no matter where the job; his artistry impels him to play his best.

"Sure, I like your music," many a nightspot owner has told Max. "But you don't play enough tunes that my patrons want to hear—you're not commercial." To Max, this is the most preposterous of all arguments. He believes that if he can win over an audience to his kind of music, that's good business as well as desirable from the jazz musician's standpoint. That has been his weapon in all his battles for good jazz. When night club and stage bar patrons fill the spot to capacity every time he plays, his language is understandable even to owners and managers who do not like what he plays. Argues Max: "The myth that a band has to be corny, use a lot of shoddy tricks and devote most of its time to playing pop tunes in order to be commercial, frequently is repeated by guys who make money by perpetuating the myth. I mean agents and promoters, managers and bookers, music publishers and recording executives, song pluggers and publicity agents. They're afraid when jazz gets off the beaten track because their mass production methods can't be applied to good jazz—and they can't collect their percentages fast enough. Many jazzmen have come to believe what so often has been repeated. These men have come to fear the penalty as it affects their pocketbooks. I have found that effect to be temporary. I never consider it an obstacle—I'd rather hold out."

At sixteen Max was earning a hundred a week playing banjo in a small outfit at Danceland, in Hammond, Indiana. This first important venture had been preceded by an earlier interest in the ukulele, at which time his mother bought him a banjo. Soon his banjo lessons became more important than his school work. So he renounced his home ties, quit school and devoted himself completely to the pursuit of jazz music. Gigs, regular jobs and "sitting-in" sessions gave him experience and confidence. He was fast gaining the groundwork necessary for the emergence of his credo, which took shape almost unconsciously. After a year with a road-show band (on guitar and banjo) he found a berth in a local outfit in St. Joseph, Michigan. Here he first became interested in the piano, the instrument which, thirteen years later, was to become his favorite. In 1933 the Depression knocked him out of the music world. He had not given up easily, but he tackled his new work as a salesman in a foundry and filling station with conscientiousness. When, in 1935, he abandoned what he called "the righteous life," he returned as a drummer. There followed stints as a bassist and vibraharpist, pianist and guitarist, vibraharpist and pianist.

The three years from 1937 to 1940 found him in the position of musical director at radio station WIND in Gary, Indiana. Here he found a new outlet for his energy and talents. He organized a jazz quintet for regularly scheduled commercial and sustaining broadcasts. He devoted himself to writing and arranging, much of it original material. It was a happy period. He had "sold" good jazz to his patrons: his satisfaction derived from playing it.

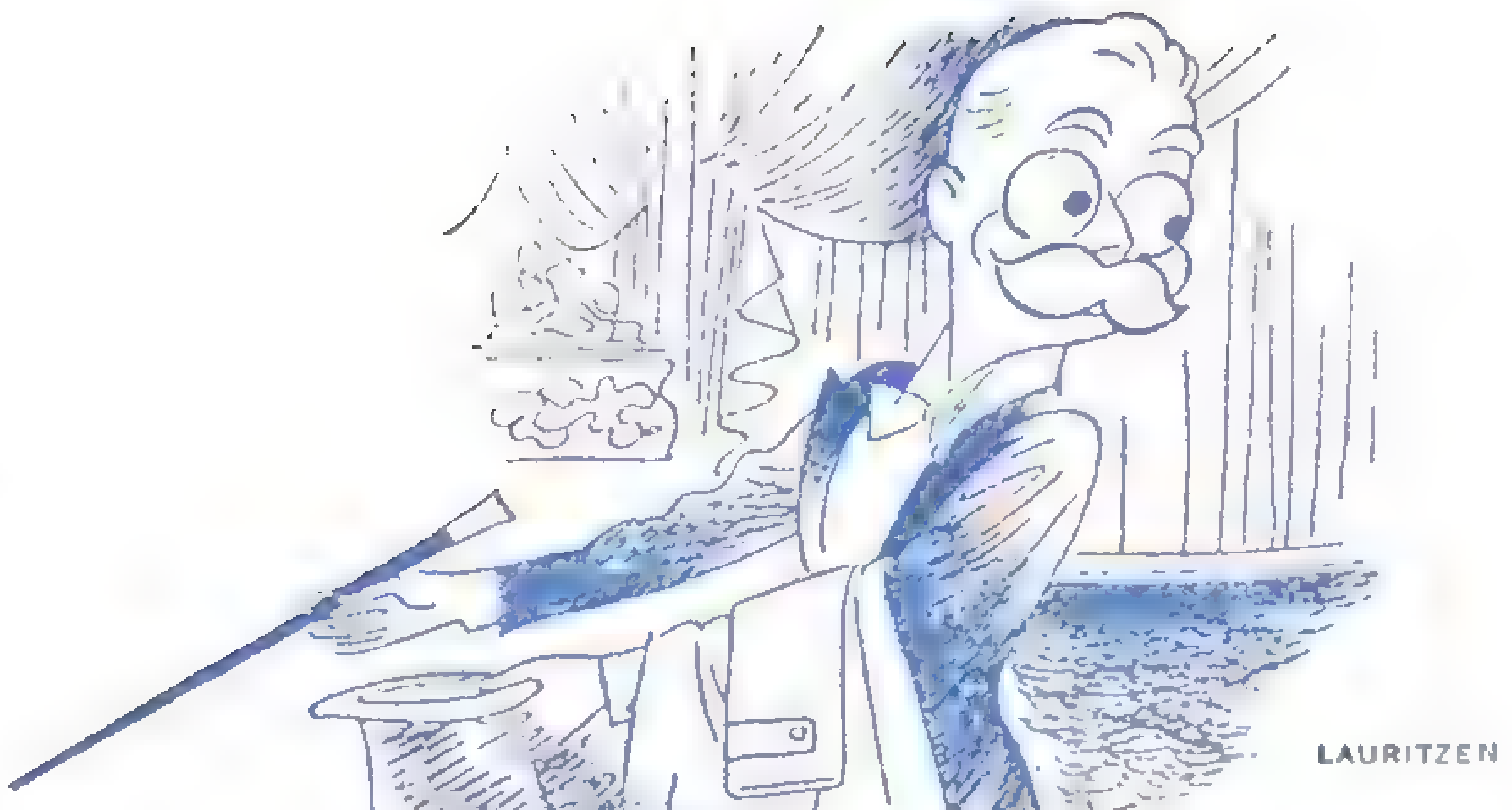
He resigned from the station to accept a job with his quintet at Chicago's Three Deuces. A disastrous fire destroyed the club just a few weeks before his scheduled opening. Two hectic years followed. Most of the time he headed his own trio or quartet or quintet. Work was not steady but he always held out for a job on which he could play good jazz. Two months after Pearl Harbor he was working in a sizable war plant in St. Joseph. Within two years he had worked from the position of a stock checker to that of a sales executive. There is little doubt that when he is released from his war duties he will re-enter jazz circles. That, I feel—will be his most opportune moment for impressing his first-rate talents on jazzfans all over the nation.

As a war worker, Max has devoted his leisure time to developing and polishing his piano style and technique. An adaptation of his vibe technique, his manner of playing is uniquely enriched—melodically, rhythmically and harmonically—by his wide experience and his eagerness for more knowledge. To maintain his limberness he has played occasional gigs and has almost daily made use of his own piano. When he performs *Solar Plexus Blues* or *Blues at Twilight* or *Heart Beat Blues* in the company of drummer Ken Smith, altoman Bill Funkey and bassist Bill Rutz, the full impact of his leadership and pianistic ability is revealed in profoundly emotional music perfectly projected.—PAUL EDUARD MILLER.

Colleagues Paul Gallico and Gilbert Seldes kiss the canvas in Round One

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN


LAURITZEN

Sitting jointly not long ago over the medicinal waters, the editor of this great farm and poultry journal exercised his winning ways upon me—and can that jerk be winning!—and persuaded me hopeless come-on that I am, to employ this slack theatre month in a consideration of certain facets of the character, anatomy and critical virtuosity of my venerated neighbor and colleague, Mr. Gilbert Seldes. To my protests that I had nothing against Mr. Seldes, whether personally, professionally, pictorially, or indeed even morally, and to my observation that he had never so much as once failed reverently to take his hat off to me when we passed each other on the boulevards, the fellow mumbled that it didn't matter. A blast at Mr. Seldes was what he wanted. My acquiescence was predicated only on my presumption that the heel had in the same sly way persuaded Mr. Seldes to go to work on me. So here, accordingly, is what the doctor ordered, and even more. For while I am about it, not only shall I operate upon Mr. Seldes, but upon my equally venerated neighbor and colleague, Mr. Paul Gallico, who for all I know (and to play safe) may similarly have been cajoled to sass the tar out of the both of us.

Mr. Seldes, to proceed, is the most comprehensively enthusiastic and good-willed man seen in this world since the late Dr. Frank Crane and Orison Swett Marden lovingly kissed each other on the cheeks after bumping glasses of Peruna spritzl. If there is anything my friend doesn't like, within all of five years the possible exception of the book of the musical show, *Early to Bed*, and Dorothy Thompson's idea of the theatre, a Varga girl must have got in the way of my reading. So generous, indeed, is Gilbert toward the cosmos that any catalogue of his admirations would fill this magazine, even the Christmas number.

Just as a faint idea, I list a mere handful. He likes, for illustration, everything from the movies to the radio, from television to rhubarb dipped in maple syrup, from ballets in which Russians are replaced by Kansas gas-filling station operators to blues singers like Jane Froman, from loud jazz to green polka-dot bow ties, from redheaded circus bareback riders to the comic strips, and from phonographs, root beer and colored underdrawers to, all of all things, even me. What's more, he doesn't deny it. "The editor of this skeptical journal," he wrote a year or more ago, "noted with amazement that one of his contributors, myself, was nearly always gushing with praise for someone or something. I read George Jean Nathan's latest sharp comments and decided to reform my style as soon as a subject occurred. It has come."

He thereupon observed that he didn't like the before-mentioned musical show, *Early to Bed.* But you can't change a Seldes' spots. In the very same article, he couldn't resist confessing that the show nevertheless had "some of the most attractive looking girls I've ever seen; the dances are by Robert Alton who doesn't miss; and the music is credited to Fats Waller and some of it sounds like his best; and there's an attractive topical song delivered by some excellent Negro members of the company." In the same article, he also proclaimed that *Oklahoma!* is "a humdinger," that *Something for the Boys* is "one true musical show," that "to me the movies are a source of endless astonishment: no matter how bad they get, they still turn out first-rate entertainment more steadily than any other institution I know, with the notable exception of the great radio comedians," and that "I never write Mr. Bing Crosby's name without a bow to majesty."

If that's Mr. Seldes' idea of reformation patterned after "George Jean Nathan's latest sharp comments," not only one Varga girl but a whole calendar of the beauties must have got in the way of his reading the aforesaid sourball.

It is my friend's enthusiasm for the radio, however, that induces in me the profoundest concern for him. Judging from his monthly articles, it seems that he spends at least fifteen hours a day laughing fit to kill at the jokes he hears over the air. (I can even forgive him for his confessed admiration for Mae West and Marcel Proust, whom he brackets, but not for that.) Let Fred Allen ad lib something to the effect that "That was *Me* from *Me and My Gal,*" or "That would have been So-and-So if he hadn't prevented Al Goodman from playing it," and Gilbert breaks his suspender buckles roaring with mirth.

"Tom Howard's show," says Gilbert, "struck me as being the funniest new thing on the air in years, and by all odds the funniest single half hour." As examples of the show's extraordinary humor, he quotes these items:

1. "After what Civil War president is the Lincoln Tunnel named?"

"May I guess?"

"Washington!"

"Washington was the most honest man that ever lived."

"Then why did they close the banks on the day he was born?"

2. Shelton fails to tell what color the Christmas is in the song *White Christmas.* Howard gives a cue: it's the same color as a thing we often see at Christmas. We often say, "It would be more like Christmas if we had—what—on the ground?" "Our feet," says Lulu McConnell.

Intermission.

Now that you are all back in your seats again, herewith half a dozen other samples of typical radio jocosity that apparently delight our colleague no end.

1. Archie (Ed) Gardner: Look, Eddie, it says here in the paper, "Jap war cabinet promises eventual victory."

Eddie: That ain't no cabinet, that's a hope chest.

2. Mary Livingston: Was your train late?

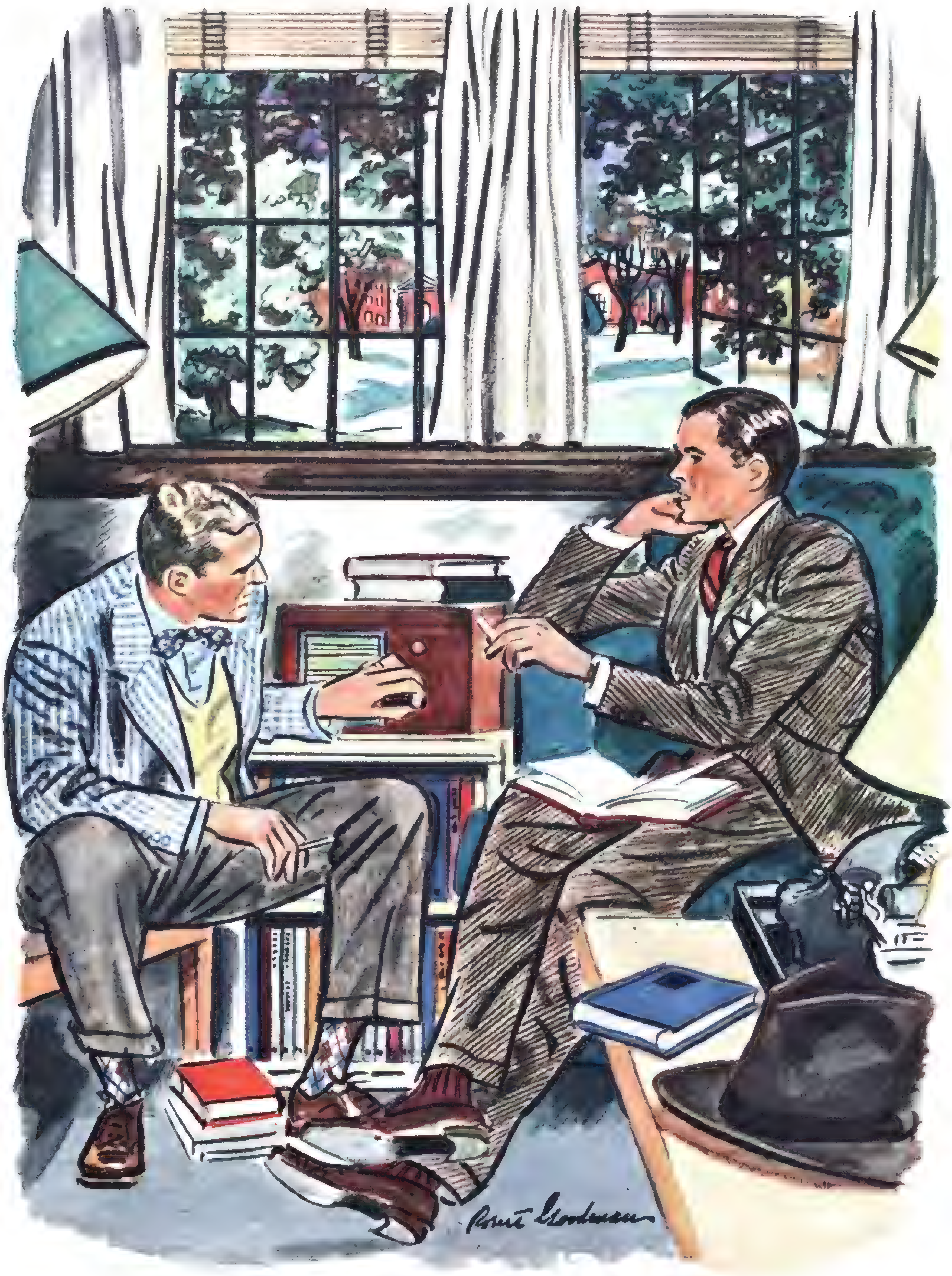
Rochester: What train? I was out on Highway 99 free-lancing.

3. Edgar Bergen: Mor- (*Continued on page 136*)

Leslie Saalburg

fall opening

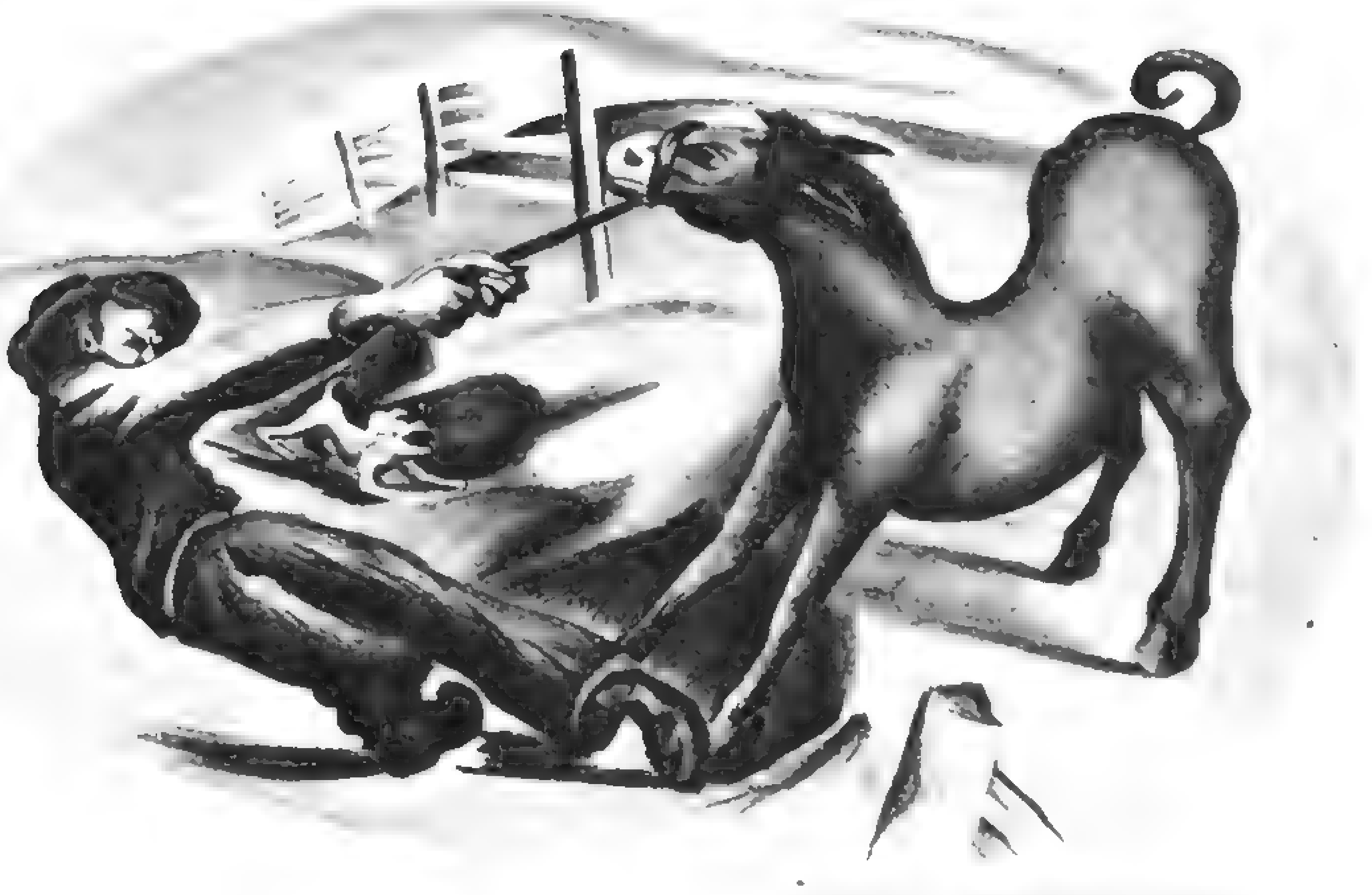
Registration week, and the undergrad, at left, registers a revival note with that cap. His friend prefers a hat, but sees two sides to everything, including his coat—one of the popular reversibles of tweed and processed cotton gabardine. The man at center checks in with a checked tweed jacket plus overplaid. In the rear, the fly-front raincoat is easy going with raglan sleeves, and hat to match.



TUNE IT DOWN A LITTLE

Drawing by Robert Goodman

Traditional loud numbers formerly seen on the campus are moderated this season. While definite plaids are still around, a new seriousness is reflected in clothes as well as in the classroom. Many students are returning to school after a hitch of military service. Matured by their experiences, they're knuckling down to stiff programs to make up for lost time. Setting the new form for the dorm, the man at left restrains himself to a small-pattern tweed jacket and foulard bow tie. But he does let himself go somewhat on plaid argyle socks. The other student is also on the quiet side with a diagonal tweed suit of Meadow Brown, tan Oxford shirt, ribbed wool socks and striped crocheted tie. Both wear V-neck sweaters.



LITHOGRAPH BY BERNARD STEFFEN

She was a phenomenal mule, talked like a soldier and knew when to say "when"

Frances and the Golden Brew

by PETER STIRLING

It was hot. In Burma it was always hot, but on this particular day it was stifling. I sat in the G-2 Office at Headquarters and wiped the sweat from my face. I felt seedy.

Also my friend Frances, the Army mule who could talk and fly, was on my mind. I owed the animal so much and hadn't even made a start at repaying my obligation.

Frances had saved my life when I was lost behind the Jap lines. The mule had prevented my marriage to the beautiful Maureen Van Gelder who turned out to be an Axis agent. Then there was my capture of the Jap listening post only two thousand yards from Headquarters. Frances had engineered that coup.

Time and again I had tried to tell my superiors about the talking, flying mule. Always the result was the same. I was shipped off to the psychopathic ward of the post hospital for observation. I was becoming an habitué of the place.

Any second lieutenant would have been worried.

The colonel kept watching me. Finally he struggled up from behind his desk and waddled over. He said I looked a little seedy. In fact, he said I looked seedy as a Jap prisoner who had been slightly carved by a bayonet and left in the monsoon for a week.

The colonel pointed out that the general was having a Corps dinner that evening, that I was expected to speak about my adventures in capturing the Jap listening post. The colonel asked if I intended to disgrace G-2 by any silly stories about my hallucination.

I asked if the Colonel, Sir, was referring to the mule who could talk and fly. The colonel said he was. I said I wouldn't disgrace G-2.

The colonel stared at me for half a minute, looked out the window, then suggested I take the afternoon off. I said, "Yes, sir" and left.

I drove my jeep over to the commissary. Sergeant Cosgrove was at lunch and Kim, the Chinese corporal, was in charge. I had once done him a favor.

I told Kim I was feeling off my feed. Kim closed both eyes together, then opened them quickly. This was supposed to be a wink. He gave me double the weekly liquor ration, two cases of beer, two fifths of Old Grandad bourbon, instead of the usual one of each.

Kim helped me load the cases into the jeep. I patted him on the back. I have always felt that under the proper circumstances a certain familiarity between officers and enlisted personnel is allowable.

I had intended to drive directly to my headquarters and try to get a little sleep. But then I thought a short drive might be cooling.

It was. I drove for half an hour, winding along a cliff. I came to a section where the road swung back into the hills. There was a patch of banyan trees stretching to the cliff.

I pulled the jeep off the road, drove down a half trail almost to its end. I turned off the ignition and leaned back.

I closed my eyes and rubbed my forehead, trying to brush away the dullness. I felt low, very low.

"I wish I were home," I spoke aloud.

"Quite an original thought," said a voice.

I started up.

Frances, the Army mule, was standing beside the jeep, her large, brown eyes gazing at me.

"Frances!" I said.

"It's me," said the mule.

I must have frowned.

"Sorry," said Frances. "It is I. The Army has a tendency to make us careless about our grammar, doesn't it?"

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I might ask the same of you?" Frances said.

"Were you following me?" I made an effort to get a little severity in my voice.

Frances twitched an ear. "I might have been, Lieutenant, I might have been."

"What is it you want?" I asked.

The mule disregarded my question. "Do you, by any chance, have beer in those cases?"

"I do," I said.

"And are those Old Grandad bottles the real stuff?"

"They are."

"Hmf," said Frances, "chiseling double rations."

"Watch yourself," I ordered. Such criticism of an officer was definitely out of line.

"Keep your shirt on, Lieutenant." The mule was eyeing the two cases. "Is that a bucket I see in the back of the jeep?"

"It is," I said.

"You don't say so!" Frances wet her lips. "You don't say so!"

"What are you driving at?" I asked.

"Don't be so dense, Lieutenant," Frances said. "Show a little hospitality."

"Do you mean to tell me you drink?" I had climbed out of the jeep.

"Seven years in this mule's Army!" Frances was looking at me out of the corner of her eyes. "What a question. What a question! . . . Come on, Lieutenant."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"We're wasting valuable time." Frances wetted her lips again.

Almost without realizing what I was doing I leaned over and opened the top case of beer.

"Put the bucket on the ground," Frances directed.

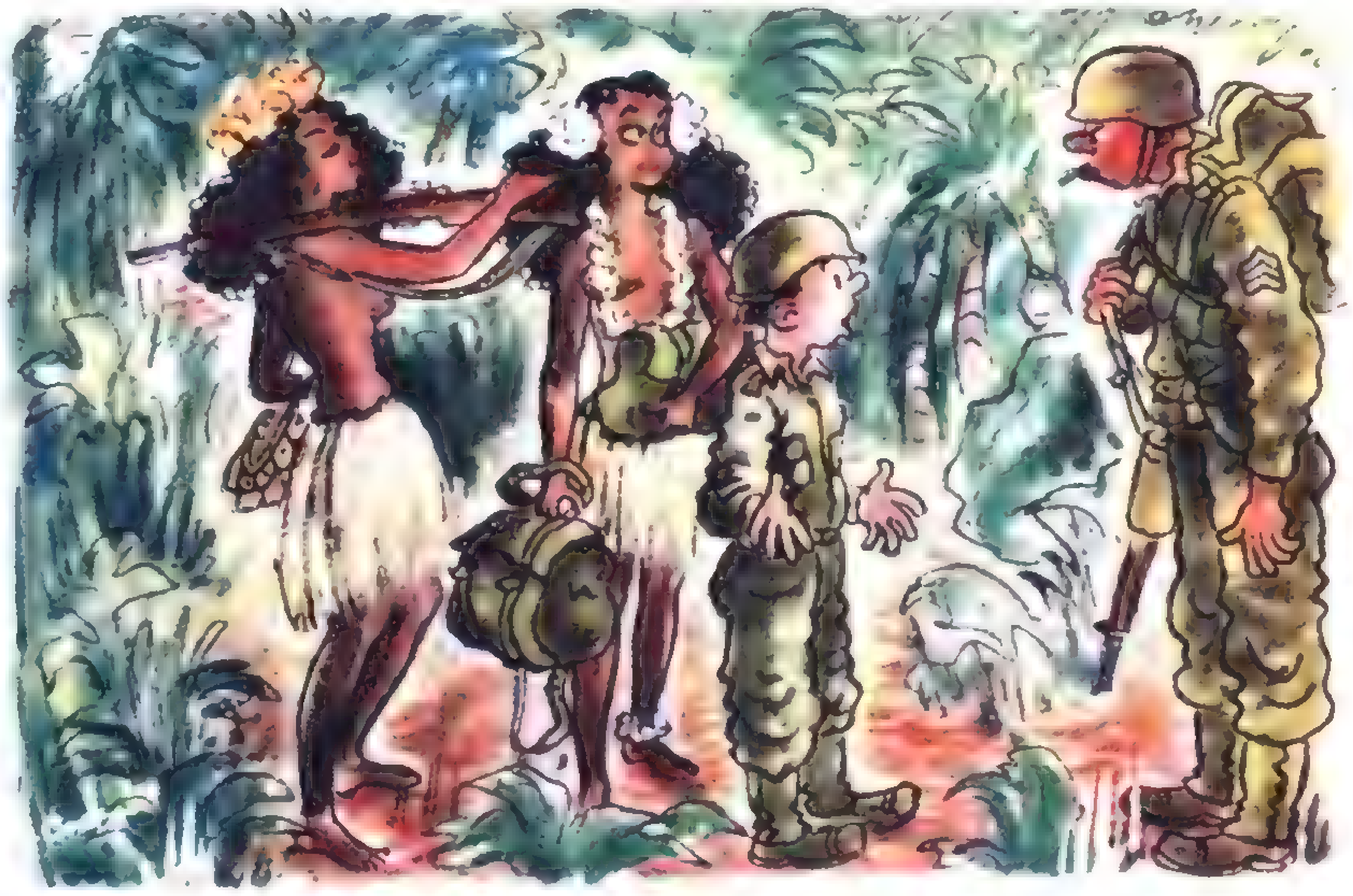
"What for?" I asked, moving the bucket to where the mule indicated.

"So I can drink out of it," said Frances. "Drinking from the bottle always seems to be a bit crude, don't you think?"

"You're quite particular."

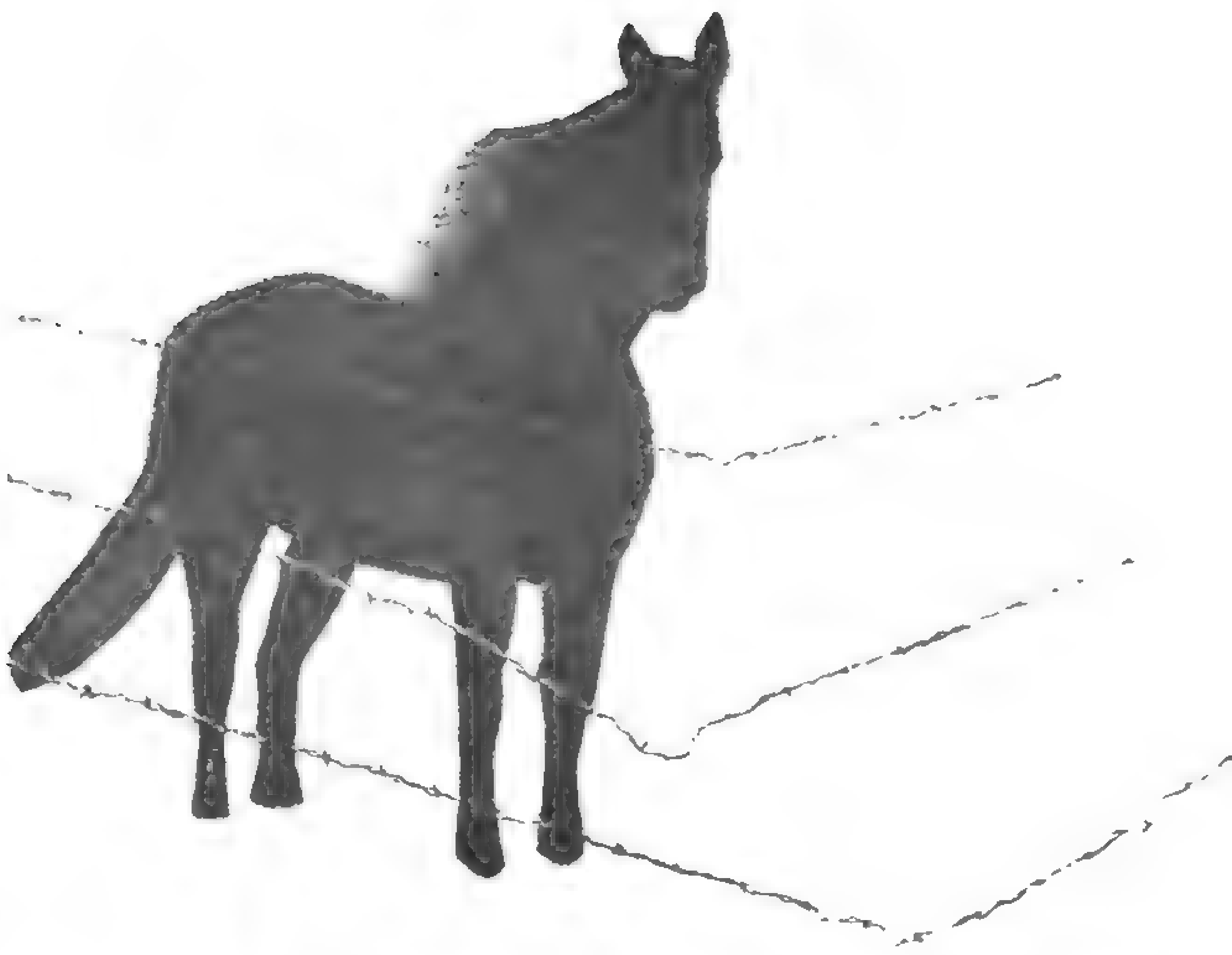
"As I've said before, Lieutenant, because

(*Continued on page 158*)



"Is there anything in the regulations that says they can't carry my equipment?"

Traveling West together the lad and the strawberry roan faced the hazards of blizzard, fire and hostile Indians



DETAIL FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY GRANT WOO

A Boy and His Horse

by J. FRANK DOBIE

*C*HESTER EVANS *is seventy-eight years old and runs the weekly newspaper at Lebo, Kansas. Five years ago an old-timer in Dodge City advised me to see him if I wanted a story about a horse and a boy in a blizzard. I'll always remember how he choked down when he came to the end of it. This morning a letter came from Chester Evans—the letter I have been waiting for these five years. It tells me some details about Prince that I had forgotten or did not get out of our talk. It tells me, too, how the writer's oldest son-in-law, who was in the last war, is an aviation engineer in the Philippines, how another son-in-law was wounded in the New Hebrides, how another was killed at St. Lo in Normandy, how the daughters are all working, how the oldest son is in a bomber plant, while the youngest, his help on the paper, has passed Army examinations and is expecting the call. I know a little of the decencies and kindnesses that for nigh half a century Chester Evans as citizen and as editor and proprietor of* The Lebo Enterprise *has spread among his fellow human beings. And now his memory runs back to the horse he has never forgotten.*

Prince was just a colt at the side of his mother when in the Fall of 1874 I bought him for eighteen dollars. His mother was a Sioux Indian mare and he had been sired by a French Canadian stallion. I was just a colt too, eight years old, but I had no mother. My father was always busy at his printing office. We lived in a boarding house. This was in Iowa. Prince and I grew up together, constant companions. He would come at my call and follow me everywhere. I often gave him carrots and lumps of sugar. He was a strawberry roan, blazed face, white stockings on his front legs.

Like other boys I wanted to be a cowboy. After I nearly died from lung fever in the Winter of '77 and spring found me quite frail, Father gave way to my constant urging and said I could go west. On April 11, 1878, Prince and I started for the Farnsworth Ranch on Cheyenne Creek sixty-eight miles northwest of Dodge City. An uncle of mine worked for this outfit which was called the Smoky Hill Pool. I set out in company with a man driving a team of big sorrel horses to a wagon. While we were still hundreds of miles from Dodge, and the country was getting wilder all the time, one of the sorrels took colic and died. The owner sold the other to a government horse buyer and gave me my choice of going back to Iowa with him or going on with the government buyer. I did not hesitate for one instant in making my choice. I went on. It happened that the government man was delivering a bunch of horses to Fort Riley. From there I trailed a troop of cavalry to Dodge City. Herds of Longhorns were coming up from Texas. The town was alive like dawn with ringing spurs, cracking whips, and eager young men. I stayed in Dodge City till my uncle came in and took me out to Smoky Hill Pool headquarters on Cheyenne Creek.

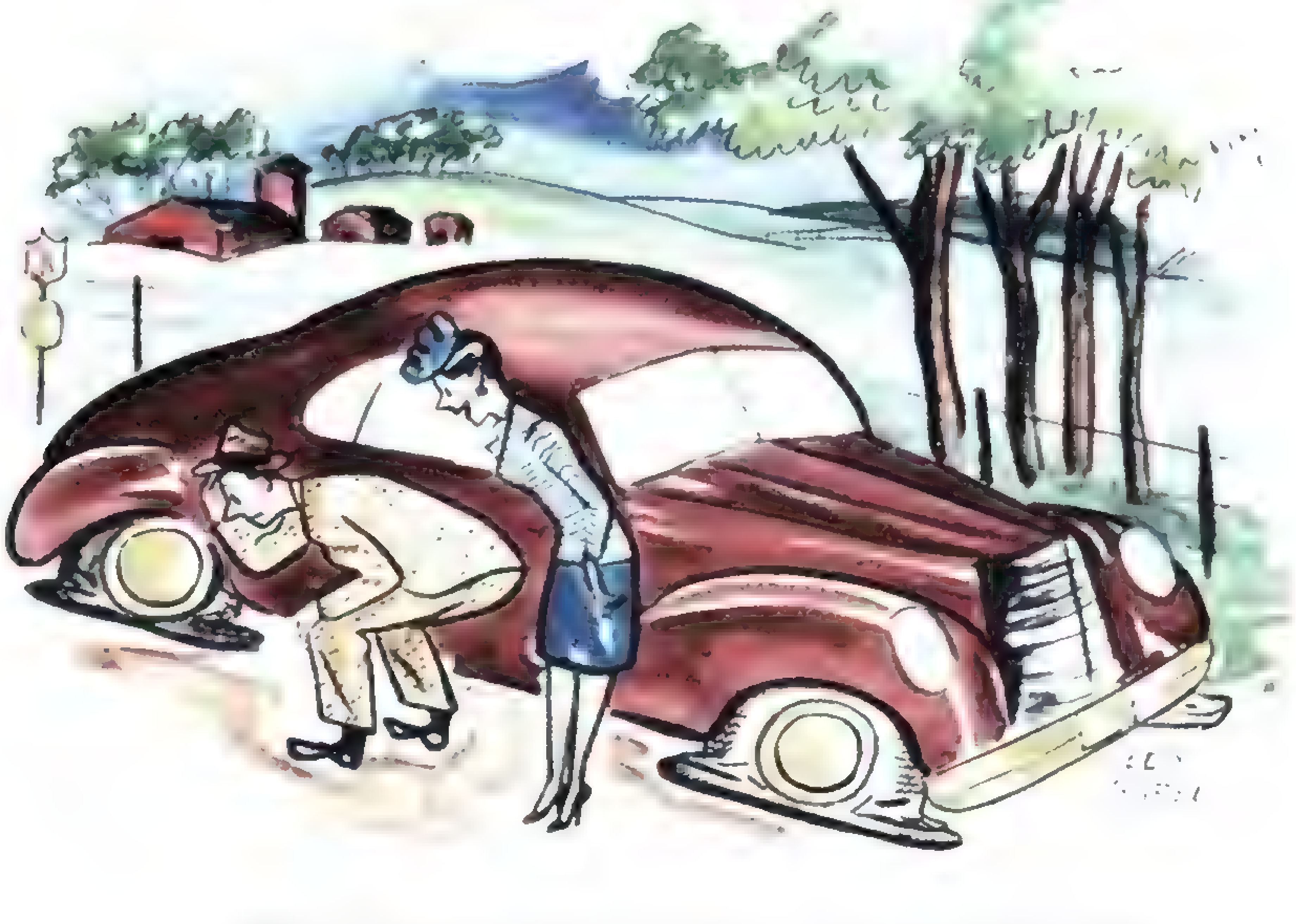
Prince and I were still inseparable. He was four years old now and weighed around 1,000 pounds. He had an extra heavy mane and tail, and he carried his neck arched and his tail curved, like a thoroughbred. Although I was only twelve years old they set me at once to riding the line. I'm not saying how good I was, but in time Prince got to be as good a roping horse as a cowboy ever swung a loop from, and without a finger touching the bridle reins, he could cut out any cow that dodged and doubled in a herd.

In the fall, rumors floated up from the south that Chief Dull Knife was stirring the Cheyennes in the Indian Territory. Two years before these Indians, part of the Algonquin Tribe, had been herded down there from their own Montana range. On the morning of September 27, 1878, the valley of Cheyenne Creek looked to be full of Indians. There was sure to be trouble and it was decided that somebody had to carry word to Fort Monument on Smoky Hill River eighteen miles away. Because I was lightweight I was selected to make the dash.

I led Prince up the canyon a way, mounted, and hit the flat a-running. Fifteen Cheyennes sighted me and headed out at full speed to cut me off. Prince ran several miles before the Indians got within shooting distance. Then an arrow stuck in his shoulder. I pulled it out and the blood spurted so that I held my thumb in the wound. Next I got an arrow in my right leg. To pull it out I had to shift my hand from Prince's shoulder, and I noticed then that his blood had stopped flowing. When I yanked on the shaft, it came free, but left the arrowhead in my leg. Three more arrows clipped me, and Prince got one in the rump. At the fort a sergeant, there being no doctor, cut it out; also he cut the arrowhead out of my leg. Both wounds were a long time healing; perhaps the arrows had been poisoned. Prince never did like Indians after that. He could smell them as far as a horse smells water. Twenty years after this run, some Oklahoma Indians stopped at a blacksmith shop in Lebo and half a mile away Prince snorted like a buck deer that's heard something he can't wind and pawed the ground like a wild bull.

Our next experience of note was in the Spring of 1880. I was hunting antelope about twelve miles south of the ranch when the wind changed in both direction and intensity and I found myself facing a raging prairie fire. I did not have a match with which to start a back fire. Prince and I had to run for our lives. We reached a big buffalo wallow with about a foot of water in it, and I thought I might save myself there. But what about Prince? I decided that if one of us had to die, we would die together. Prince knew the danger as well as I did; he spurted up his speed, but still the fire was gaining. It was racing literally faster than the wind now, for the inferno of heat caused a vacuum that brought the cooler air rushing to the blazing waves. When we finally crossed a plowed fireguard, the cinders were falling thick on us and the air was stifling. But the fireguard saved us.

During the next spring it rained continually.



"Well, they certainly wore out evenly, dear"

One day in turning a steer, Prince fell on the slick grass. He got up all right, but I couldn't stand, for my leg was broken. We were alone. I called Prince and he was at my side. I still hate to think of the pain and the struggles I had to get into the saddle. Prince sort of seemed to help me. He took me nine miles to the ranch and when we arrived nobody was there except the hired girl. I told her she'd have to help me. I lay down on the floor and braced my good leg against the door jamb while she pulled on the other. She couldn't pull it into place, and I told her to tie the bridle reins around my foot and set back on them. She did, twisting around a lot, and the break finally slipped into place. Together we splinted it as best we could. She left me on a pallet, got on Prince and rode him to Wakeeney, forty-four miles away, for the nearest doctor. All he had to do when he got to the ranch was to put on more and better splints. The leg healed first rate.

A year later we went down below Amarillo in Texas and trailed up a herd of cows. Of course, I rode other horses besides Prince, but always it seems to me as if he were the only horse I ever knew. I could camp anywhere with him and he would never leave me. With his keen senses he was a sentinel for game or wild cattle and horses by day and for anything prowling by night. He would grab an outlaw horse trying to leave the bunch by the neck and bring him to his milk.

You can look at the map of Kansas north and west of Dodge City and see that mighty few people live there to this day. There won't ever be much population in that section of the world. There wasn't anybody there hardly when the big blizzard of '86 hit. That was the winter that Charlie Russell painted *The Last of Five Thousand* and struck the trail for fame.

I may not see a hundred
Before I see the Styx,
But, coal or ember, I'll
remember
Eighteen—eighty-six.

The stiff heaps in the coulee,
The dead eyes in the camp,
And the winds about, blowing
fortunes out
As a woman blows out a lamp.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MURRELL

Priority, Chinese Style

In the bar of his home near Mamaroneck, New York, Robert L. Ripley, indefatigable collector, studies the back of Lieut. Col. Edward P. Eagan's flight jacket, which asks safe passage for the wearer in five Chinese dialects. Eagan, now Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, wore the jacket while flying converted bombers "over the hump" for A.T.C. Ripley, surrounded by the odd treasures of his years of world-roaming, wears a Guatemalan hand-woven cotton shirt with a red and yellow design. This native theme has moved north for casual wear. His slacks are buff-colored lightweight doeskin. His other guest, who gazes at the jacket from a comfortable seat, is country-wise in a 2-by-2 checked tweed jacket, grey flannel slacks and yellow sleeveless sweater. His shirt is green Oxford; his tie, red and green figured foulard.

The fall and winter had been mild. Before daylight on the morning of January 7 my uncle awoke me and told me to ride for the doctor at Wakeeney. My aunt was about to be confined. He said to tell the doctor to come at once, but for me to put Prince in the livery stable and let him rest for four hours before starting back.

I should have been more suspicious of the weather. It was due for a change. The day had been grey, a regular storm breeder. The bitter blasts can transform the plains of Kansas into the Arctic regions in half an hour. After supper I was ready to ride home. Many others were caught the same way. It was misting when I headed out at dusk that evening, and the wind was rising. Prince seemed as eager as ever. Before long the mist had turned to snow and sleet and the wind cut like knives. We were quartering it and should have kept more westward. I guess I made a mistake in not turning directions over entirely to Prince. There was no real road, and the snow utterly blotted out all trace of whatever trail there was. A man, like any other animal, has an instinct to turn his back to a blizzard like that. Then he will veer and try to course against the wind, only to dodge it later. Daylight came and I didn't know where we were. If Prince knew he couldn't tell. I got down and he put his muzzle close to me and seemed to say we had better go on. That land was as empty of life as the icy mountains of Greenland. The day wore on. We didn't strike even a lobo track. All cattle had drifted south. A lot of them were no doubt already dead. It was slow, slow work breaking through the drifts of snow. Sometimes I got rid of the freezing numbness by walking. At the deepest drifts I would help Prince break through by lying down and rolling in the snow ahead of him.

There were times when we couldn't see anything for the driving snow. There was no shelter, no canyons, no breaks, just plains of snow and ice, on and on. Dark came early. I knew that Prince was hungry. That night I got so cold several times that I got down and tried to sit in the snow. Each time Prince would nuzzle me, and if the nuzzling didn't stir me he would paw me—not hard, just enough to make me move. He never would have left me.

The second day came and that morning Prince brought me to a standstill at the Steele ranch on Beaver Creek. It was away south of the home ranch. We had missed the head of Cheyenne Creek, to the east of it. The creek would have told me where we were. We got warm and got something to eat. By that time the blizzard had broken. Mr. Steele got on his horse and rode home with me. The doctor had arrived in time to help bring a baby boy into the world. Prince did not seem any worse off for the experiences, but it was several days before I was able to leave the house. Thirty-eight men died in western Kansas in that blizzard. The Smoky Hill Pool started into the winter with 6,000 head of cattle. The next spring we gathered 181.

Prince and I moved to Lebo. There everybody that knew me knew him. Some knew him that didn't know me, and everybody but the girl I married thought he was better looking. When the Cherokee Strip was announced open for settlement in 1893 and thousands of people lined up to wait for the pistol shot that was to tear them loose in a race for quarter-sections of land, I rode Prince. We staked out our quarter all right. Two years passed, and I hitched Prince and a five-year-old know-nothing to a spring wagon and headed for California. We got there, I sold my outfit and came back with Prince in the box car to Lebo.

We both settled down. I bought a little pasture joining the townsite and built a good shed on it to house my faithful friend. He would bring the milk cows in from the pasture of an evening. I would hitch him to a spring wagon and turn him loose and he would go to the feed store, where somebody would load the wagon, and he would bring the load back to the barn. He enjoyed grazing on the grass and enjoyed being with me, especially when I talked to him. My children and their playmates learned to ride on him.

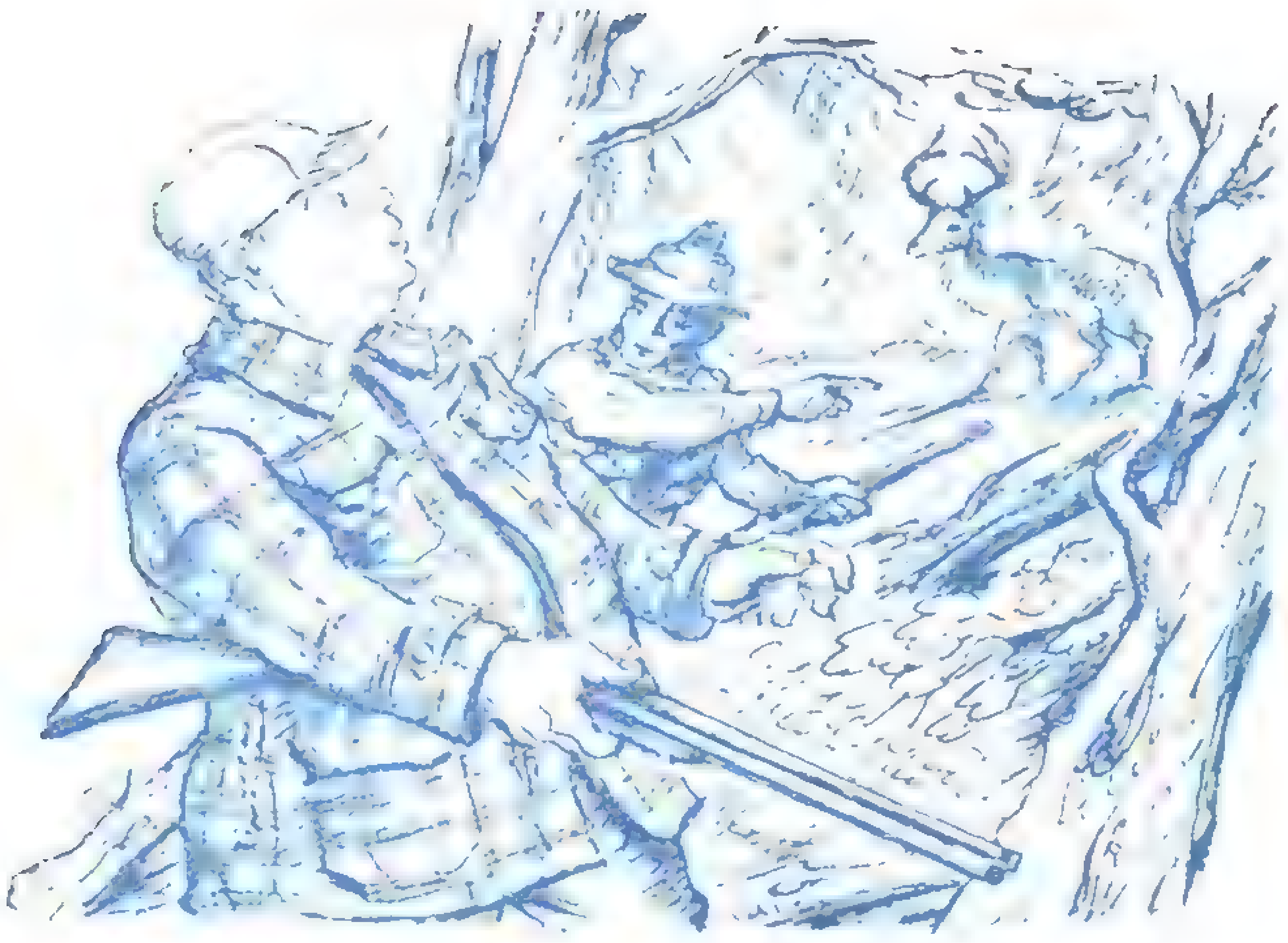
The center pole of this shed I built for Prince was set on a big flat rock. The feedbox was attached to it. As the years went by, Prince's teeth wore down until they were of little service. He took to pawing while he ate. This pawing, without my giving proper attention to the matter, loosened the dirt under the big rock. One day in the Fall of 1912 a telephone lineman hurried to my office with word that Prince was trapped under the fallen shed. The rock had settled to one side, causing the center pole to slip. Prince was pinned to the ground by timbers across his back. He had attracted the lineman's attention by whinnying to him. We raised the timbers and Prince tried to get up, but could not make it. He seemed paralyzed in the hind quarters. We got a board under him, helped raise him, and supported him to the spring.

Here he took a good drink and stepped off a little distance and lay down on a nice bed of bluegrass. I stayed with him all that day and all that night. Two or three times he kind of lipped my hand like he used to on the range. Maybe he was thinking back. I don't know. The next morning I went to breakfast. When I came back to him, he was dead. He was thirty-eight years old. He had been my companion and friend during his whole life. No man could have had a more congenial companion or a truer friend. ###

by JIM KJELGAARD

Men Walk Alone

Bob knew he had reached man's estate when his father charged him with the urgent task of guiding rich Mr. Lane



PHILIP REISMAN

For a whole week now Harry's mother had been baking; crisp cookies that crumbled into a dozen butter-laden tidbits when you broke them in your hand, fruit cakes fairly bursting with apples, currants, canned berries, and the shelled hickory nuts that Harry had gathered from the trees back of the barn. The finest young tom turkey had been killed and plucked, and hung in the cold cellar to season, along with the biggest ham and the fattest fryers.

Harry watched the preparations with the aloofness of a fifteen-year-old boy who yet must be conscious of his own importance. Mr. Lane was coming again, and this year it was Harry's privilege to take him deer hunting.

Mr. Lane was rich, Harry didn't know how rich. But he did know that Mr. Lane always paid one hundred dollars for his week at the farm—three times what Harry's mother asked. Then, at Christmas, there was always a check for another hundred dollars, and on his mother's birthday another hundred. Besides, several times a year, Mr. Lane sent from the far places to which he traveled, boxes of oranges, grapes, coffee—all the things that his mother could never put on the table otherwise, except when Mr. Lane was there. If it wasn't for that money they would have a hard time getting along. All his mother earned by selling butter, eggs and milk was about two hundred a year.

In another corner of the kitchen, Harry's father grasped the arms of the chair in which he sat and pulled himself erect. He leaned on the cane beside him, hobbled to the sink, drank a glass of water, and returned to the chair. His father had been partially crippled for eight years now and, except at certain times when the sun shone warmly, almost unable to leave his bed for the past two. But the big, soft chair in which his father usually sat had been freshly cleaned and pushed into the warmest corner. That was Mr. Lane's favorite chair, too.

Harry smiled at his father, and his father smiled back.

"How's it feel to be a guide, Bub?"

"It's all right."

His father's face clouded, and mingled remorse and pity twisted Harry's heart. His father did not seem to know that he was eager, excited and proud to be entrusted with the mission of taking Mr. Lane hunting. But a man couldn't gush about such things, could he? A man had to be—he had to be a man. But his father didn't seem to know a lot of things. He didn't know, for instance, that Harry had dreamed great dreams of having his father go places with him and do things with him. If only he could say, as the mightiest Man of all had said, "Take up thy bed and walk, father." But of course he couldn't. Only God could.

His father said, pleadingly, "Be nice to Mr. Lane, son."

Harry said, protestingly, "Why I'm going to be nice to him! Gee! There's a big twelve pointer up in Blind Valley! I've had my eye on him all summer. I'll take Mr. Lane up there tomorrow morning and let him stand by that big white birch! Then I'll go around and drive through, and he should get a good shot!"

His father said in a relieved voice, "That's the stuff, son."

The sun sank, shadows crept in from the mountains to pile layer upon layer of darkness about the farmhouse and in the meadows that surrounded it. But it was dark night before the twin headlights of Mr. Lane's car stabbed a path up the driveway. His arms full of bundles, Mr. Lane came stamping in the door.

"Hello, Jed! Martha! You're looking younger every year! And Harry! You can't be the baby I used to bounce on my knee!"

Harry's father said proudly, "That baby's going to take you hunting tomorrow, Mr. Lane. He has a twelve pointer spotted."

"He has? Great going, Harry! Here's some bundles for you people. I'll get my gun and luggage out of the car."

Harry's father said, "Harry will get it for you, Mr. Lane."

Harry was up before daylight the next morning and in the kitchen with Mr. Lane eating the wafer-thin buckwheat pancakes that only his mother seemed to know how to make. They finished, and Harry picked up his father's worn 30-30. He looked uneasily at the corner room, where his father still slept, and opened the door to breathe in the frosty air that eddied down from the mountaintop.

He said, "We just have time to make Blind Valley by daylight, Mr. Lane."

Mr. Lane stuffed the huge lunch that Harry's mother had made him into the back of his coat, caught up his gun, and followed. Walking beside Harry, Mr. Lane asked,

"How has your dad been, Harry?"

"Poorly. Sometimes he can hardly get out of his chair."

"That's too bad. But arthritis is a terrible thing."

Harry let the darkness conceal his frown. Arthritis was a terrible thing. His father could get up and walk outside only when the sun was warmest and brightest, and even when he went out he could do nothing except the simplest chores. He seldom seemed to suffer any real pain, but of course his father wouldn't tell anyone if he was in pain. The night began to lift from the mountain side, so that trees and rocks and grass became visible.

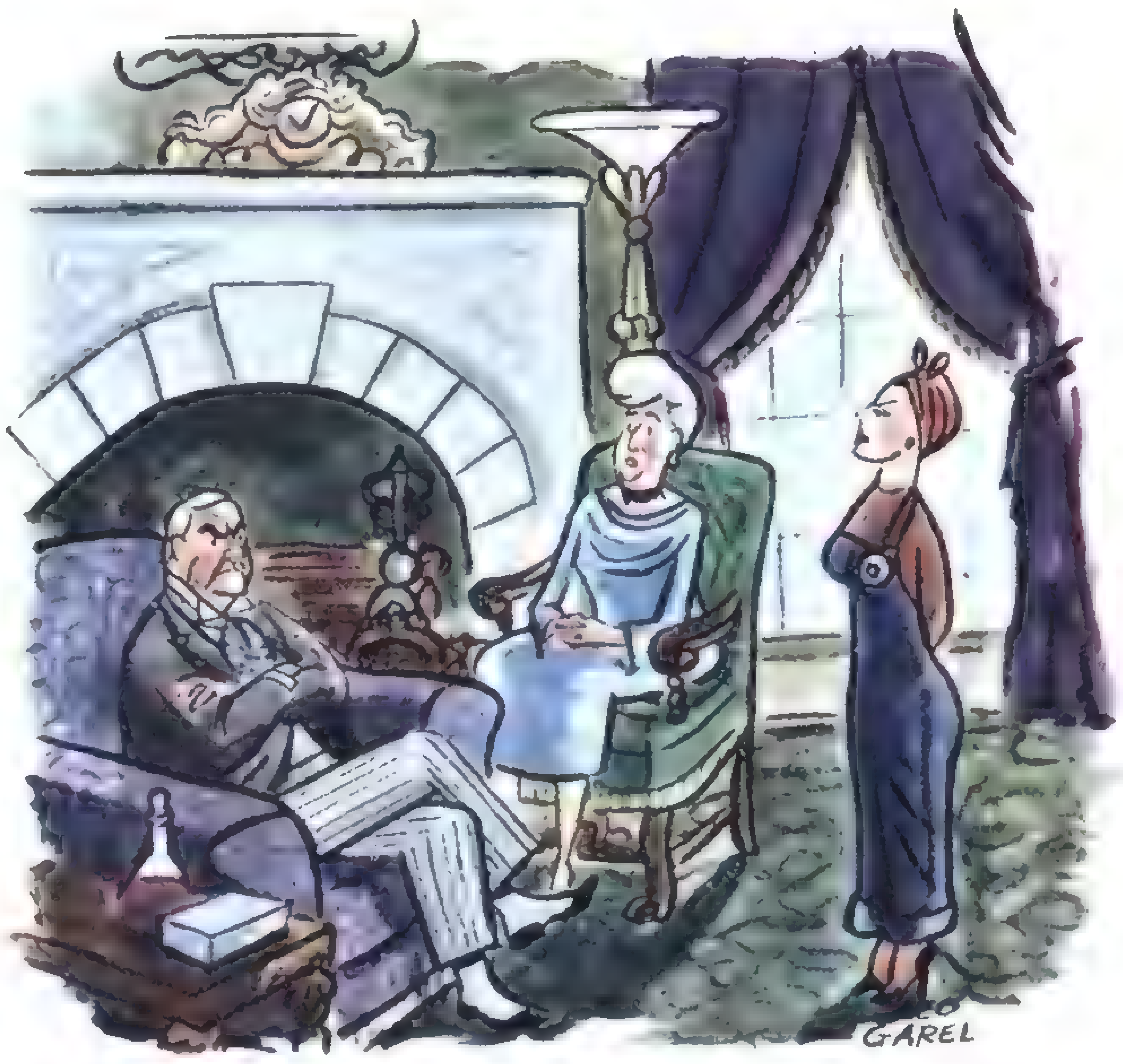
Mr. Lane stopped to catch his breath and said, "This is a beautiful country here, Harry."

"Don't talk any more, Mr. Lane. We're almost at the white birch where you're going to stand."

He led on, and cut down the side of a small gully to the huge white birch that stood all alone between a grove of hemlocks and one of aspens. When flushed from the hemlocks, the buck—if everything went well—would run into the aspens. Harry held up his right hand and whispered, "Stand right here, Mr. Lane."

Harry went on to the head of Blind Valley, traveling swiftly now that he was no longer encumbered by Mr. Lane. He eased his coat back on his shoulders so he would not sweat so profusely while climbing, climbed to the top of the hill, and sat on a rock while the budding day bloomed into ful daylight. Then he went to a point opposite the white birch where he had left Mr. Lane and started slowly down through the hemlocks.

The buck was there. Harry saw black marks where his hoofs had scraped (*Continued on page 132*

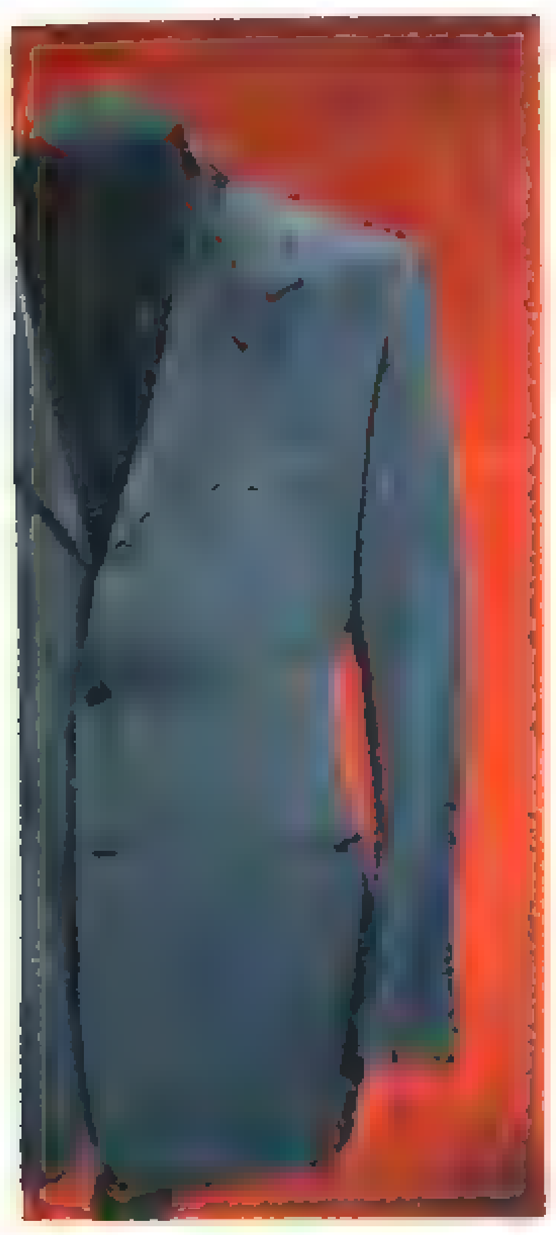


"Well, dear, I suppose we'll have to let her open a gas station after the war"

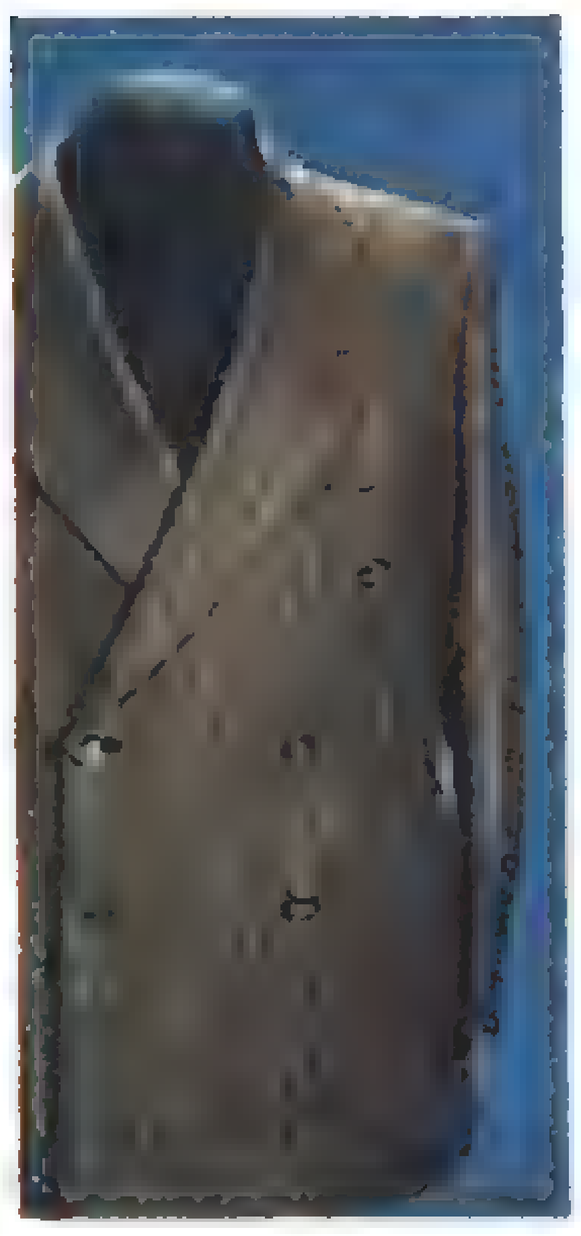
How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Every man to his taste! But we say good taste in clothes means color and pattern compatability . . . accepted fashions . . . an instinct for the right thing for the time and the place.

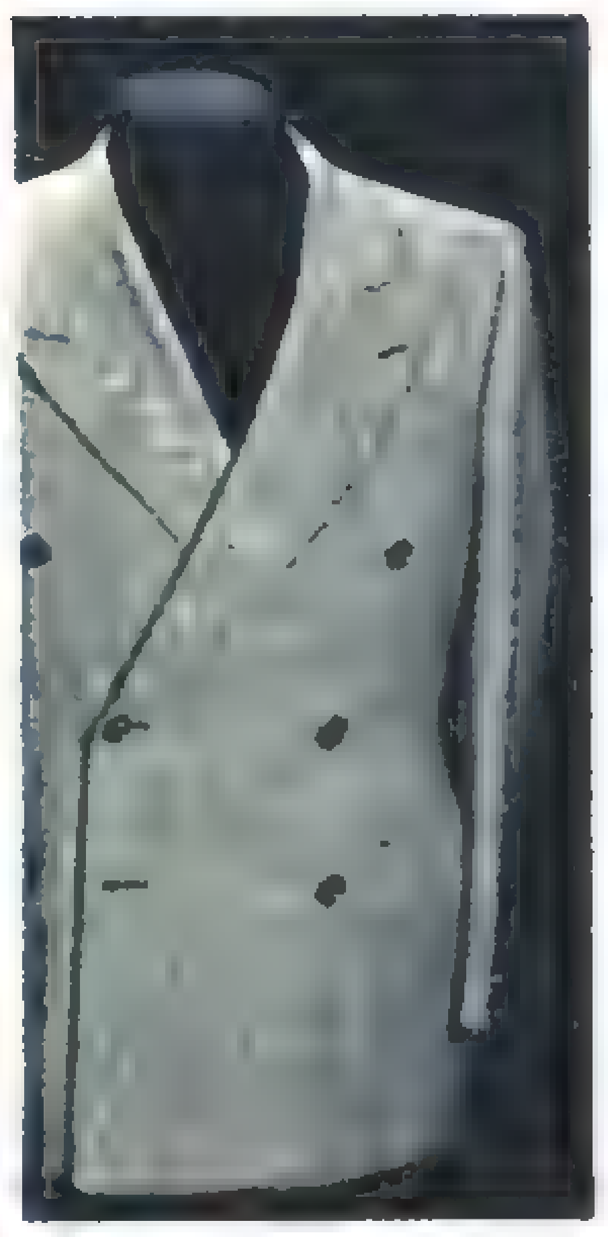
1. Sharkskin



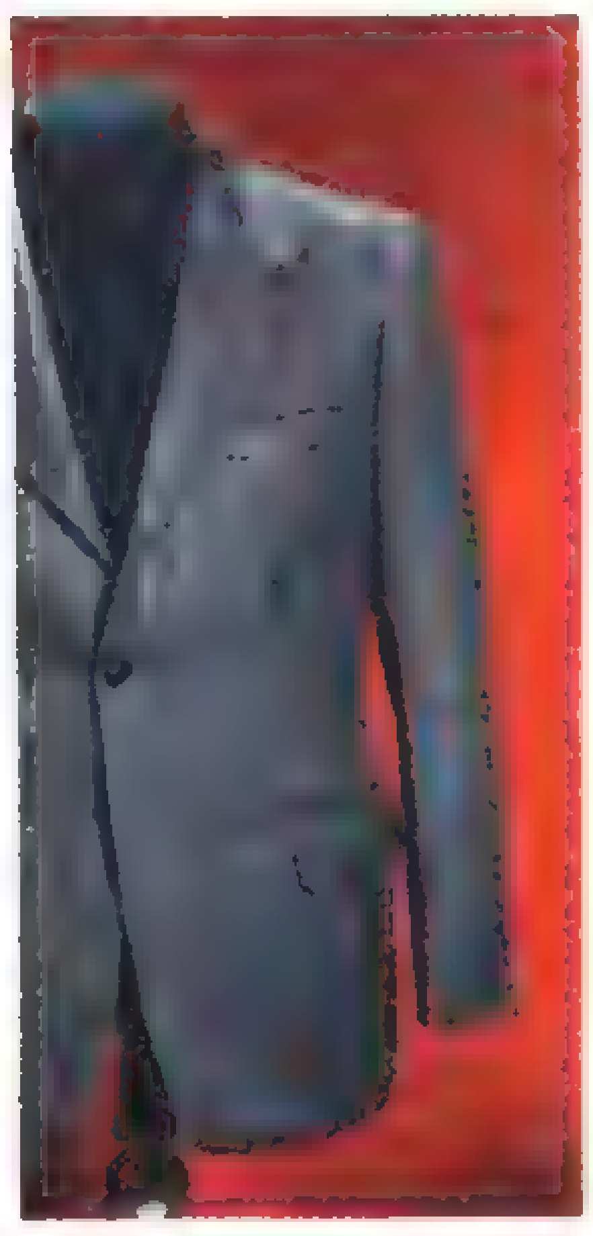
2. Chalk stripe



3. Glen plaid



4. Striped worsted

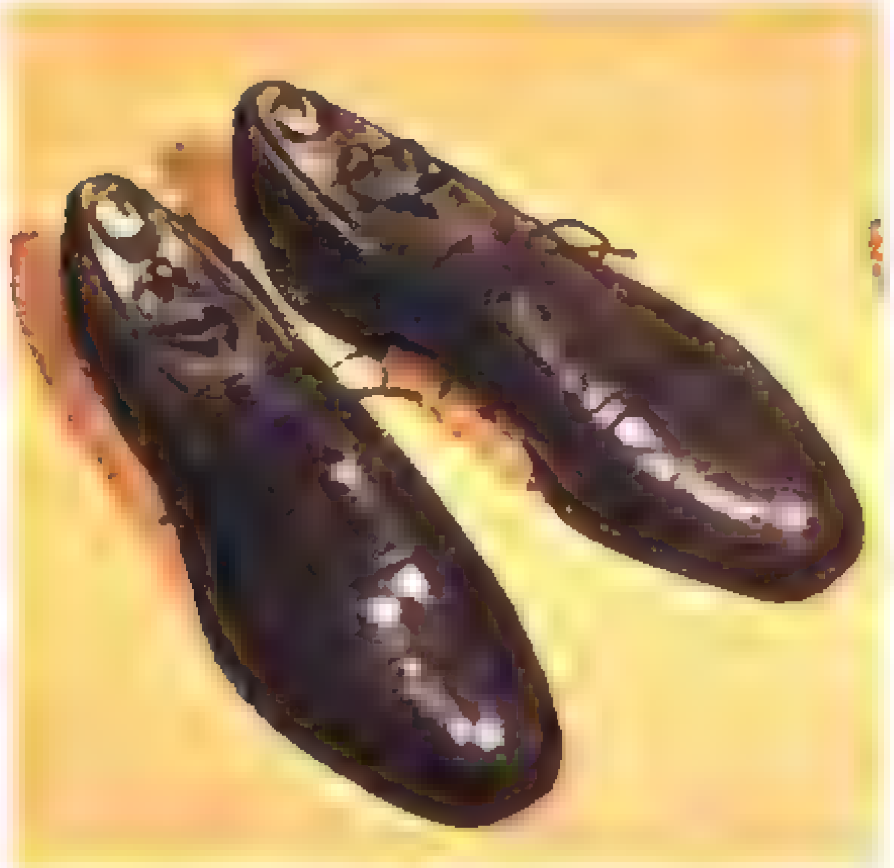


THE SUITS

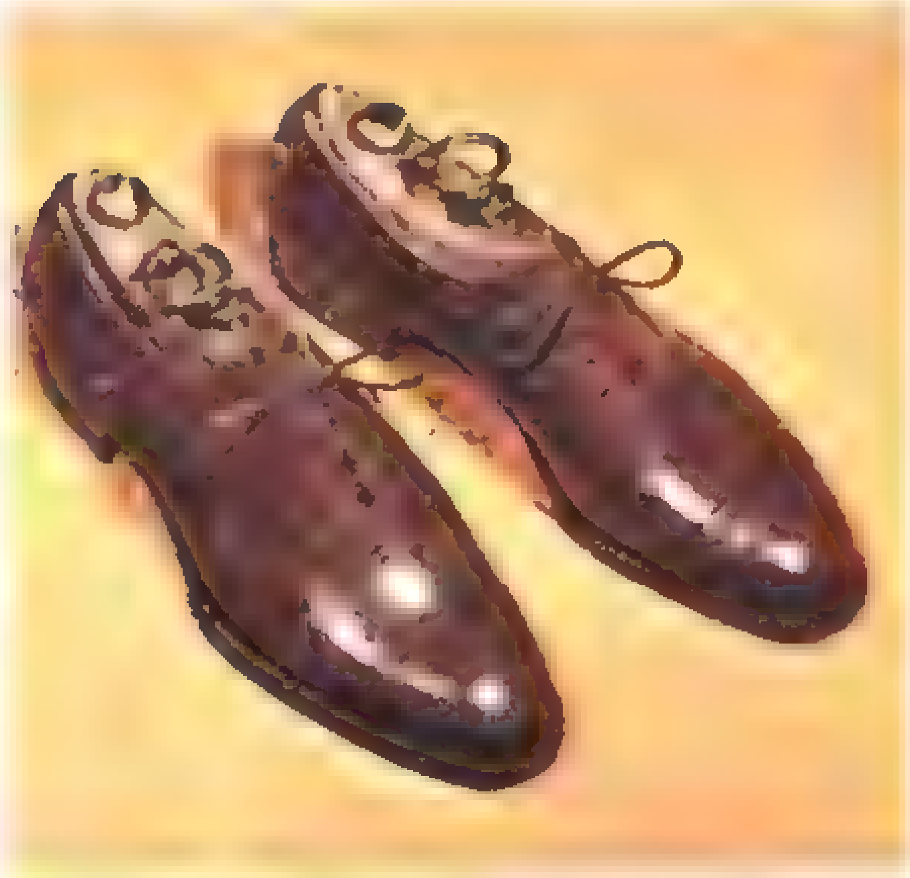
OUT OF THESE scrambled items can be assembled four sets of clothes. The problem is putting together good combinations of color and pattern. (The time is Every Day. The place, Business. All these are "right" for that purpose.) To make it easier, assume the shirts are white broadcloth, and don't worry about the socks this trip. Take 2 points for each suit, and 2 points for each hat, tie, and pair of shoes you match up correctly with a suit. A total of 32 is possible. 28 is good; 20, fair; 12, poor. Take as much time as you wish in making selections. Then turn page upside down to check your fashion quotient.

THE SHOES

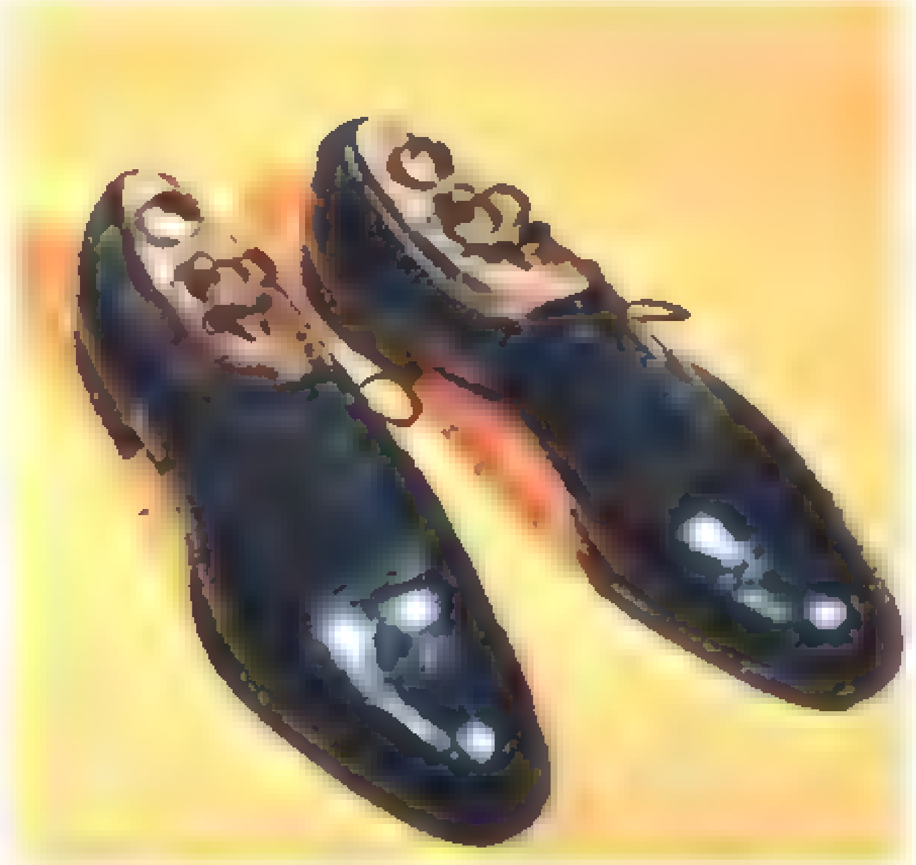
1. Medallion tip



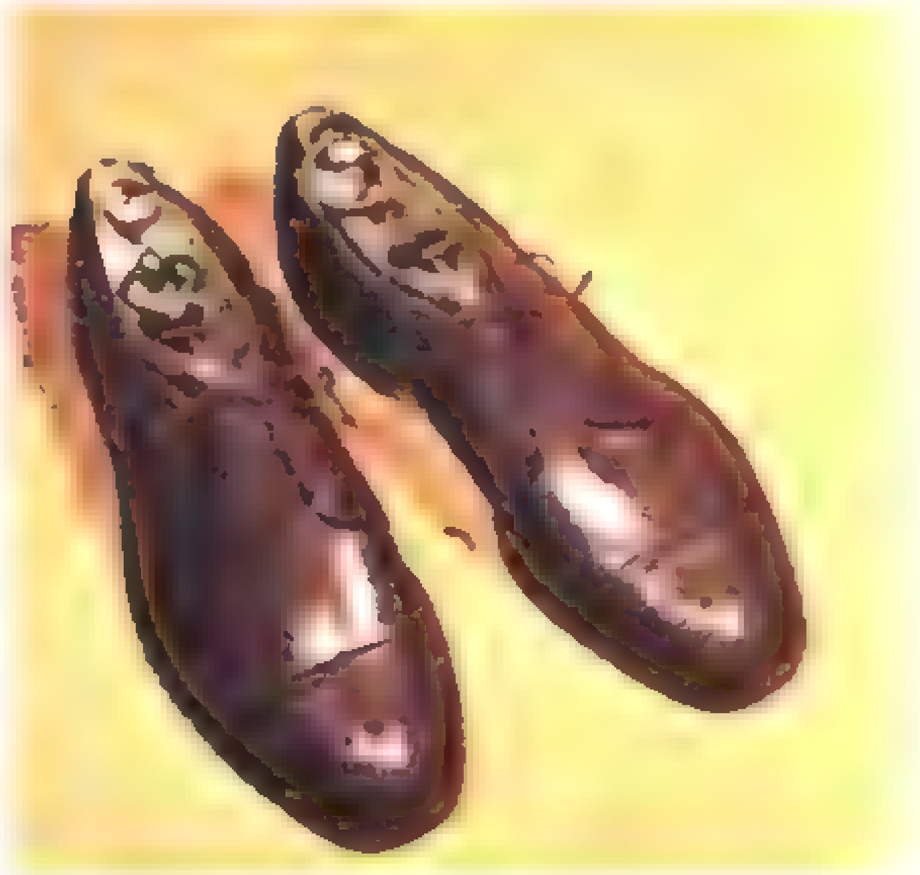
2. Custom last



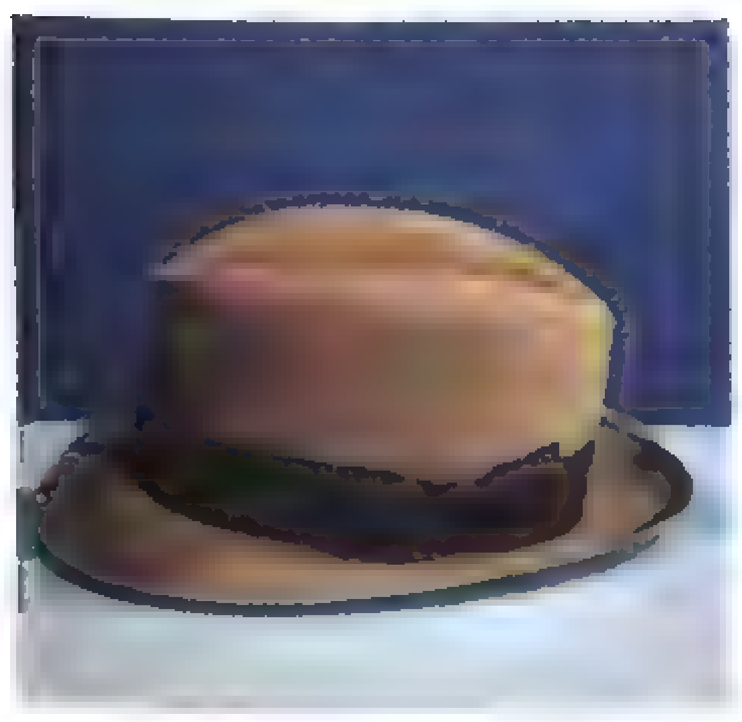
3. Plain tip



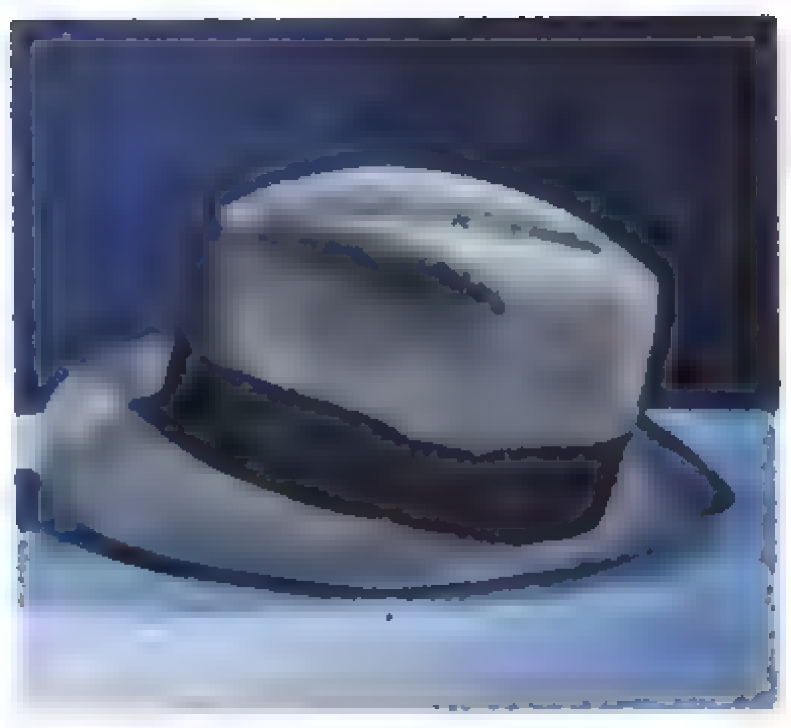
4. Blucher



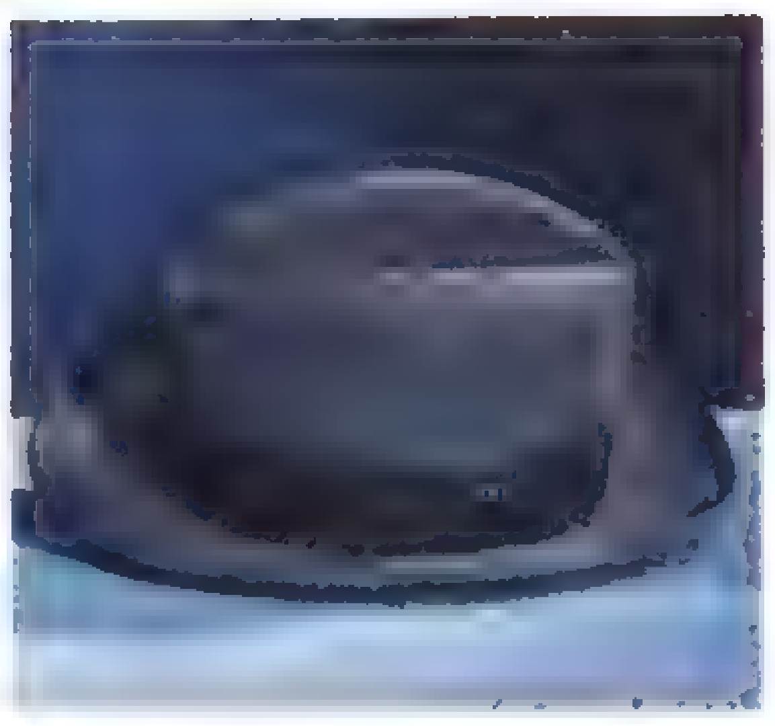
1. Center crease



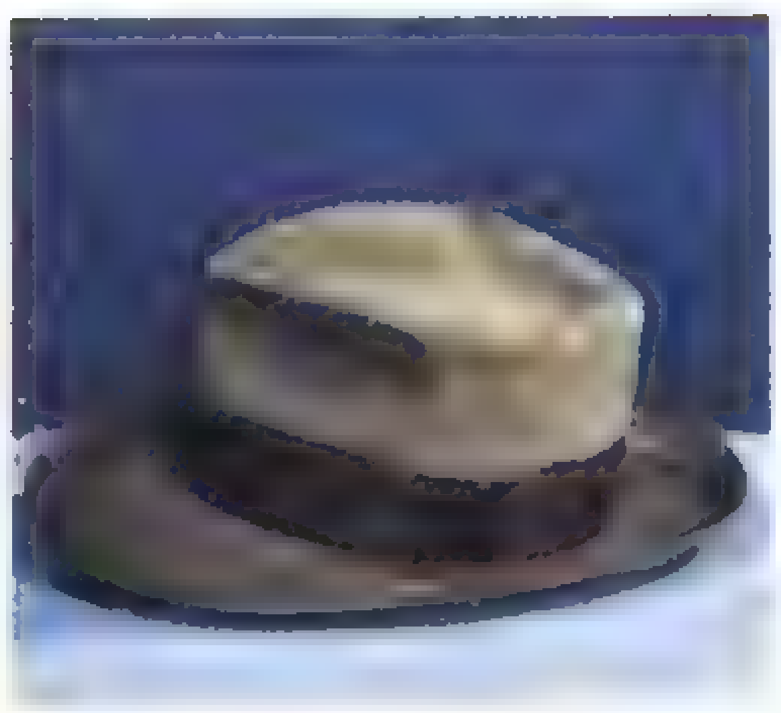
2. Snap brim



3. Homburg

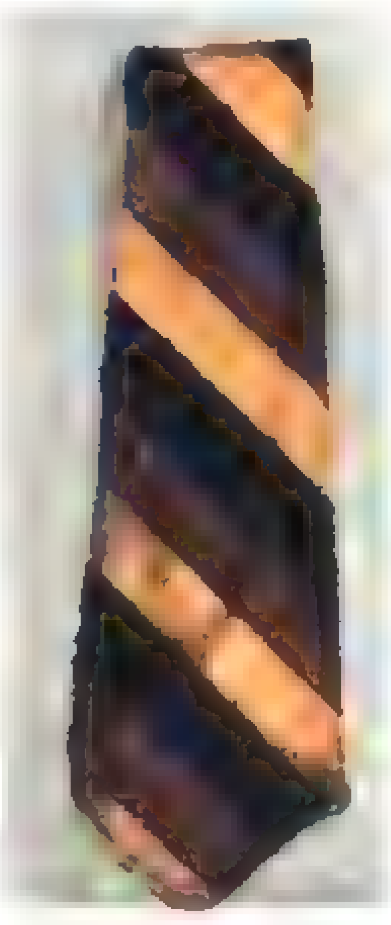


4. Pinched crown

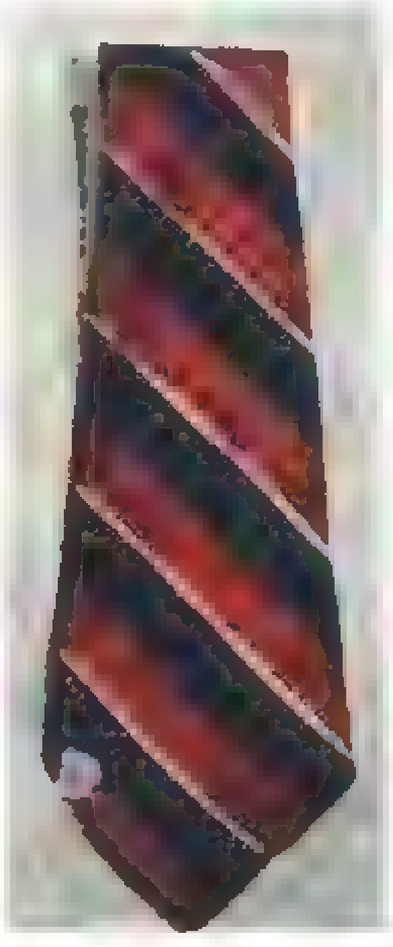


THE HATS

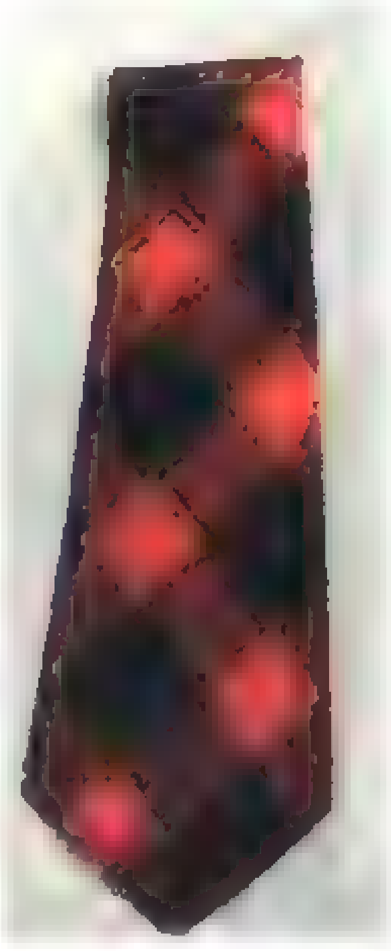
1. Cloth stripe



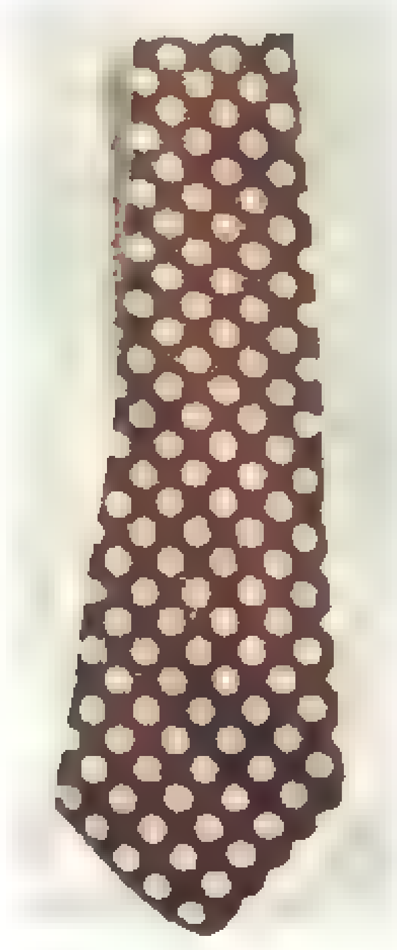
2. Regimental stripe



3. Plaid



4. Foulard



THE TIES

Answers to How's Your Fashion Quotient?

A	B	C	D
1 Sharkskin suit 1 Brown medallion tip shoes 2 Grey snap brim hat 2 Blue, gold and maroon regimental striped tie	2 Brown chalk stripe worsted 2 Brown custom last shoes 1 Brown center crease hat 4 Brown figured foulard tie	3 Brown glen plaid suit 4 Brown blucher 4 Green-brown pinched crown 1 brown, blue and yellow club striped tie	4 Striped grey worsted 3 Black plain tip shoes 3 Grey Homburg hat 3 Plain tie

Three great drives mark Buckeyes' rise from "Baby of Big Ten" to top-rank spot in nation's collegiate football picture

Harley to Horvath

HERBERT ACKERMAN

by RALPH CANNON

It was Horvath through tackle for six. The crowd was silent; they were "waiting to see." Along the cinder running track in front of the bench paced young Carroll Widdoes peering out across the field, and Destiny was a knapsack on his back. With the greatest stakes of his life dangling on the ticking seconds, he was thinking: "If they just don't fumble! If they can just hold the ball." Deeper, farther back in his subconscious lay the item of hope and trust: "Is it in the books for us . . . after coming so far?"

Young, likeable, mild, easy-to-know, yet sharp in football, Carroll Widdoes was standing at the crossroads of his career. Earlier in the season they had weathered another crisis, the battle with Great Lakes led by his old chief, Lieutenant Paul Brown. Would Horvath be able to bring them through again? That was the question that would decide whether he would be or would not be a big-time head coach.

The headphones from the observer in the press box to the bench were chattering. He had just sent in his last measure of offensive strength—Brugge, Appleby and Cline. Now it was up to Horvath, who all the season of a year ago had sat beside him at the observation post in the press box and therefrom knew what it was all about. Besides, he was the natural leader among them—older, sincere, intense.

At the start of the drive, right after Michigan had kicked off out-of-bounds trying to work an on-side kick (which they came dangerously close to achieving and so getting control of the ball), Horvath had said to them during the time out:

"*Now* we've got to make every block count. We've got just enough time to go down the field. Let's get together now. Let's make every play sure. The whole season depends on this. We *have* to do it now. . . . Come on, let's *do* it!"

At the time of the kickoff the scoreboard showed eight minutes and 29 seconds to go. It also showed the sullen and ominous figures that threw flutters of despair into all Ohio hearts:

MICHIGAN 14, OHIO STATE 12. And Michigan was Ohio's old Jonah.

It was Horvath to Flanagan on a split buck from the T for 2. It was Brugge from single wing through guard for a first down on the Michigan 40. Bland-faced, amiable young Carroll Widdoes pacing along the running track in front of his crowded bench was trying to think of something to help them. He was one of them, their helper, and teacher, wanting with everything he had, all his past and experience, to help them win. That was his role, rather than a Duke of Wellington by his imperious will forcing the tides of historic battle to stand back.

It was a shift to the left with Horvath in the tail position for a direct drive into the line for 4. It was back to the T, Horvath to Brugge around right end for a yard and a half.

The T and the single wing were being mixed beautifully by Horvath. Against the T Michigan was using a five-man line; when Ohio shifted quickly to the single wing, a sixth man had to jump into the line. This constant variation kept the Michigan defense from getting set, kept it off balance; while the alternation of the two systems also produced a broken rhythm in the timing which was another asset like a change of pace in baseball.

It was Brugge on a direct pass from center for a yard; and it was fourth and a yard to go. It was now or never; they didn't dare pass—only one pass had been completed in the entire game.

Horvath said to Flanagan: "Flanagan, it's up to you." To the others he said: "These blocks have to go now. We have to hold the ball." It was Horvath to Flanagan who went through left tackle on the T for nine yards and first down on the 22-yard line as Dugger at left end threw a block into the line backer on that side that hurled him over backwards. It was then that the stands let go! That hoarse and raucous roar of many strident throats rasped the intense autumn air. The great stadium shuddered with impending expectancy. They were on their feet now, roaring like the old days of the Colosseum. And young Carroll Widdoes was beginning to believe that sometimes dreams can come true—sometimes oceans of work and mountains of effort pay off in infinities of joy.

There is no other sport that can build up the intense din of high-pressure excitement to equal that of a sustained football drive with the highest honors at stake. It is a meeting not so much of two groups of eleven men each, as of two *wills*, two compact entities of determination; one to go forward at all costs, the other to resist frantically with the last atom of strength.

It was single wing, Horvath back, six yards to the 16. It was Cline straight through on the T to the 12. It was Horvath to Flanagan straight through left tackle to the 9. Down here Michigan went into an 8-man line, and on the sidelines Widdoes sent in a man with instructions for the plays he wanted used. From the T Brugge went to the 3; then Horvath to the 1½; then Flanagan to the 1. And then from the single wing Horvath bullfrogged over as Cline cleared a bulging alley ahead of him.

That was it! Ohio State had come back from apparent disaster Carroll Widdoes was saved for a football coaching career that now reaches forward magnificently into the future. But wha would they have said if this drive had failed? They would have said that he was only an assistan coach, that he was lost withou Paul Brown, whom he had beaten previously in the season. They would have said that he wouldn' do. They don't say that now—thanks to Horvath, and Hacket and Flanagan and Brugge an Cline and Dugger and all th others who "put out" in tha smashing, crashing, crunchin never-say-die drive that will a ways live in the hearts of Buckeye fandom.

Now, flash back twenty-eigh years—a lot of dew has gone dow the old Sciota since then, and th Olentangy too!—to another de perate, sodden battle between tw well-matched, hard-hitting, har blocking, running-attack team The scene is the snow-soften turf of old Illinois Field at Char paign, Illinois, and there on th glum and somber afternoon October 21, 1916, two old Badge were badgering each other a good, as Robert C. Zuppke a Dr. John W. Wilce were stagi

PHOTOGRAPH BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

"O, come, let's sing Ohio's praise"

So runs the first line of Fred Cornell's Carmen Ohio, *Buckeye battle song. In the words of Dr. George W. Rightmire, president emeritus of Ohio State, the rise of the "Baby of the Big Ten" "has been brilliantly upward and forward since that day in 1912 when we persuaded Dr. L. W. St. John to come down from Ohio Wesleyan." Shown here with the great Buckeye stadium in the background are: (left to right) Jack Dugger, left end; Carroll Widdoes, coach; Les Horvath, quarterback; and Bill Hackett, left guard, who helped win the Big Ten title last year by virtue of a great touchdown drive against Michigan in the last three minutes of a dramatic and memorable battle.*

one of their many desperate duels that were to dominate the gridiron game under western skies for years to come—this one bearing more significance, unbeknownst to the world at large at that instant, than any of the others.

Bart McComber had kicked two field goals for Illinois and the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of the Illini with only three minutes left to play. Ohio had the ball on their own 20—80 yards to go.

Dr. Wilce sent in a tall end, Clarence MacDonald, a sure catch who had been out with injuries. Back in the deep position stood a trim, stylish, square-shouldered youngster who had all the poise and carriage of a prince. There was a long pass, which MacDonald caught in midfield. The 13,000 fans in old Illinois Field stirred uneasily. Was Zuppke's championship reign nearing its end?

There were some sharp, jutting spurts through the line by this stocky lad named Harley, who played the game like a cocky boy with the glamor of a prince. Another pass, this time to Fred Norton, who carried it down to the 20—an obvious challenge to all of Zuppke's wizardry now, from this stocky, self-assured, unknown sophomore out there on that stricken field. (Fred Norton who caught that pass was Ohio's first World War I hero, shot down in aerial combat.)

But here the Fighting Illini braced characteristically and threw back challenge after challenge of the piston-driving Ohio backs. It was fourth and three to go on the 13-yard line and little time left to play when the lineup came—in Wilce's own peculiar formation, a sort of T-formation (not unknown then!) with the middleman, Harley, about 8 yards back for range for running and passing. Dr. Wilce had what he called a "spot-zone" pass attack in which he sent all five receivers into the same area, which forced the defense to concentrate there, leaving other territory open for a great runner—which Chic Harley was—to exploit.

"The champ is coming over this way now, ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps we can get him to say a few words over the air"

Fourth and three to go and Harley back on this "option" play; and on that soggy, snow-softened field, what did he do? The line was shifted to the right, but Harley went to the left, angling toward the corner. One tackler hit him, was straight-armed off; another, and finally at the very goal line, the third—but Harley was over! And on his way! And so was Ohio State in the fiercely competitive struggle of big-time college football.

But they weren't out of the mud yet. The score was only tied. Harley took off his long mud-cleats and put on a dry new shoe with a kicking toe. There was, however, still another predicament. Most of Wilce's regulars had been substituted off the field. No one there had ever held the ball for a place kick. Then up stepped Kelly Van Dyne, sub center, to volunteer his services: "Hell, throw the damned thing to me," he said. "I've never held one before, but I'll hold *this* one!"

And that's the way the deed was done! Seven-to-six—a game that Zuppke never forgot nor forgave, and one that probably is unsurpassed in importance in the annals of Ohio State, for it marked the debut of the immortal Chic Harley, whose fame and influence so stimulated the skyrocket ascendency of this great new football power of the West.

What happened then, after that start at Champaign? How did Harley take it? Grinning like a boy, "like a king," as his coach, Jack Wilce, put it. "He was always a king." He was one of those natural athletes, "the greatest all-around small back who ever lived," according to Jack Wilce. Everything came easy to him in sports. Every sport. They tell of the time he put on boxing gloves for the first time—and promptly whipped three experienced boxers in succession! He played games, as they put it, "like an animal," with what Walt Whitman called "the insouciance of the movement of animals," without conscious effort, without necessary thought . . . as Babe Ruth played baseball.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on Harley's place in the rise of Ohio State. His fame knit together the power of the state. His glamor won for his school the outstanding prep stars, many of whom before his day had gone to the big eastern schools for football glory or had been dispersed among Ohio's more than 50 colleges.

From Harley the baton was passed by many hands on to Horvath—but always forward! There was another drive in Ohio State athletic history in addition to the two dramatic gridiron drives that have been used here to bracket three decades of growth and expansion. It was slower, less spectacular, but just as important, if not more so. It began way back in 1900 when a football player at the school named Lynn St. John attracted the attention of Dr. George W. Rightmire, then graduate manager of athletics and later president.

It was the eloquence of Dr. Rightmire's presentation that is credited with winning a franchise for Ohio State, "The Baby of the Big Ten," in the Western Conference in April, 1912. It was Dr. Rightmire who brought in Lynn St. John as director of athletics. St. John had been serving as coach at Ohio Wesleyan, and throughout 1909, '10 and '11 he had made the run daily on the suburban down to Columbus from Delaware, Ohio, to study medicine. On the recommendation of John Richards, who was retiring as coach to go to work for the Park Board in Chicago, St. John employed as his coach John Wilce, whose experience consisted of a year of high school coaching at LaCrosse and a season of freshman coaching at Wisconsin. Wilce, like St. John, came to Ohio State primarily to study medicine, coaching being his meal ticket. Dr. Wilce was one of the old school who felt that the football field is a good place to *educate* a man. In telling a back one day how he wanted him to block the end, he directed: "Now I want you to *approach* that end OSTENTATIOUSLY!"

This is the way one thing led to another. At Wisconsin Dr. Wilce had a friend, Franklin G. Floete, a baseball man, who later went to Harvard law school. One day he sent Dr. Wilce a big panoramic photo of the new Harvard stadium, the last word in stadium architecture when it was erected in 1911. This picture for years hung on the wall of the athletic office at Ohio State, and is believed to have been the inspiration that germinated the idea in the mind of the late Professor Thomas E. French, Ohio's faculty representative in the Big Ten, to build such a stadium at Columbus, centrally located in a great industrial state.

A million dollars was raised by public subscription and in 1922 this was the first modern Big Ten stadium to be dedicated . . . and a glorious day it was—for *Michigan* with Harry Kipke romping to a 19-to-0 triumph. But if there is one single characteristic that has dominated Ohio State in the years of Dr. L. W. St. John's benign and progressive administration it has been the knack of getting up from a knockdown and going on. A lenient and gentle, friendly man who gets results by ideas and good will rather than by grandiose dynamics and obese bombast, "Saint" has been the silent steersman behind all the scenes of growth and expansion.

When Lt. Paul Brown, U.S.N.R. jumped to the pros, some regarded it as a blow to Ohio's future. But remember, Ohio under "Saint" always comes back stronger than ever. In 1919 in his last game Chic Harley finally was beaten, 9 to 7, by Bob Fletcher's field goal for Illinois with only 8 seconds left to play. In 1920, without Harley, but with Pete Stinchcomb, Ohio State won the Big Ten title again, and then played in the Rose Bowl—taking a 28-to-0 shellacking that ended conference participation. The stadium opener was another debacle, but Ohio kept right on rising and now has accumulated seven Big Ten grid titles. In 1935 there was a devastating last-minute defeat by Notre Dame, 18 to 13; but in 1942 Ohio State was the national champion.

Which brings us up to the football regime of Carroll Widdoes.

Sent back by his missionary parents, Reverend and Mrs. Howard Widdoes, from the Philippines where he was born, to be educated here, Widdoes became a four-sport star at Otterbein College, the United Brethren school, from which he was graduated in 1926.

After finishing college, his first job was at Longfellow Junior

High in Massilon—as coach and mathematics instructor. On his team he had a fullback named John Kester, who was quite a punter. It happened that Paul Brown was going with this boy's sister (she later became Mrs. Brown), and that's the way Widdoes and Brown became acquainted. Carroll first dated classmate Sylvia Peden, and only later fell in love with and married her younger sister, Viola.

The association between Widdoes and Paul Brown lasted throughout a decade of success at Massilon High, and later at Ohio State. Previous to the time when Brown and Widdoes took up the reins at Ohio State, "Wid's" chief contact with the Buckeye school had been as a Boy Scout usher at the Michigan game in 1924.

What kind of a man is Carroll Widdoes personally? He's the man that everybody likes. Medium-height, almost tending toward the round, round-faced, sandy-haired, bright, keen, intelligent, friendly eyes, he is pre-eminent in winning the boys to him. There is nothing flashy about "Wid"—just an everyday goodhearted citizen, a family man with three boys: Dick, 15, Jimmy, 12, and Tommy, 5. He likes coaching because it brings him in contact with youth, more than for all the blazing publicity that goes with it.

"I've always liked working with young people," he says, "and I believe football has a place among them. It has that factor of risk and danger that always intrigues youth. It teaches them to work together, and how to carry themselves when they win, and also when they lose."

Widdoes has that himself, beyond everything else . . . poise, calmness, imperturbability. He has that same easy, natural poise in his field—that of handling and dealing with youth—that Chic Harley had physically as an athlete. And he will, for that reason, come through just as surely as Harley was a cinch to make it that day at Illinois.

But, some will ask, what is it all about in the last analysis, all this great and immense and steady rise of this great state university to its present position of assured national prominence in athletics? What's the good of it, what does it stand for and represent?

It represents a *belief* that these hard and rugged, driving, smashing games that spread across the continent every autumn in a seasonal pandemic are worth what they take. It represents a *belie* that it is a good thing for a nation that a strain of the old hardihood of the pioneers who created this land be somehow fostered and cultivated and kept alive and preserved. It represents a *belief* that such a strain of fortitude and courage *can* be kept alive by such artificial (if you wish) and make-believe battles as these popula classics. These battles of themselves may not matter for so long but their *effect* on the generations—their emotion, and strain an stalwart conflict remain and are continued in our heritage. #

Esquire Sports Poll Names Babe Didrikson

Babe gets decision as woman athlete: Wills, Henie, Lenglen and Ederle in the top five

by HERB GRAFFIS

It's Didrikson—the Babe—swinging along in a stroll so far in front among other great women athletes she can sit down at the finish line and do her nails while the competition is coming in.

This month's Esquire Sports Poll by a 7 to 1 margin gave Babe Didrikson the decision over Helen Wills as the greatest woman athlete of all time. After the queenly Wills in the first five were: Sonja Henie, Suzanne Lenglen and Gertrude Ederle.

In the runner-up group of five were Patty Berg, Stella Walsh, Eleanor Holm, Ann Curtis and Glenna Collett Vare.

It will be noticed that only the swimmer Ann Curtis is a youngster. Stella Walsh (Walasiewicz) continues a sprinting career t has made her the class of fast fields for sixteen years. Patty Be competitive appearances have been but few during her service the Marine Corps Women's Reserve. The other women stars nam except Didrikson, in the first ten definitely belong to the past. versatile Babe as a golfer is very much among those present in top select circles. Her triumph in the Women's Western Ope 1944 presented impressive evidence of her lofty rating.

Note that the foreign-born women stars include the late Leng of France, Henie of Norway and Walsh of Poland.

Two factors were repeatedly emphasized by men who chose Babe Didrikson as the star of s among women athletes. Babe's versatility pressed even those men who chose others as t No. 1 stars. Sec. Taylor, of the Des Moines *Regi* in selecting Didrikson, said: "She outclasses field. No person should be considered for time greatness unless she was an expert or in more than one sport." Paul Schrader of Toledo *Times*, marked Babe's versatility vivi "She comes closer to being a female Jim Th than any other woman who ever lived."

The other point was Babe's comparative formances against men. Many sports writers played golf with Didrikson. She is so much be and so much longer than they are, it isn't an embarrassment to the big, strong, hands brute of a male.

Edward Breen, KVFD, Fort Dodge, Iowa knowledged that superiority of the Babe in somewhat melancholy words:

"Didrickson is the Paul Bunyan of wo sports. Did I say women's? I stand six feet weigh 190 pounds. I have been hitting a long ball, but I still am trying to tie one of her d at the Lake Okaboji."

Don Gardner, WKBN, Youngstown, Ohio, e the thought of so many males who have wa Babe wham a golf ball. "Get a picture of this pounder hammering a golf ball 300 yards an

Greatest Women Athletes of All Time

First Five

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth	Total
Babe Didrikson	66.6%	11.7%	4.3%	4.5%	2.3%	89.4%
Helen Wills Moody	9.4%	19.6%	18%	16.8%	8.6%	72.4%
Sonja Henie	5%	12.1%	12.9%	14.1%	11.3%	55.4%
Suzanne Lenglen	3.5%	7.4%	14.1%	8.2%	8.2%	41.4%
Gertrude Ederle	3.9%	9.8%	8.2%	5%	11.3%	38.2%

Runners-up

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth	Total
Patty Berg	1.9%	3.1%	7.4%	12.9%	8.2%	33.5%
Stella Walsh	1.1%	7.8%	9.8%	7.4%	5.4%	31.5%
Eleanor Holm	1.1%	3.9%	6.6%	7.4%	7.4%	26.4%
Ann Curtis	1.5%	5%	3.9%	6.2%	7.4%	24%
Glenna Collett Vare	0.4%	0.7%	2.7%	1.5%	6.2%	11.5%

Others Receiving Votes

Mary K. Browne
Annie Oakley
Joyce Wethered
Helen Stephens
Alice Marble
Eleanora Sears
Helen Jacobs
Helene Madison
Dorothy Campbell Hurd
Carrie Nation
Amelia Earhart
Floretta McCutcheon
Molla Mallory
Esther Williams
Nanci Merki
Georgia Coleman
Lillian Copeland
May Bundy
Mildred Burke
Katharine Rawls
Alline Pate
Noel MacDonald
Annette Kellerman
Betty Hicks
Helen Fox
Joan Fogle

have the essence of her greatness, was his terse comment.

We remember the comment of Gene Sarazen, with whom Babe made her professional golf debut on an exhibition tour. Gene could bat a ball to distant places himself when he let out. "She'll make any fellow's hands sore trying to keep out ahead of her drives. She goes at it like she wants to slam the ball off the globe. All I can do about it is go along until she gets one of her very best, then let out and pass her just to remind her whom she's playing against."

Horace C. Boren, Long Beach, California, remarked: "Babe is the only woman in history who asks no odds from any ordinary man in sports. I've played golf with her and have seen she's the only woman who drives like a man." But what Boren and many other males don't realize about Babe is that she's acquired versatility in her shots, too. Again quoting Sarazen: "She picked up the knack of blasting out of sand traps so well after we'd played a few rounds together and practiced for awhile, she'd shoot for traps at greens, being confident she could get closer to the pin by blasting than by a long putt. But now the 31-year-old star also is one of the best putters in women's golf."

Just for the record, and to protect masculine vanity, let's compare Babe's brilliant performance in the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles, with fairly good performances by males in competition.

In the Xth Olympiad her mark was 5 feet 5¼ inches in the high jump. Erwin Huber of Germany, who finished fourth in the Olympic decathlon in 1936 and had the poorest high jump of the first six decathlon finishers, goosed himself to a 5 feet 7 3/16 inches elevation. In the javelin throw the story of Babe going in as a rank novice and winning the women's event with a heave of 143 feet 4 inches is well known. Armin Guhl of Switzerland, who was sixth in the decathlon, threw the javelin 167 feet 4 11/16 inches. The men's world record is 258 feet 2⅝ inches made by the Finn, Yrjo Nikkanen. This is a pretty fair indication that the Babe's best wouldn't have been close to the men's class.

Before Babe turned professional her record, as chronicled by the careful Frank G. Menke, was 632 victories in 634 athletic competitions. That included her play as a member of a girl's basketball team. Fred Digby, of the New Orleans *Item*, called Babe "the greatest basketball player—man or woman—I ever saw."

S/Sgt. Tom Mathews, Long Beach, California, opined Babe would be a champion at tennis, too, if she had continued to apply herself to the sport. Tennis has been Babe's one major sports disappointment. She went at it earnestly, but all she got out of it was a tennis elbow.

Henry F. Gruhler, Atlantic City, New Jersey; George S. Alderton, Lansing, Michigan, *State Journal*, and Corporal John Clark, George Field, Illinois, all particularly noted that Babe has superb timing and co-ordination and the great competitive quality of turning on the steam when the situation demanded super-pressure.

There were scores who expressed the belief that if Babe's *wrestling* husband, George Zaharias, could make the weight, Babe could pin him to the canvas so fast and often he'd have bunions on his shoulders. Those who know the Zaharias family well and have sampled Babe's performance at the cookstove say that she is an Olympic winner at that all-important event.

Helen Wills received intense endorsement. Bill Leiser of the San Francisco *Chronicle* pointed out that La Wills achieved one of the rarest of athletic triumphs in becoming "one of the few major athletes to make a successful comeback after being 'all through.'" Some cold and competent appraisers chose Helen Wills as the brightest star because of "charm," "modesty," "sportsmanship," "feminine characteristics," "appearance" and "lack of cattiness."

Among those who made such comments were Frank Grayson, Cincinnati *Times-Star*; J. D. Brewer, Dallas, Texas; Walter S. Farquhar, Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and Herman S. Reifsnyder, Altoona, Pennsylvania. Their attitude was that a woman athlete must be rated by feminine standard, and not on the masculine basis of competition against time or distance or personalities.

Pat Harmon, Champaign, Illinois, *News Gazette*, who gave Wills an edge over Lenglen, remarked that "international tennis reached a high competitive plane earlier and developed faster than any other woman's sport."

Those who chose Lenglen stoutly declared she had more color and popular appeal than any other woman athlete. Cleon M. Domina, Keene, New Hampshire, stated the usual opinion of Lenglen's voters: "She had competitive ability second to none; a flair for showmanship, with more than enough ability to back it up. While she was no beauty, her catlike grace and ability to cover acres of ground soon made you forget anybody else in the field but her."

The Lenglen fighting spirit also appealed to many who didn't give her first place. Abe J. Greene of Paterson, New Jersey, a veteran authority on fighting, commented: "Lenglen had the spark, the fight, the color and the turbulence to back up her ability on the court."

Usually, though, the authorities said Trudy Ederle in her English Channel swim showed more athletic courage than any of the other girls. Patty Berg also received considerable commendation for her comeback after an automobile accident that battered her badly and compelled her to remake her golf game.

Those who selected Sonja Henie as the empress of the women athletes agreed with Earl Ruby of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Earl said: "A feminine champion must be different from a male champion. The male may be a skinny, knobby-kneed, sunken-jawed, tobacco-chewing runt, and still merit greatness. But a woman, first of all, must be feminine, and to be feminine is to be beautiful."

Bob Hooey, *Ohio State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio, is not one to slobber into his bib about any woman athlete, but Bob went all out for Henie, saying: "She had everything. Brains, competitive spirit, and the class of competition that was the highest in the world. Her feminine charm was dazzling." Fred Leo, WMBD, Peoria, Illinois, said: "Henie's beauty and lovely personality are to be envied by all members of her sex." Bob Wilson, *Knoxville* (Tennessee) *News Sentinel*, didn't get as poetic as other experts did about Sonja. He remarked, "She's to ice skating what Dempsey was to boxing, Ruth to baseball, Jones to golf and Tilden to tennis—PLUS SEX APPEAL."

Other restrained, stable critics commented that one look at Sonja's box-office draw answers all arguments. These gentlemen are of the belief there is no sport as strenuous or as exacting as beating the creditors to the tape.

John E. Wray, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, stoutly maintained that the Fulton, Missouri, farm girl, Helen Stephens, was the greatest of them all. John is convinced that if Helen hadn't turned pro she would have equaled men's time.

However, she and other likely candidates were not in the top layers as the ballots were counted. Annie Oakley, the sharpshooter, was proposed as the brightest star because she held prominence longer than any other woman sports performer. However, G. Paul Browne, Anderson, South Carolina, punctured that claim by naming Delilah who "took on the world's heavyweight champ and mowed him down." Browne was joined by a couple of other voters all of whom named Carrie Nation as the all-time champion hammer thrower.

There was even mention of women wrestlers, and that's when it is time to close the polls.

Ten who answered the poll named all five of the greatest women stars although none of them was able to place them in the correct order. The 1.000 per centers were Pfc. Roland T. Jones of Dale Mabry Field, Florida, Hoyt C. Miller of Durango, Colorado, Paul O. Tooley of Denison, Texas, Abe J. Greene of Paterson, New Jersey, R. P. Fairman of Mandan, North Dakota, Thomas Stirling of Upton, Wyoming, L. Bernard of Butler, Pennsylvania, Henry Singer of The Bronx, New York, Walt Dobbins of Lincoln, Nebraska, and R. B. Underwood, Galveston, Texas, Army Air Field. ###

"I had a little trouble getting home—I got jammed between two parked cars"

Nation's outstanding boy players picked for Esquire's second All-American game with Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb rival managers

East Battles West

by JAMES CROSSETT

A BIG-league umpire's call, "Play Ball," will echo throughout the famous Polo Grounds in New York City the night of August 28, bringing together two teams of America's outstanding young ballplayers for 1945, thirty-two in all. One will be composed of the top-ranking junior baseball stars east of the Mississippi River under the coaching of Babe Ruth, and the other representing the best west of the river, piloted by Ty Cobb. The occasion will be the second annual Esquire All-American Boys' Baseball Game.

Co-operating with Esquire are the nation's leading newspapers, and other organizations interested in the furtherance of boys' baseball and general physical fitness of the country's youth.

Funds realized from gate receipts of the New York game will be donated to the Living War Memorials Commission and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

In most cases the thirty-two All-American Boys won the honor by appearing in all-star games and baseball clinics sponsored by co-operating papers in which skill on the field, general baseball acumen and sportsmanship were the deciding factors.

Jimmy Burns, sports editor of the Miami *Herald*, with the co-operation of several high school, Legion and junior sandlot coaches in that area, looked over several hundred boys and selected Burt Stone, a sixteen-year-old second baseman from Miami Beach High School.

In Portland, Oregon, George Bertz of the *Oregon Journal* staged a benefit game before 6,500 fans in co-operation with the Shriners Crippled Children's Fund of that city, and came up with Harold McKee, a second baseman hailing from Woodburn, Oregon.

Ted Drakos of Tulsa, Oklahoma, a rifle-armed third sacker, was selected by the *Daily Oklahoman* in Oklahoma City as the 1945 All-American Boy in a game played before 1,500 rain-soaked fans. Drakos played on a team managed by Carl Hubbell, one time Giant pitching ace, which was defeated by a nine handled by George Sisler of St. Louis fame. Gate receipts for the game were turned over to the YMCA junior baseball program by Hal Middlesworth, sports editor of the *Daily Oklahoman.*

Two All-American Boys were named in vast Texas. Smooth fielding and hard-hitting Dave Williams, second baseman on the state championship Sunset High School team, was selected by the Dallas *Times-Herald* under the direction of Jere Hayes, sports editor, and Louis Cox, assistant sports editor. The south Texas choice was Johnny Finch, 17-year-old pitcher from St. Thomas High School of Houston, who was selected in an all-star game conducted by Dick Freeman, the sports editor of the Houston *Chronicle*, with the gate receipts going to the Houston Junior Baseball Fund. More than 5,000 fans crowded Reverchon Park in Dallas to see the naming of the All-American Boy.

In Cincinnati, the program was conducted by Mel Heidelman of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, who sponsored a series of schools and clinics plus an all-star game under the watchful eyes of Cincinnati scouts and city coaches in Crosley Field.

In Utah and Idaho, 250 junior baseball artists enjoyed a three day clinic staged by the Cinncy Reds and the Ogden *Standard-Examiner* with Al Warden, sports scribe, in charge. This junior baseball undertaking attracted so much attention that Herbert B. Maw, governor of Utah, offered his written comment on the affair. Mickey Shader of the Reds supervised the clinic.

In many of the districts, choices were not made at this writing.

Royal Brougham on the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* uses the all-star game system to select a boy from the state of Washington with the co-operation of eight dailies in that district to cover every available town in the Pacific Northwest. Pepper Martin, manager of the San Diego Pacific Coast League team, and Bill Skiff, Seattle pilot, were slated to be rival managers.

In San Francisco, Bill Leiser of the *Chronicle* makes his selection by staging a Bay Area game drawing from Oakland, Stockton and Sacramento with all proceeds going to the American Legion Junior Baseball program.

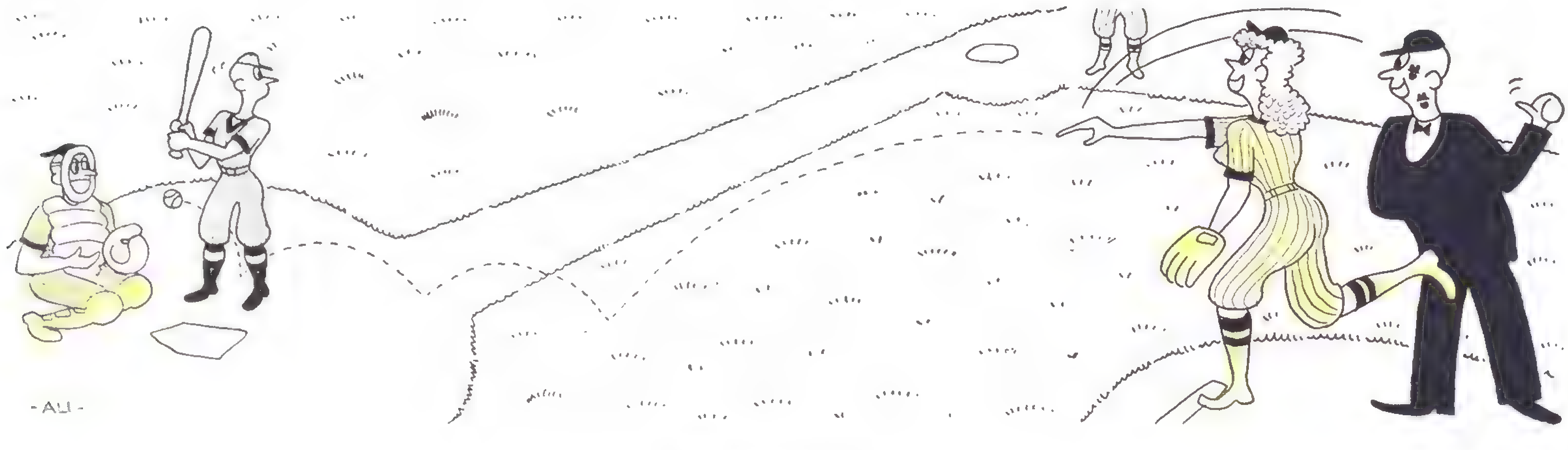
Los Angeles and surrounding territory is taken care of by Braven Dyer, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times.* A poll vote covering the two states of Wyoming and Montana is conducted by Curt Gowdy of the *Wyoming Eagle.*

Colorado boys are given their chance to win a place through all-star game procedure conducted by Chet Nelson of the *Rocky Mountain News* in Denver where the American Legion co-operates in staging try outs. In Nebraska, Floyd Olds, of the Omaha *World-Herald*, guides the selecting procedure on a vote basis. Boys living in Missouri are given consideration by Harold Tuthill of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* sports staff and American Legion officials.

Ernie Mehl, baseball writer on the Kansas City *Star* is in charge of picking a boy in western Missouri and in the state of Kansas in a game for the Kansas City Salvation Army Penny Ice Fund.

Iowa forms a district of its own where Sec Taylor, long time sports editor of the Des Moines *Register-Tribune*, received the help of the state Legion program in choosing a boy.

Youthful baseball stars in the Ozarks look to Orville Henry of the *Arkansas Gazette* for one of the coveted positions on the All-American squad. Henry lined up Willis Hudlin and Fresco Thompson, Southern Association Managers, as coaches. Across the Mississippi in



"Strike three"

Memphis, Tennessee, Wilson Murrah, a member of the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* sports staff, makes a selection.

Louisiana is handled by Fred Digby, one of the leading sports writers in the South with the New Orleans *Item*.

A future big-leaguer is selected in true big-league style in Alabama by Zipp Newman, well-known sports editor of the Birmingham *News-Age-Herald*. An all-star game is staged here for the benefit of the Alabama Sight Conservation Fund in Rickwood Park, home of the Birmingham Barons.

To the north of Ol' Bam, Raymond Johnson, sports head of the Nashville *Tennessean*, conducts an all-star game to come up with the player from that district which covers eastern Tennessee. In Georgia, Ed Danforth of the Atlanta *Journal* is in charge.

Making a choice of thousands of boys in Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana is the job of Harry Berz, secretary of the Chicago Sports Association, with the co-operation of Norm Werry, Gary *Post-Tribune*; Jim Fitzpatrick, Springfield *Citizen-Tribune*; Kenneth Jones, Peoria *Journal-Transcript* and Don Griffin and John Zussman, recreation directors in Milwaukee, assisted by Charlie Nevada of the Milwaukee *Journal*.

Michigan is well scoured for talent by Lyall Smith, sports editor of the Detroit *Free Press*. Northern and Central Ohio kids get their chance to qualify for the big game through the efforts of Bob Hooey of the *Ohio State Journal*, Al Banister of the Columbus ball club and St. Louis Cardinal scouts co-operating.

Bob Stedler, sports chief of the Buffalo *News*, looks the young stars over in western New York State with the assistance of the American Legion. Out Boston way, Ernest Dalton, president of the Massachusetts High School Baseball Writers Association, gets his members together to select a boy.

In Philadelphia and surrounding section, Leo Riordan, executive sports editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, names the lad.

The Richmond *News-Leader* in Virginia, with Ben Wahrman at the helm, is the co-operating newspaper in that territory.

Dick Cullum and Eddie T. Jones directed the Minneapolis *Times* selection with Rosy Ryan, Ray Blades, Harry Liebold and Bill Burwell, American Association coaches, the instructors at a day-long clinic.

It was North Carolina vs. South Carolina in the game conducted by Jake Wade, sports editor of the Charlotte *Observer*, with the *Observer* Fresh Air Fund realizing the benefits of the gate.

Greater New York City has its delegate chosen by a committee of New York newspapermen under the direction of Mike Lee, sports editor of the Long Island *Press*. #

Splitting the Seconds

The ability to slow down moving objects, to split the second into a thousand parts, turns the average athlete into the star

by JACK O'CONNOR

How does the expert skeetshooter do it—25 straight hits on a windy day as the birds streak a mile a minute through the air like comets, while you miss more than you hit?

How does a Budge or a Kovacs leap across ten feet of space in a fast tennis match, put a racket in front of a cannonading ball at just the right angle so that it darts back into the corner of the court where the opponent isn't?

An ace pitcher winds up and lays his fast one in so that it seems no more than a flash of white to you, yet a DiMaggio or a Williams is able to drive it back with ease for a solid base hit How come?

A Navy ace shoots down five enemy bombers so fast that three of them fall through the air at once, yet he returns to his carrier without a scratch. Does he carry a lucky piece?

The answer is simple.

To the skeet expert, the targets look as big as dishpans and they seem to float. A Budge or Kovacs has no trouble following a zipping ball. To a DiMaggio or a Williams, those pitches that appear like rockets to the non-expert, float up to them looking as big as pumpkins. The ace pilot actually finds that the enemy plane isn't moving fast at all.

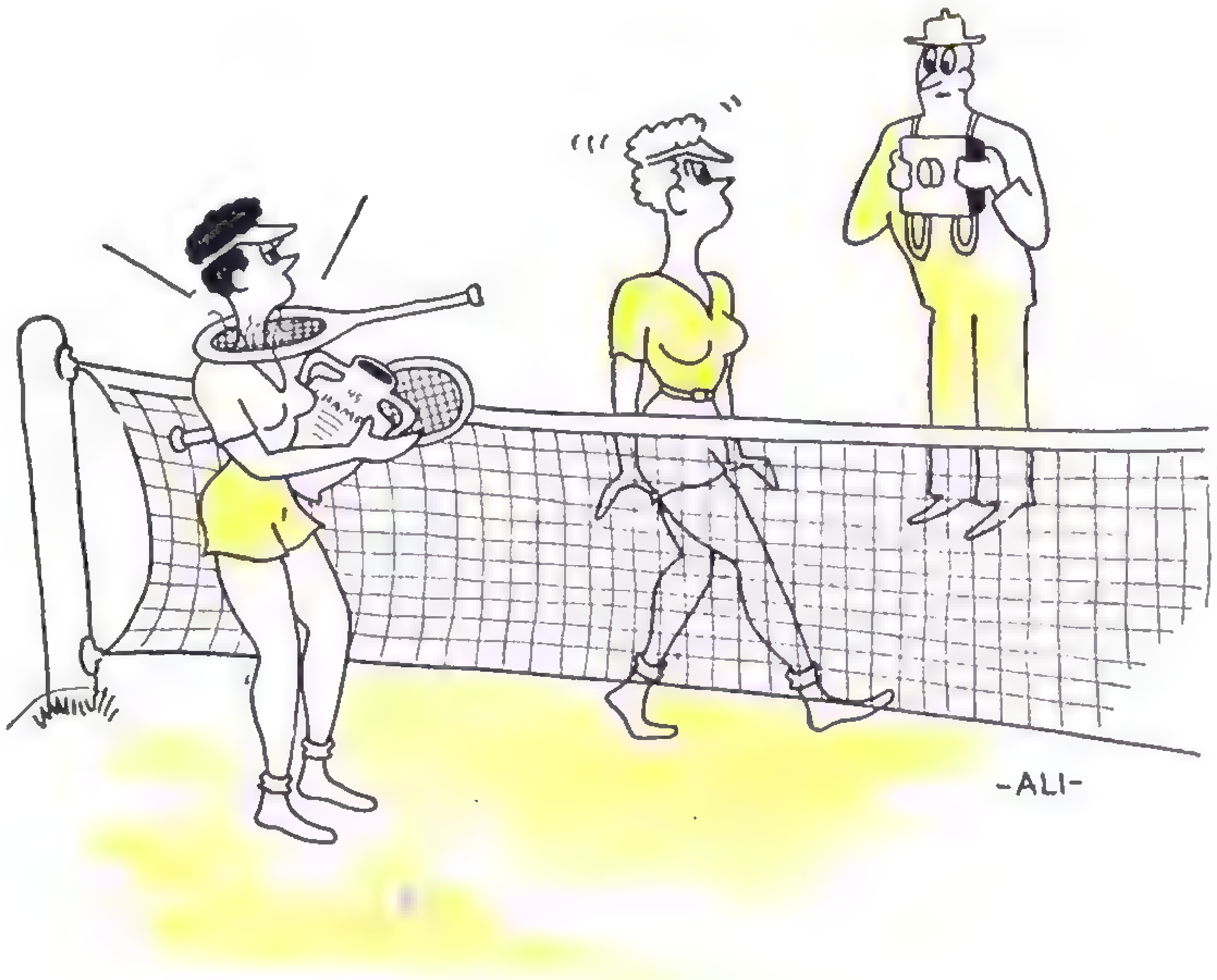
Why?

Because they split the second into a thousand parts!

The super-athlete can do just that. He has the co-ordination to divide the second into parts that the non-expert can't imagine and the watch can't record. This second-splitting enables him to slow down the apparent flight of objects so that there is plenty of time to do what seems incredible to the less gifted and less highly trained. Natural ability, trained eyes and practice do the "splitting."

A good shot does not throw his gun barrel in the general direction of what he wants to hit and pull the trigger. He aims. As the good shooter's eye becomes trained, the moving object to be hit slows down, seems to grow larger and the man behind the gun begins to have the illusion that it is not necessary to hurry, that hitting what he wants to hit is so extremely easy that it becomes almost ridiculous.

Eyesight, plus infinitely rapid muscular reaction, is the story back of the great hitters in baseball. Their wonderful eyes "slow" and "stop" the best fast balls and the trickiest curves. Most of the hitters don't actually see the ball when they hit it, though a few, including Joe Sewell, former shortstop of the Cleveland Indians and Yankee third baseman, claim that they are able to follow the ball clear up to the spot where the bat smacks it. Eddie Collins used to insist that the batter ought to hit every ball he swung at. He himself, of course, was unable to carry that theory out 1.000



per cent. Timing is virtually the whole story in hitting a baseball, and that means the correct working together of eyesight and muscular reaction. The eyes transmit a vision of the projected course of a flying ball, and the muscles then almost instinctively adjust themselves to bring the bat around where it will meet an infinitesimal point on the ball at about a millionth of a second. Because of the delicacy of this physiological adjustment, which is even more complex than the mechanism of the Norden bombsight, ballplayers are extremely careful about both their eyes and their muscles. Many of them will not read much, especially on trains, and they are also very careful about doing work that might strengthen up certain muscles and so disturb the complex muscular make up that enables them to bring that bat around to the point where their eyes tell them the ball is going to be in a microscopic instant.

In tennis when you are "hot," when your eye is "in," the hardest-hit drive actually seems to float along with the ball looking three times as big as usual. At the crucial moment before you sock it, you have the illusion that the ball was hanging there simply waiting to be put away.

Why can the top prize fighters pick off their foes' punches in the simplest of defensive blocks, and land killing blows of their own at the very second the less skilled foe leaves his chin exposed? For the same reason.

If you are an inexperienced hunter, you fire in the general direction of a flock of birds. There doesn't seem time for more. As the hunter's skill grows, it seems the birds fly slower and the animal runs with less speed. The hunter has begun to divide and sub-divide his seconds. He begins to aim and hit. Picking out one bird becomes easy. The birds seem to fly slower and slower.

What happens when a good hunter starts to miss his game, when the boxer is off in his timing and looks like a palooka, when the batting star starts to strike out? They say the boxer has gone stale, the batter has lost his eye, the tennis player's timing is shot. The marksman doesn't know what is wrong—he can't hit a thing!

Nothing has happened except that the ability to slow down moving objects with trained eyes has suddenly deserted these worthy athletes, and for the time being they are seeing things as ordinary mortals see them. All at once the guy the prize fighter is trying to hit seems faster and trickier, the pitcher throws the fast ones harder and the curves break faster, and the quail begin to look like humming birds. Whatever the cause—physical, psychological, etc.—it isn't the muscles that fail, but the godlike eyes. They have lost their power to split up the second. ⌗

by JOE HENDRICKSON

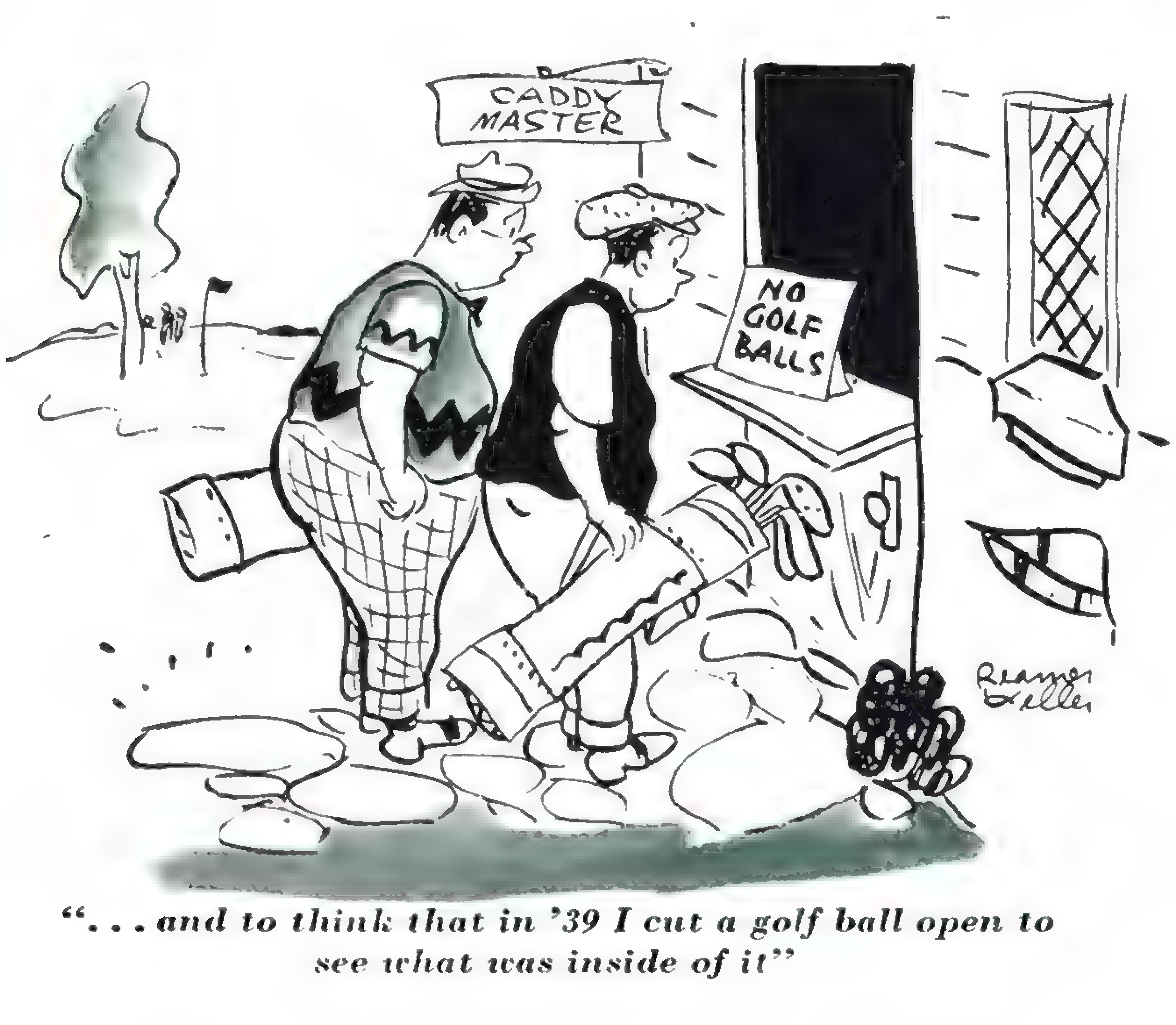
Bierman Sipping T

But famous Minnesota coach, back at grid table, predicts the '45 men will feature other basic diets that mix easily with T

T HAS had its fling as the main course on the football menu. Now it is going to become something to sip!

That is the opinion of the coach who is going to be watched more closely by the collegiate football fans of the nation this fall than any mentor in this business. Bernie Bierman is the name, and what the grey-haired football fox plans to spring on his foes this fall as he returns to Minnesota's Golden Gophers after three years' absence is a national question.

Bierman won Big Ten and national championships so regularly at Minnesota that he was correctly tabbed America's No. 1 football coach by Esquire's Sports Poll. True, Bierman coached successfully for one year at Iowa Pre-Flight after entering active duty with the Marines for the second time in his life, but his grid record at Minnesota is the achievement the football follower looks back at. The Seahawks of Iowa Pre-Flight were a mixture of seasoned stars dumped into Bierman's lap, but his Minnesota teams were squads that he developed from the beginning, typical Bierman products all the way, *and winners.* It is the record of five national championships won by his Gophers in his last eight years as Minnesota's head coach that he will try to continue when he sends his Gopher giants into competition this fall following his retirement from the Marines.



"... and to think that in '39 I cut a golf ball open to see what was inside of it"

What appeared to be a revolution hit football during the three years that Bierman served as a lieutenant colonel in the Marines. His famous single wing attack was nearly erased from the menu as the boys started gathering around the gridiron table to serve T.

What is Bierman going to do about it now that he has returned to the scene? Is he going to fall in line with the new trend and admit his system is outdated despite the fact it was good enough to win 63 games against 12 defeats and five ties during the 10 years he coached at Minnesota?

His answer is definitely NO.

Bierman won't go so far as to claim the T-formation is doomed to die, but he honestly can't understand why so much fuss has been made about it. Let's let him say it in his own words:

"The T is no different from many other new trends that have entered football. At first everyone gets stirred up about it. Soon the new trend is absorbed by the game and you don't hear much more about it. I don't think you will find many teams going totally T in the future. *The trend in 1945 will be for modification. The T system will be absorbed.*"

Yes, T will be sipped from now on.

Bierman believes football hasn't changed a great deal. "You still have to tackle, you still have to block, you still have to run with the ball," grins Mr. Fundamentals himself. The only big change he can recall in his long career is the development of the forward pass.

Bierman isn't the type of fellow to display all of his 1945 plans in black and white. He would just as soon keep the Crislers, the Waldorfs, the Stuhldrehers and the others guessing—an old Bierman habit. Did we say guessing? Sweating may be the proper word. Bierman hints, however, he has nothing drastically new to present outside of making some use of the T.

Bierman says he doesn't see any particular advantages in the T-formation other than those gained in quick opening plays straight through the line. Much was said last fall about unfair advantages enjoyed by teams using the T. The claim was made in some quarters that the trickery of the T gave the offensive club the impetus needed for an unfair advantage over the defensive club which had difficulty following the ball before it was too late. There was considerable comment aimed at seeking legislation to put a harness on the T-formation.

Bierman thinks all this is unnecessary. "Many of the successful T-formation teams looked so unstoppable because they had superior and more experienced talent brought about by wartime conditions and not because of the system," Bierman will argue with you. "A green team is easier to fool."

Bierman is drawing his 1945 plans on the belief that T-formation plays to the flanks have no advantage over single wing plays directed at the ends. However, he does see some desirable benefits from some T-formation plays that shoot through quick openings in the middle. In that respect, Bierman football may change this fall. The Gophers may have more plays geared for quick shots to go along with their usual power off the single wing lineup.

Bierman admits he has spent considerable time designing defensive maneuvers to stop this biggest threat from the T. In other words, he is hoping to make use of this weapon himself and prevent the other fellow from being so successful with it.

Football players working under Bierman this fall can expect to return to the drudgery of working on fundamentals from start to finish of every practice. Fundamentals are the secret to Bierman football, the explanation for Minnesota's record-breaking run of 21 straight victories and 28 straight games without a defeat from 1933 to 1936.

The shrewd Minnesota grid mentor does not believe in scrimmages after the first two weeks of practice. Constant work on tackling, blocking, precision of plays and classroom chalk talks make up the Bierman formula. He believes a play should work if every assignment is carried out. If a trick or two is necessary in order to make the job easier, Bernie usually has it for good measure.

There is not much fun in preparing for Bierman football. Grinding on fundamentals day after day makes his brand of football work. But if there is any compensation in winning on Saturdays, Minnesota players are repaid for the drudgery they go through.

This leads to the topic of Bierman psychology. While many coaches take full advantage of emotion in keying players for the big tests, Bierman follows an exact opposite policy. Bierman is not the coach to walk over to a discouraged or bewildered boy, put his arm around his shoulder and work out a problem with words. Minnesota football players have often admitted that they never could get "real close" to Bernie. Instead, they have more or less feared him because of his strictness; they have respected him for his knowledge of the game and his fairness. Good football players usually get their chance under Bierman. By cool, calm, deliberate attack of the situation, Bierman has ruled emotionalism out of Minnesota football and turned it into a cut and dried business of winning on sound tackling, blocking and running. He insists on good material and he insists on winning with it.

More than one boy who has played football at the Gopher school has often said, "I never got to know Bierman very well when I was at college, but I will never forget what he taught me. I learned to succeed with the weapons I had."

500 LBS
Lundy

Strange enough is the fact that Bierman wasn't completely sold on coaching as a career after his first fling. He spent a year tutoring a small high school team in Montana after graduating from Minnesota where he played from 1913 to 1915. Bierman gave up the prep job and returned to Minneapolis to become a bond salesman, a job he didn't like too well. Then came the First World War with Bierman winding up with the Marines in Cuba. It was not until he returned that he went for coaching in a big way.

His career is the story of a plugger, not one of quick success.

When a Gopher gridder, he worked his way up. Even while in high school in Litchfield, Minnesota, he had to overcome a bone infection which didn't permit his playing football until late in his prep career. While always playing sound football at Minnesota and being outstanding for his tackling and blocking in addition to running, it was not until his senior year that stardom was attained.

He coached at Montana University from 1919 to 1921 and then went to Tulane to become Clark Shaughnessy's assistant. It is coincidence that Shaughnessy, the leading crusader for the T, and Bierman, the leader in the single wing school, should have been on the same staff. Bierman parted from Shaughnessy in 1925 to become head coach at Mississippi State, where he remained until 1927 when Shaughnessy left Tulane, opening the way for Bierman to return to the Green Wave. Bierman's Tulane teams were not successful in any "out of the ordinary degree" at first, but from 1929 to 1931 his charges lost only two games, one of them being to Southern California in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, 1932.

Then Minnesota shouted for help. Fritz Crisler had accepted an offer from Princeton. The Gophers wanted their native son to return to the scene of his college triumphs. Bierman's teams didn't take the world by storm at first. There was one year of plugging first. In 1933 Pug Lund led the Gophers to an unbeaten season although tied four times. The 1934 team, believed to be the greatest Bierman ever coached, bowled over all opposition, with the 1935 team carrying on in much the same manner. Not until 1936 did the Gophers taste defeat when Northwestern turned the trick, and Bierman's teams have been hard to beat ever since.

Bernie Bierman and his Gophers are the saddest thoughts Fritz Crisler and Michigan's famous Tommy Harmon carry with them as they look back at the past few years. We'll never forget the disappointment each expressed after suffering heartbreaking defeats to Minnesota. Crisler has never defeated Bierman. If he had, he would be the No. 1 man in the coaching fraternity.

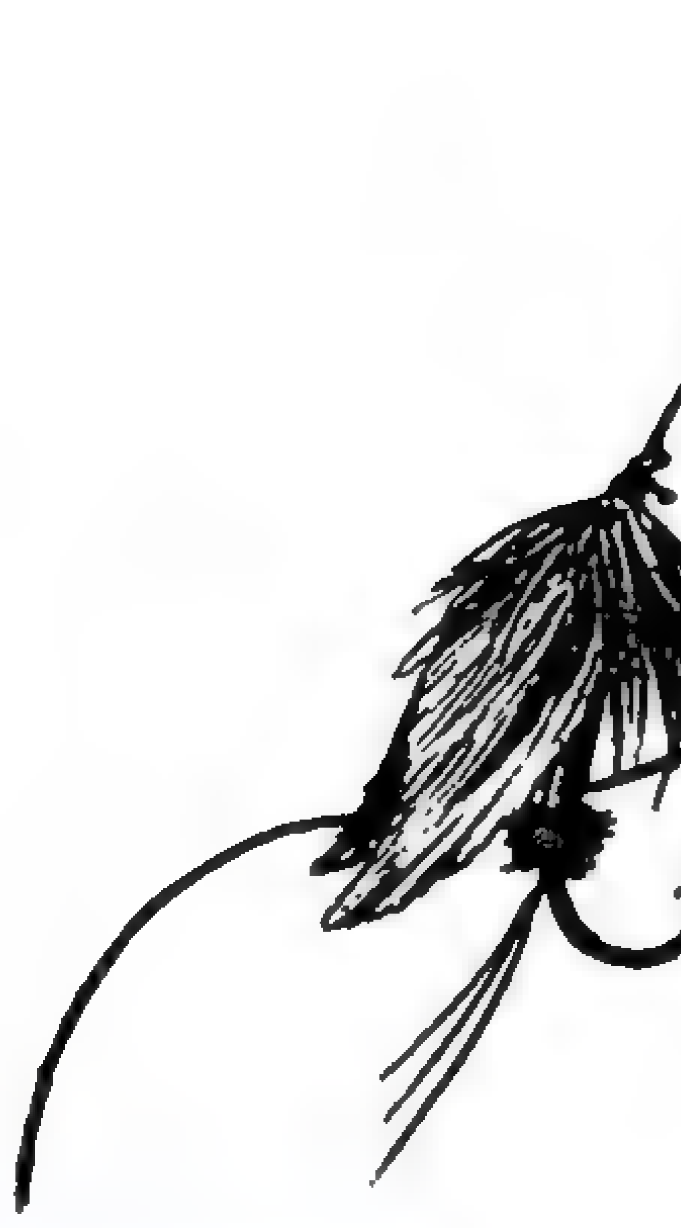
The one player who had most to do with the defeats handed Michigan during the Harmon reign is the young man whom Bierman rates as the greatest he ever coached—Bruce Smith. One of Smith's greatest feats was an 80-yard run that made possible a 7-6 victory over Michigan in a game that found Michigan outgaining the Gophers six to five.

Asked what single game in his 24 years of coaching stands out above all others, the 51-year-old Bierman replied, "I guess it will have to be our victory over Pittsburgh in 1934."

Bierman has coached 10 official All-Americans—Bill Banker and Jerry Dalrymple at Tulane; Pug Lund, Butch Larson, Bill Bevan, Dick Smith, Ed Widseth, George Franck, Bruce Smith and Dick Wildung at Minnesota—and hundreds of other outstanding players. This fall the silver-thatched grid magician is starting his twenty-fifth season of coaching. Whether he comes up with a champ is hard to say, but those who know him predict that it won't be long until the nation's No. 1 coach again is giving foes the jitters.

He will moan before every game, telling sports writers and fans that "we'll lose by two touchdowns." Bierman won't smile much. He won't talk much. He won't give you a chance to feel you know him. But don't let him kid you—he doesn't coach teams to lose. ##

The Sportsman's Yearbook: September



An artist-sportsman's guide to the best game of the month begins with angling in Maine

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

Being thoroughly unscientific in angling, I feel that any connection between the moon and the feeding habits of fish is purely coincidental. I prefer a more comfortable theory: the time to fish is when you can and want to. If your tastes parallel mine the spell is apt to come over you during the golden month of September. But the moon plays a definite role.

To watch the harvest moon burn its ruddy orb through the late-summer haze, climb above the dark hills and send a path of shimmering light across the waters of a lonely northern lake is to experience enchantment.

Sebago, Cupsuptic or Mooselookmegantic; the Connecticut Lakes, Averill or Memphremagog—this is the Promised Land. The fullness of late summer lies on the earth; because the water has cooled, trout and landlocked salmon stir from the depths of lakes to seek shallower feeding grounds. They ascend the streams and "thoroughfares" and, lying out at the tail of a glassy pool or breasting the current of a brawling riffle, they hit a fly or streamer with the verve and dash of spring fish.

Landlocks may be taken by casting or trolling a fly on many of the northern lakes, but the cream of the sport undoubtedly is stream fishing. The weather usually is bright; the tang to the air makes you appreciate a light sweater; black flies and mosquitoes have about disappeared; and the streams and flowages are small enough to be intimate and readily covered by a reasonable cast.

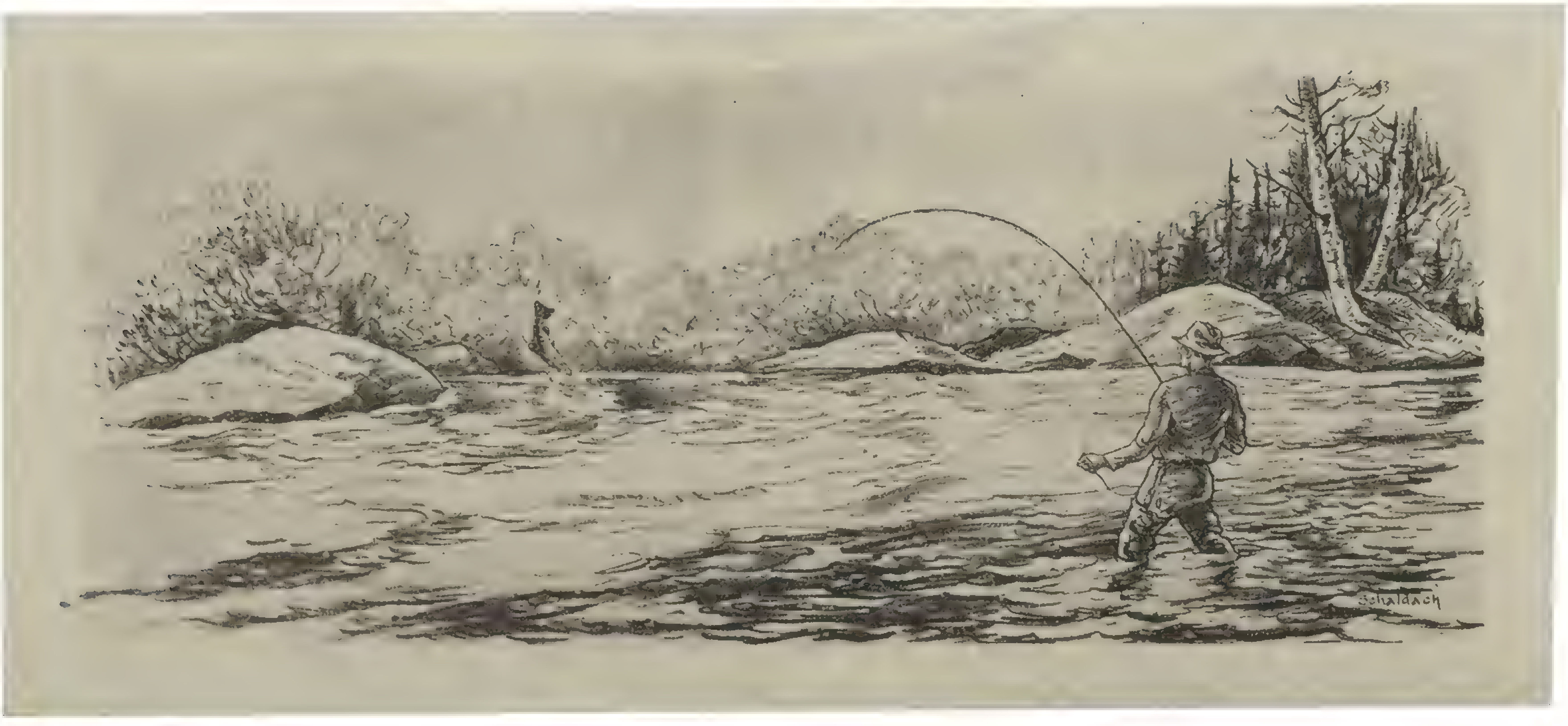
The Kennebago Stream in the Rangeley District of Maine is a typical example. It is no better, perhaps, than dozens of other thoroughfares which connect large lakes, but it has given me some very pleasant angling hours. I prefer a fairly light rod, since the stream landlocks rarely run over six pounds: three to four pounds is a good average. My favorite stick is an eight and one-half foot trout dry-fly rod, weighing four and one-half ounces. It has plenty of spunk and backbone. so I can reach for one seventy feet away if I want to. But most of the casts are shorter.

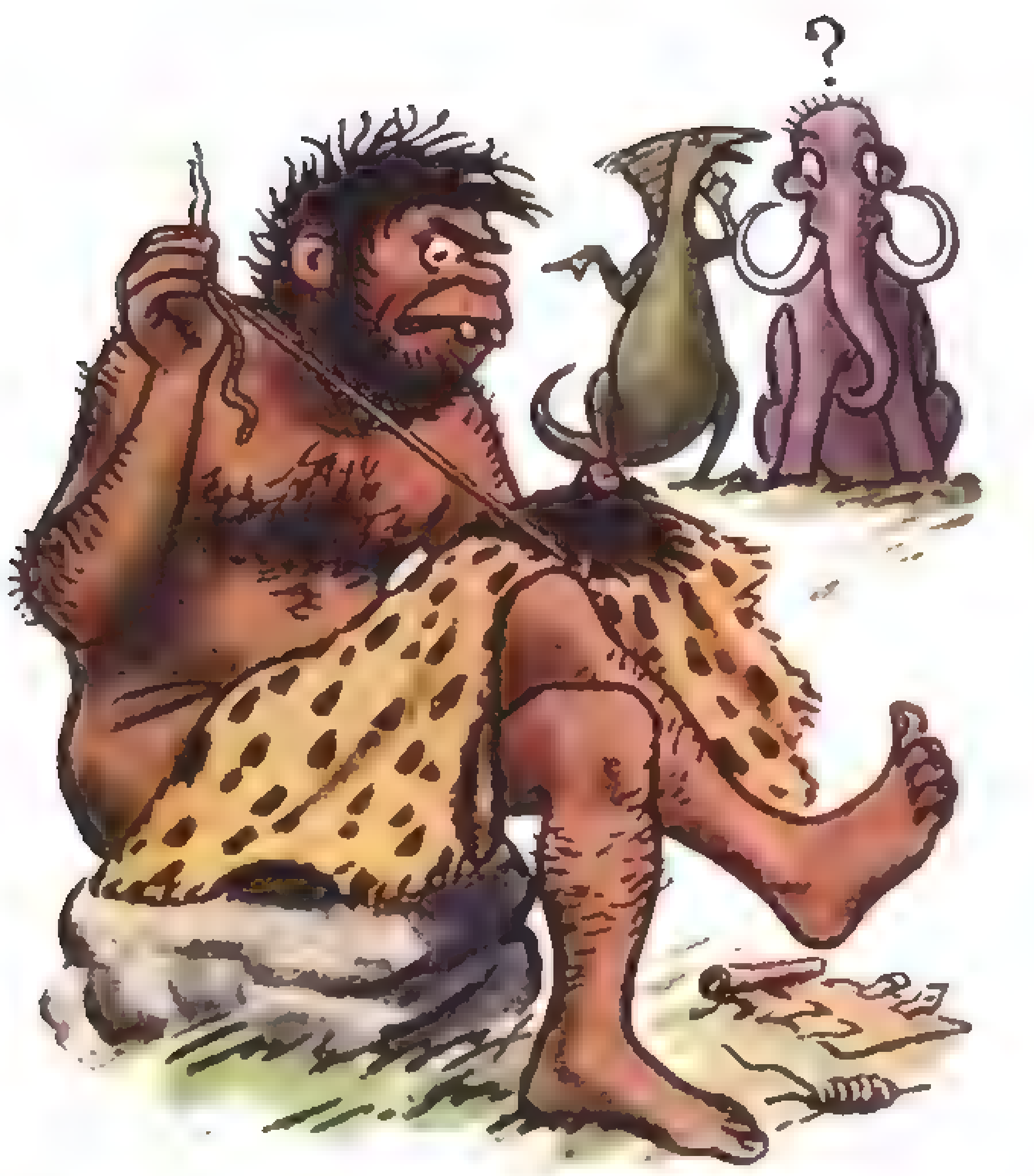
Casting the fly across the current and letting it drift as deep as it will travel is the time-honored method and is usually effective. Near the end of the swing, but before the line has completed its arc, stripping in with the left hand in sharp jerks often brings strikes. When a landlock hits, you are not left in doubt! His first tactic is usually a spirited break which sends myriads of jeweled drops into the air—and delightful chills up and down your spine. Though not that greathearted warrior of the Canadian Rivers, the Atlantic salmon, this little cousin is still plenty good.

The resplendent and lovely squaretail (brook or speckled trout to you if you don't hail from New England) graces the cold lakes and streams of most of Maine and many parts of Vermont and New Hampshire. Maine grows 'em big. They have a reputation down there for that sort of thing and they mean to maintain it. Fish under three pounds elicit nothing more than raised eyebrows. Conversation starts only at the four-pound mark and it doesn't become talk until you fetch in one that tips the scale at five pounds.

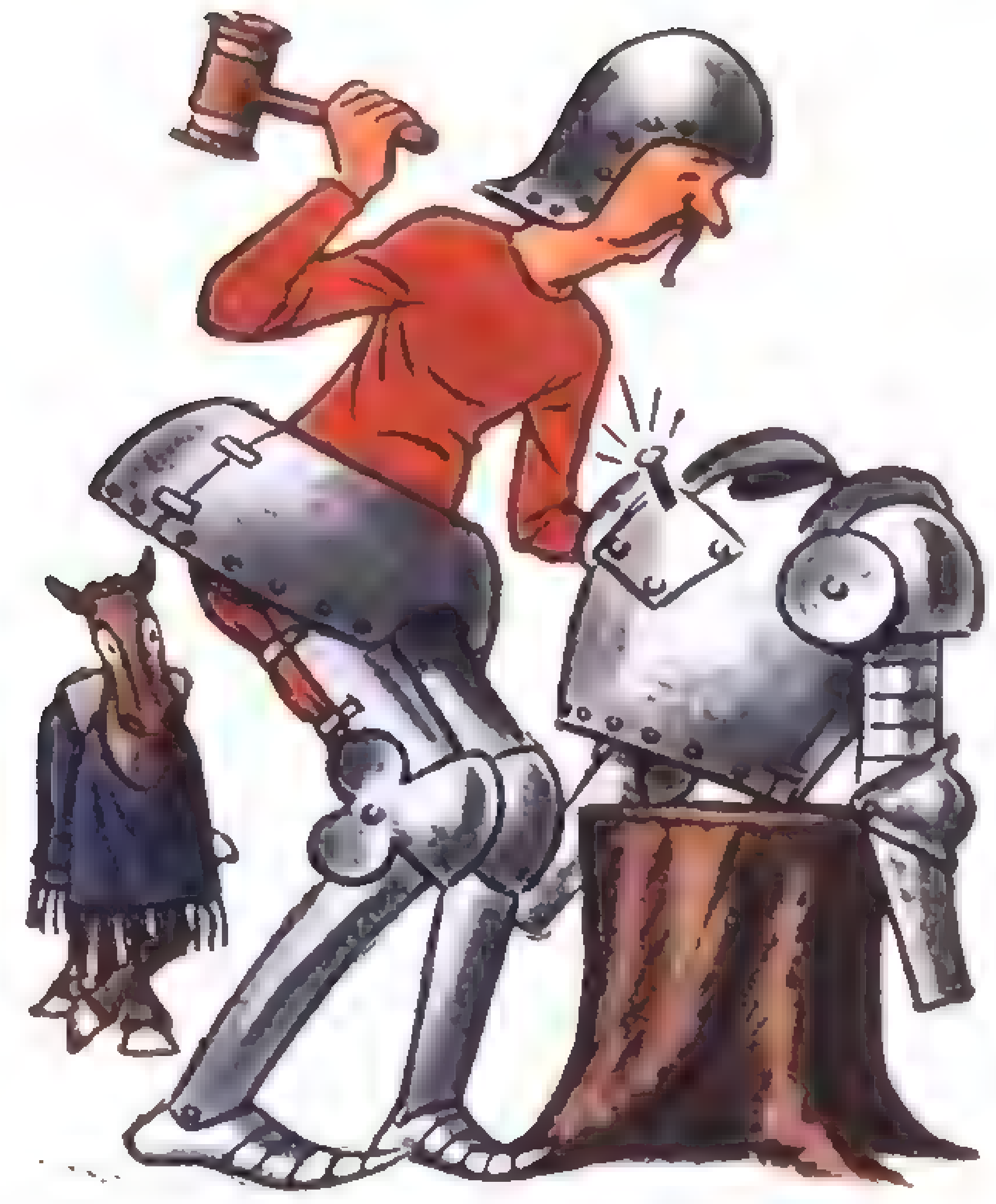
The average, of course, is away down below that. You can get action, and plenty of it, with trout that weigh from a half-pound to a pound-and-a-half; and that is good enough for any man.

Flies? Wet patterns, lightly dressed on heavy hooks—like the bedraggled old veteran Royal Coachman I have drawn. They sink fast and travel deep. Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, Gray and Green Ghost are good. And I wouldn't show up in Maine without Parmacheene Belle and White-tipped Montreal. It would be a breach of etiquette—like appearing in evening dress with tan shoes. ⧺

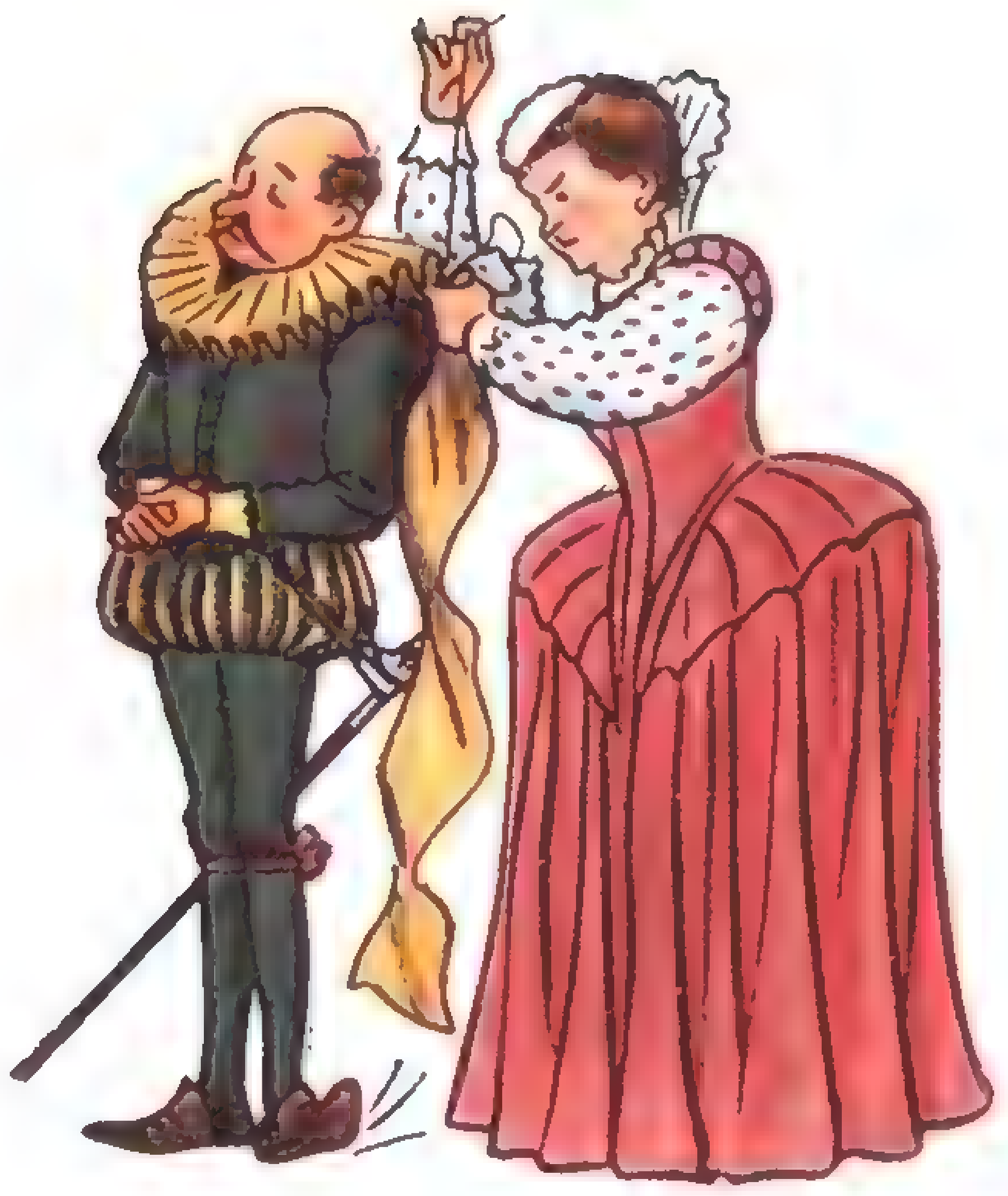




Shirt conservation is not a new idea that started with this war. Even your cave-men ancestors had to patch up their bear skins when things got scarce. (So don't throw away your Arrows just because they're wearing out. Yes . . . even a long-lasting Arrow has to give *sometime!*)

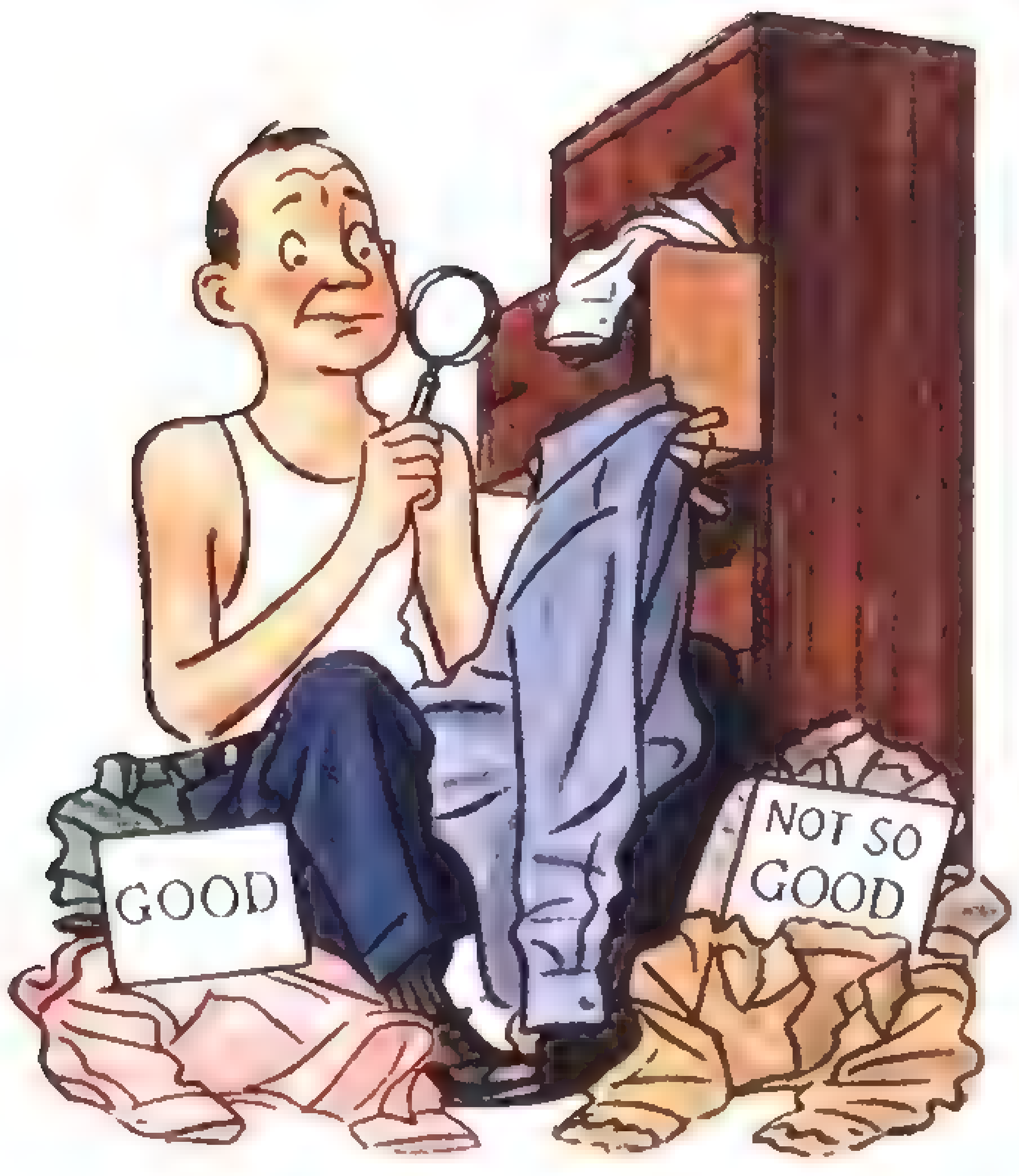


How about the boys in the days of the crusades? Think *they* tossed away every coat of mail that had a little lance hole in it? Certainly not! They probably did a riveting job on it. (It's much easier to fix up cuffs that are beginning to fray on *your* shirts!)

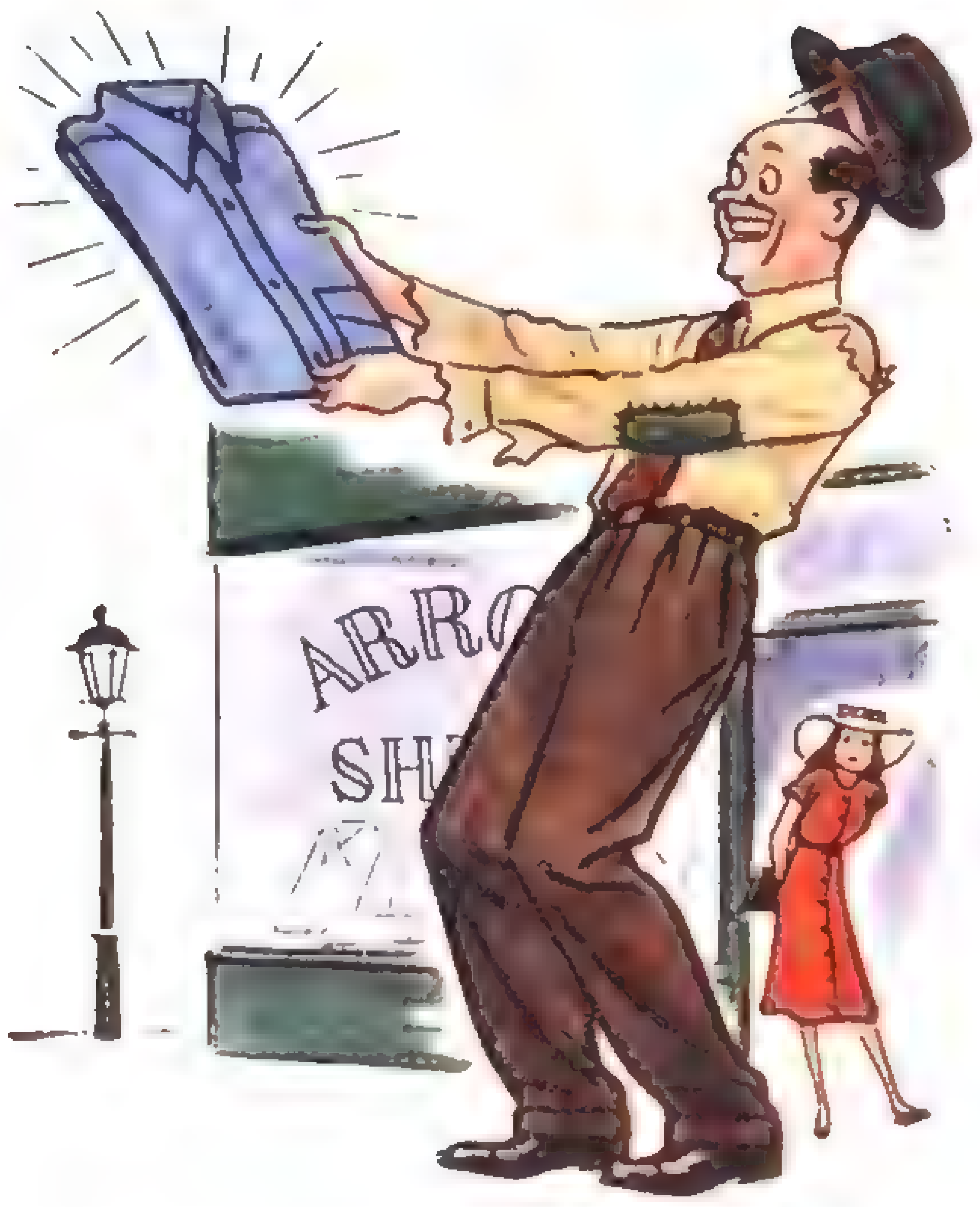


Even the well-dressed lads in Shakespeare's day had to conserve during wartime. They'd have the women staying up half the night fixing those fancy ruffled collars. (See how lucky *you* are? The perfect-fitting collar on *your* Arrow Shirt seems to last forever before it calls for the needle!)

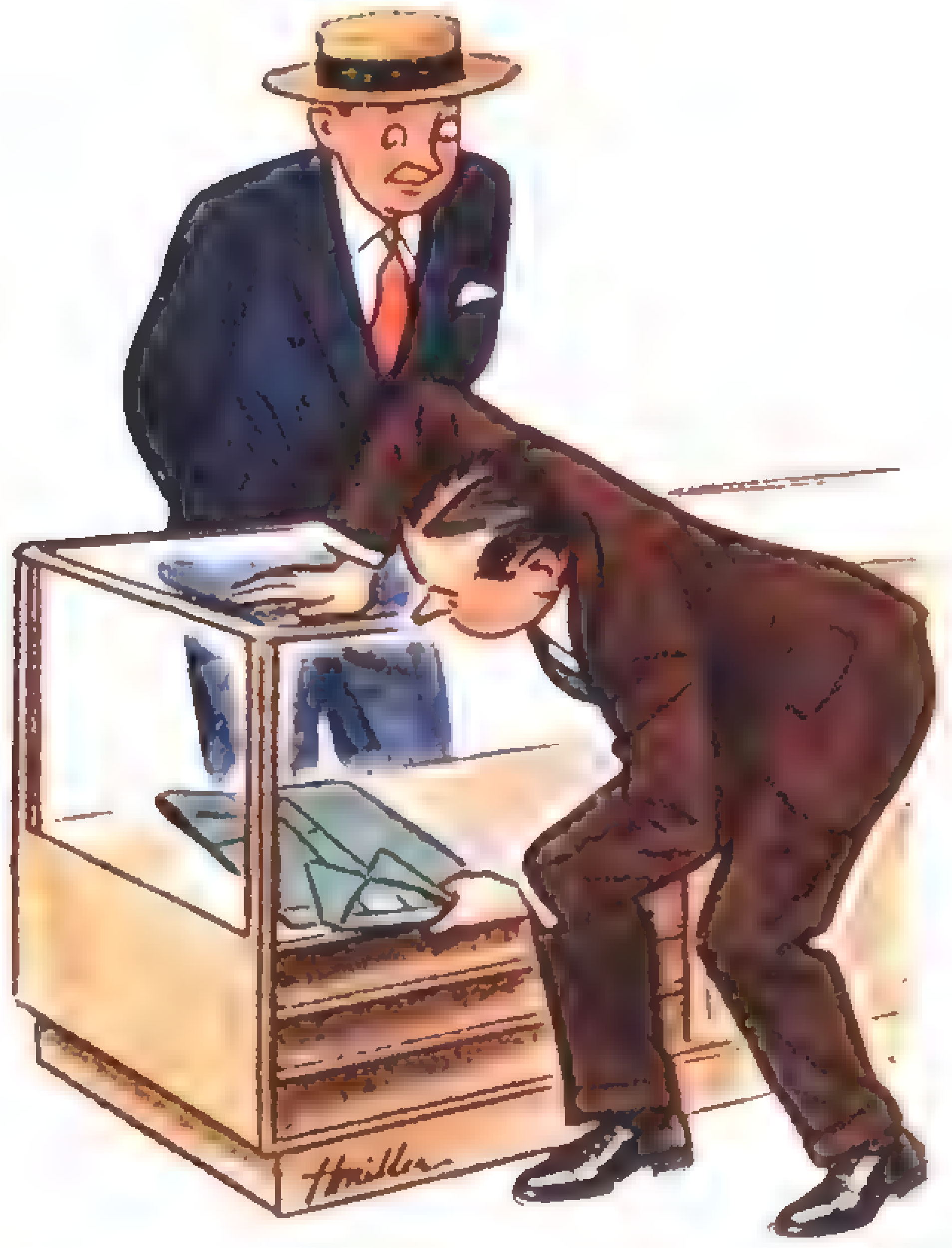
If it was good enough for your ancestors . . .



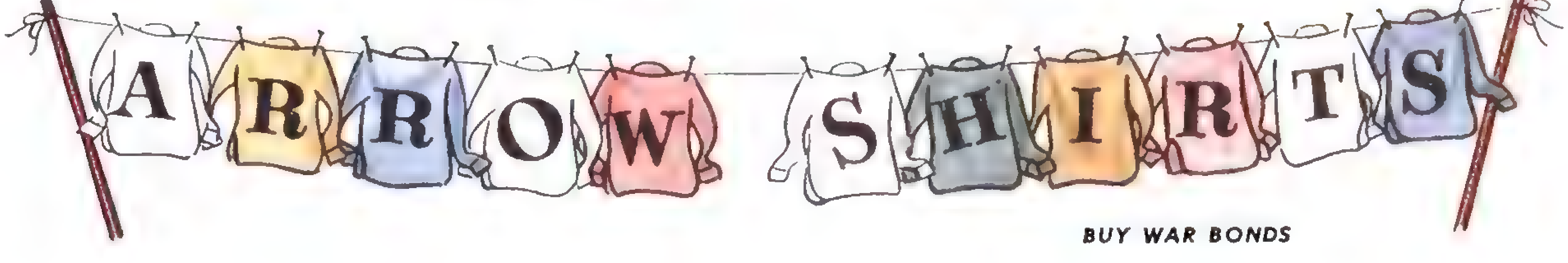
And now we come to the war *you're* living through. Conservation is *still* important. So why not go through *your* shirt drawer and fix up every single shirt that has a bit of wear left in it? You might not be original, but you'd certainly be smart!



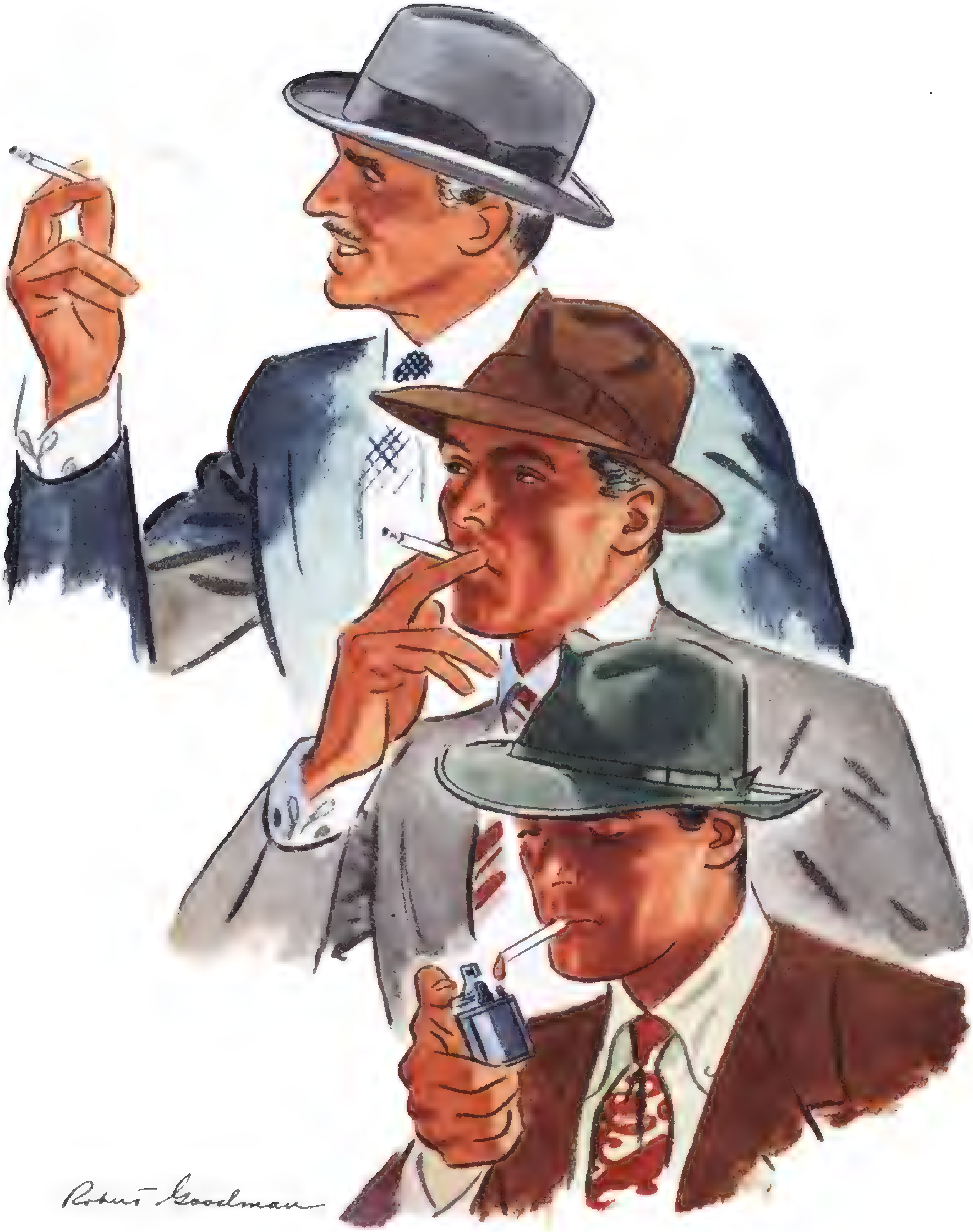
And when you find you *absolutely* must buy a shirt, get a durable, perfect-fitting Arrow Shirt. For only Arrow gives you so many wonderful features: The good looking Arrow Collar; the Sanforized label; the Mitoga figure-fit; *pretested* fabrics.



If your Arrow dealer is unable to give you the very Arrow you prefer, remember—much of Arrow's shirt production is going to Uncle Sam. Your Arrow dealer wants to satisfy you. So try him again. Arrow Shirts, $2.24 up. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



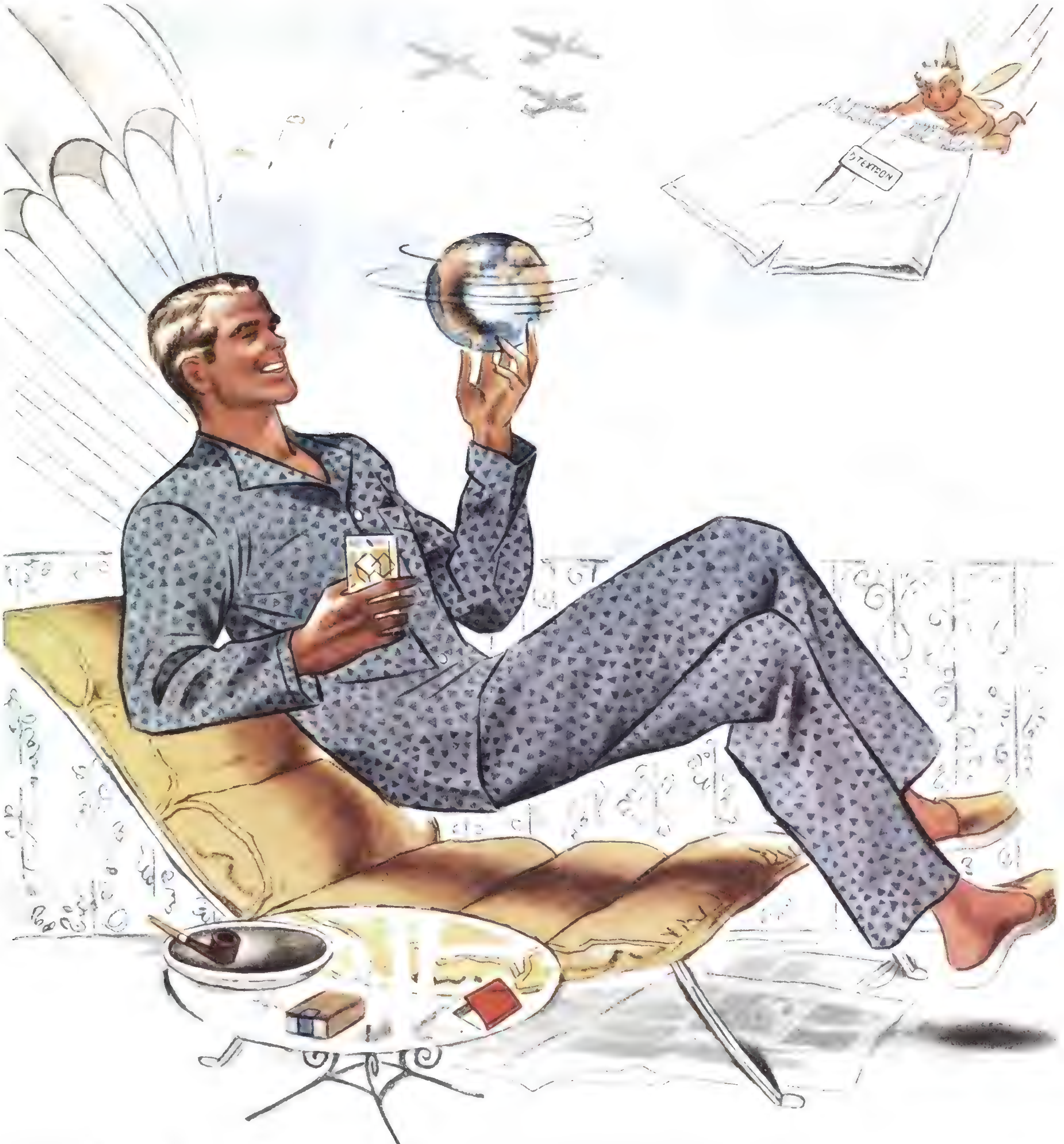
BUY WAR BONDS



now in September

Time was when no matter how hot and humid the day-after-Labor Day, every man born of woman slavishly donned a heavy felt hat. This autumn, however, the re-adjustment to felts presents no problems—since socially conscious manufacturers have made them of lightweight fabric. Even the more or less formal Homburg, which tops the illustration, is lighter and easier to wear. This grey Homburg may be combined with blue, grey-blue or grey suits. The brown snapbrim hat, also lighter in weight, has a narrower brim with a raw edge and a pinched crown. It will harmonize with grey, grey-green and even certain shades of blue—as well as with brown. Green hats are gaining in popularity; and the soft green lightweight felt shown above, with a narrow band and welt-edge brim, qualifies admirably for either business or sports wear, with brown, grey or lovat clothing.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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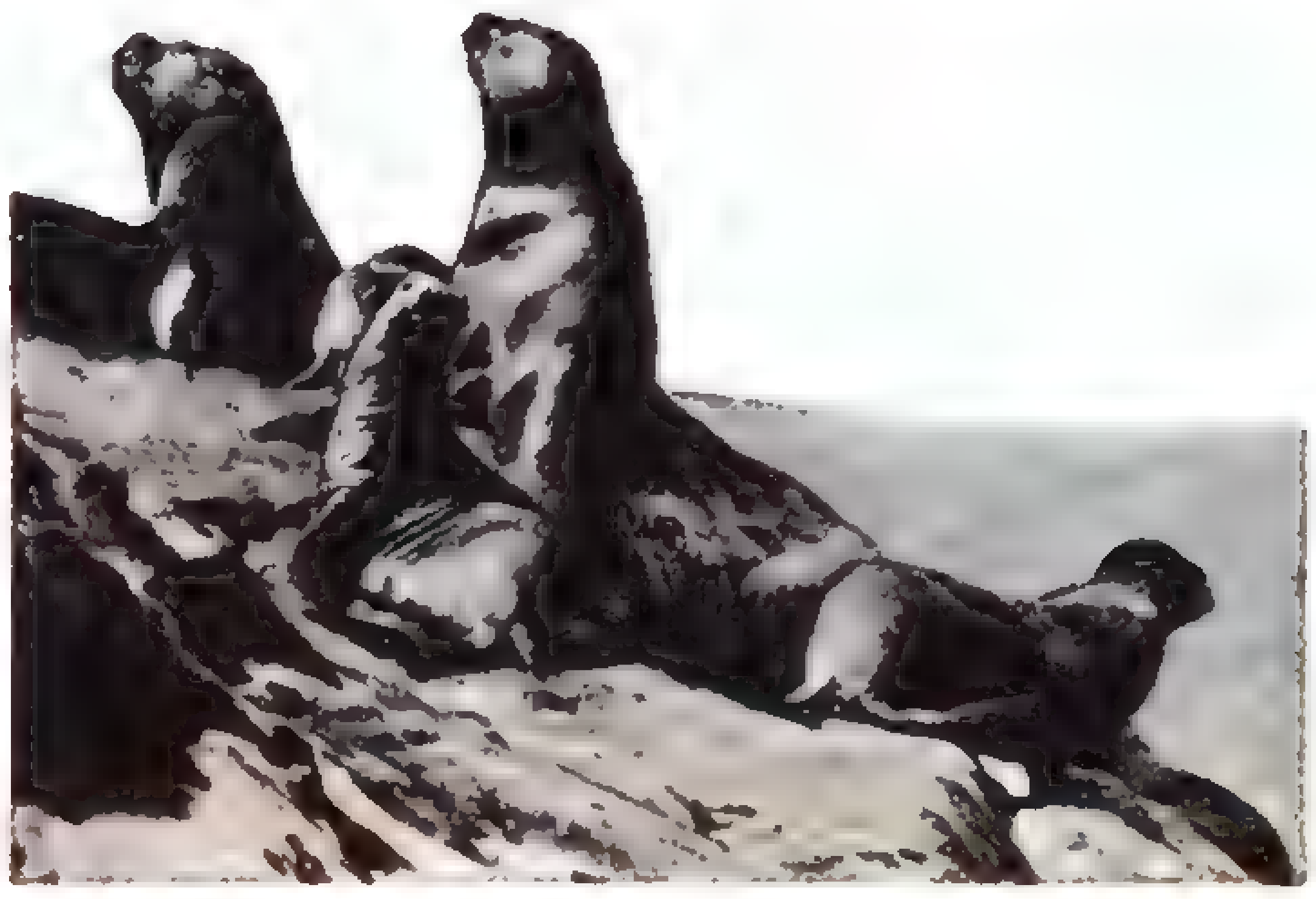
1840 **FURS CAME** from the wilds, mostly from trap lines in Canada. Free roaming animals of the cold country furnished fine pelts; beaver for hats being a staple in trade in this decade just before Corby's whiskey appeared in Canada.



1912 **THE PACIFIC** nations saved the Bering Sea seal herds from extinction by signing a treaty in this 54th year of Corby's fame in Canada. Dark furs . . . seal, fox and mink with rare light pelts dyed . . . were fashion's greatest luxuries.

1933 **FUR RANCHES** dotted the country . . . breeders met success with fox, mink and other pen-raised animals. As the name Corby's reached its 75th year in Canada, something new was added . . . specialized breeding for rare colors.

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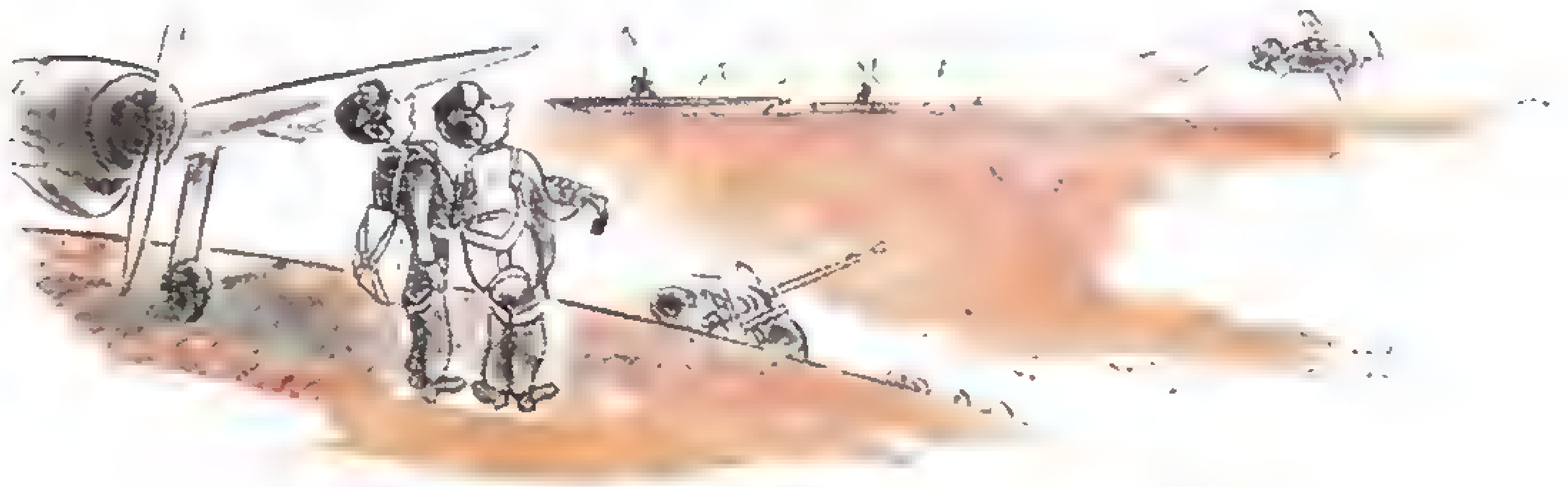
86 Proof — 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits — Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinoi

Going the Rounds with Esquire



"I hope when I'm 24 I can still do that"

When we got our first furloughs, the sergeant cautioned us that we might be called back unexpectedly. Failure to leave for camp immediately on receipt of the telegram, he warned, could be construed as disregard of military orders, negligence and absence without leave.

"In time of war," he concluded, "it may even be punishable by death. And, besides, you won't get any more furloughs."

—*Bam*

•

As soon as Japan is conquered, most GI's will want to get something off their chests—their dog-tags.

—*The Tarranteer*

•

Wild oats make a lousy breakfast.

—*Skywriter*

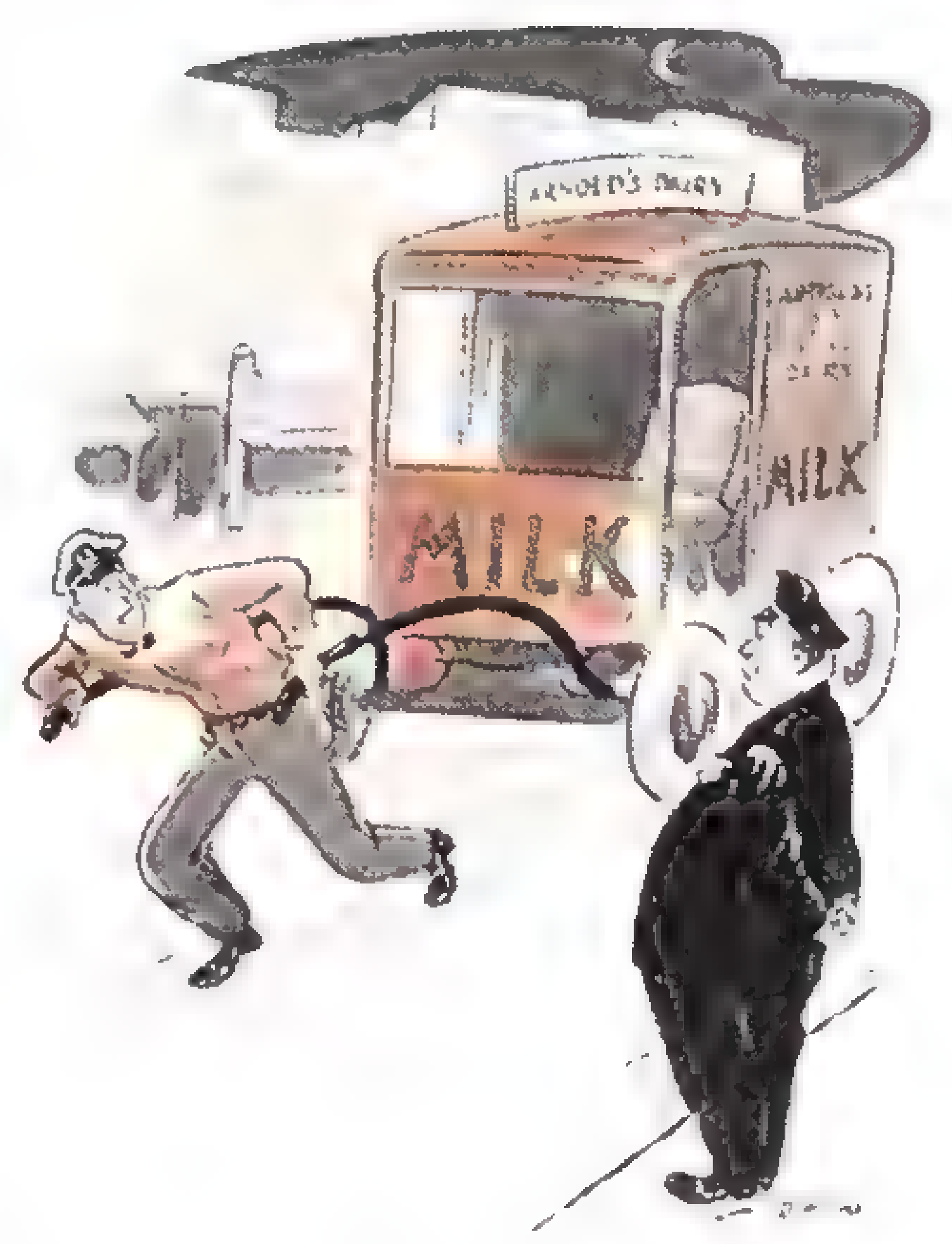
•

A preacher was trying to impress on his flock the heat and fury of hell. "You've all seen molten lead running out of a furnace, haven't you?"

"Amen," his congregation replied.

"Well," continued the preacher, "they use that stuff for ice cream in the place I'm talking about."

—*Wingab*



"He always takes the last two weeks in August!"

•

A stern-faced woman walked up to the little boy she caught smoking. "Young man," she said, "does your mother know you smoke?"

"Lady," he replied, "does your old man know you stop and talk to strange men on the streets?"

—*The Tower*

•

Judge: "Are you guilty?"

Prisoner: "I haven't heard the evidence yet."

—*Seabag*

•

Pat: "Why, hello, Mike! I haven't seen you in over a year. 'Tis a fine boy you have here . . . a magnificent head and noble features. Say, by the way, could you lend me a couple of dollars?"

Mike: "I could not. 'Tis my wife's child, by her first husband!"

—*Seabag*

•

Imagination is something that sits up with a wife when her husband is out late.

—*Maxey Times*

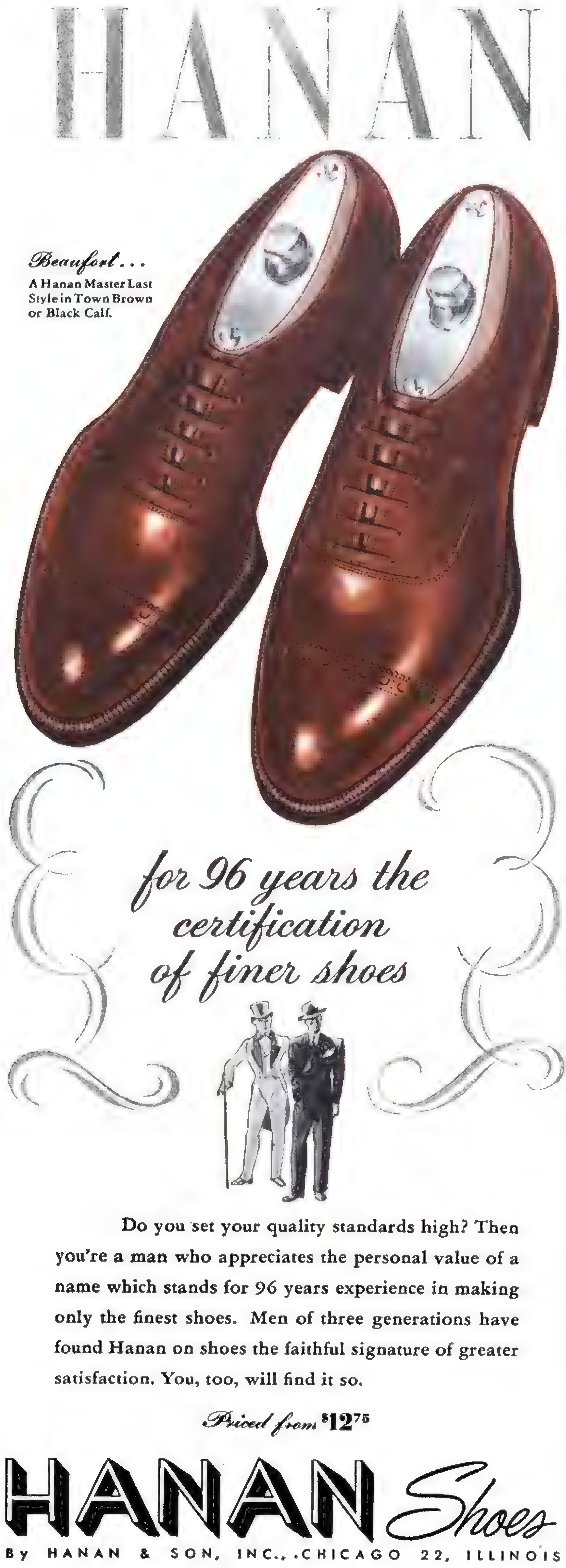
•

The Pill Rollers

While you pass around these Purple Hearts
And D. S. C's and such
Here's a plug for certain guys
You don't hear about too much.
Their job is nothing fancy
They've never gained much fame,
They're just a bunch of Pill Rollers—
But, believe you me, they're game.
I'm nothing but a dogface
And I suppose you know my rep,
Why, I used to kid the pill brigade
For getting out of step.
But since we have this war of ours
And I've seen what they can do,
Perhaps this little story
Will explain my change of view.
One morning as I lay there
With my nose jammed in the dirt
And the bullets all around me
Made the tiny dust clouds spurt.
How I wished that I were thinner
And a'longin' to be home—
Anywhere away from there—
From Mexico to Nome.
My pal lay wounded
Up a hundred yards ahead,
And I knew we couldn't reach him
So I gave him up for dead.
When two litter bearers started out,
And I figured they were gone,
Still they never hesitated
They just went on and on and on.
They just sorta hunched their shoulders,
Like it was a shower of rain;
Then went out to get my buddy
And they brought him back again.
They saw their job and did it,
Without any fuss or talk,

Continued on page 106

New Era
SHIRTS
Bought with confidence for 3 generations



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Beaufort . . .
A Hanan Master Last Style in Town Brown or Black Calf.

for 96 years the certification of finer shoes

Do you set your quality standards high? Then you're a man who appreciates the personal value of a name which stands for 96 years experience in making only the finest shoes. Men of three generations have found Hanan on shoes the faithful signature of greater satisfaction. You, too, will find it so.

Priced from $12^{75}

HANAN *Shoes*
BY HANAN & SON, INC., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS

Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 105

They marched out just as calmly
as you'd start out for a walk.
Oh, it's all right to face the foe,
And have him shoot at you
When you have an automatic,
And can do some shooting too.
But, believe me, it takes courage
So please remember when
You call them non-combatant,
For they're soldiers and they're men!

—*The Welchman*

•

From Irving Hoffman's column in the Hollywood Reporter:

The wittiest wire received by Alexander Korda when he attained knighthood came from Mervyn LeRoy. Mervyn merely cabled these three words: "MY DEAR SIR."

•

I've got everything Betty Grable has—only I've had it longer.

—*Dame May Whitty*

•

Jules Sheridan tells it in *Negro Digest*, and ain't it the truth:

A hard-working woman had a wayward husband who almost always seemed to be in trouble—drunk, unemployed, gambling. One day a friend asked her why she put up with him so long. Without hesitation she replied; "It's like this. I make the living and he makes the living worthwhile."

•

You can believe it or not, but a friend of ours, apartment-hunting, came across a rather nice layout the other day. "Yes, I think this will suit me very well," he said to the superintendent. "But what are all those small stains on the ceiling?" . . . "Well, sir," was the reply, "the last occupant of this room was a professor who was always experimenting with a new chemical." . . . "Oh," ohhh'd our friend, "then those are the marks of the chemical." . . . "No," said the super, "they're the professor!"

•

A long-haired, low-browed goof submitted some poetry to a publisher who complained: "Your handwriting is so indistinct, I can hardly read these poems of yours. Why didn't you type them before bringing them to me?" . . . "Type 'em?" the goof gasped. "D'ya think I'd waste my time writing poetry if I could type?"

•

On a recent Sunday afternoon, in order to have a little rest, Charlie Einfeld tore a picture of the map of the world from a newspaper, sheared it into a number of odd-shaped pieces, and sent his daughter Linda into the living-room to "put the world together again." He hoped for an hour of quiet, but in five minutes Linda was back, announcing that the map of the world was all laid out on the floor. "How did you get the world together so quickly?" queried Charlie. . . . "That was easy," exulted Linda. "I turned the pieces over and on the other side I saw a picture of a man. I just put the man together right, and when the man was together right, the world was right!"

•

Judge: You say you have known the defendant all your life. Do you think he would be guilty of stealing the money?

Witness: How much was it?

—*Command Post*

•

Today's Short Story

It takes the eyes only one-fortieth of a second to wink, the world's quickest way to get into trouble. —*Daily Dope Sheet*

•

The honeymoon is over when she stops dropping her eyes and starts raising her voice.

—*Plane Patter*

•

He was the world's meanest man; in a fit of temper he killed a man and was sentenced to be hanged. His wife visited him for the last time. Tearfully she asked, "Would you want your children to see you hanged?"

"No," he snapped.

"That's just like you," she cried bitterly. "You never did want them to enjoy themselves."

—*San Quentin News*

•

Professor: "When water becomes ice, what great change occurs?"

Student: "A change in price, sir."

The Communiqué

•

"You gave that cloakroom attendant an enormous tip," said the businessman to his friend as they left.

"Naturally," said the friend, "look at the beautiful new coat that he's given me!" —*George Thompson*

•

The story of the month concerns a certain Army camp which is noted for the number of canine mascots it has. Seems that each dog is decked out in his stripes, and is really cognizant of his rank. The other day one of the pets meandered into the company orderly room, and in the presence of the clerk, proceeded to chew

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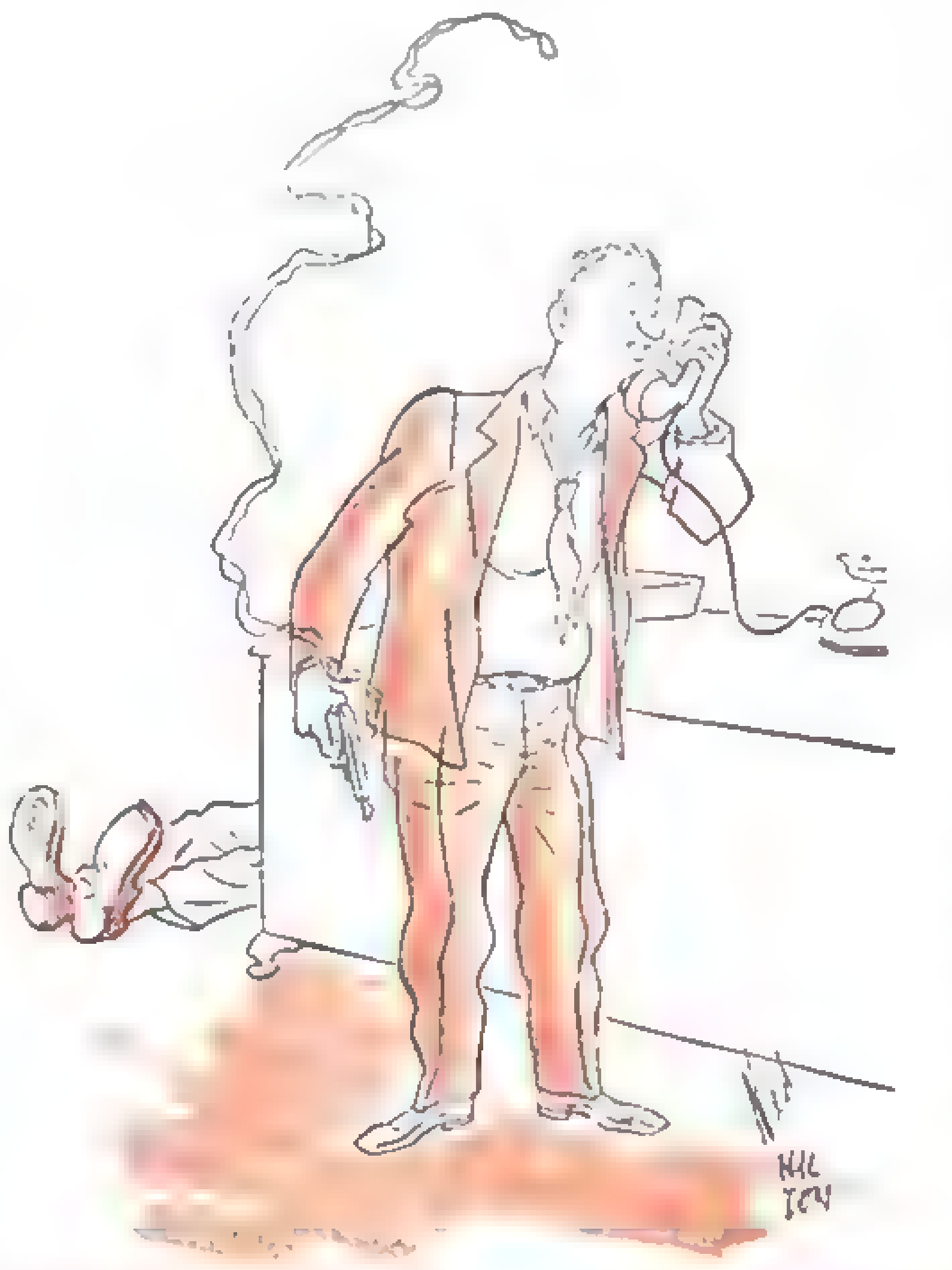

"Hello, Judge Perkins—Mr. Jones and I have settled our case out of court"

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Wilson
Wilson
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IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

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Today new Wilson sports equipment is going to our armed forces, convalescent hospitals and rehabilitation areas.

When men and materials are available there will be Wilson sports equipment for all. It will offer many innovations developed by Wilson experts during the years of war. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

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100 YEARS OF QUALITY
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WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
Behind every bottle over 100 years of Knowing How!
The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

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Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 106

up some important papers. As the dog was strutting out of the office, the captain walked in. Appraised of the damage, he bellowed:

"It sure is a mess. Why didn't you stop him?"

The clerk shook his head. "What could I do, sir? He outranks me."

—*Camp Howze Howitzer*

◆

An English party in Switzerland decided to ascend a very small peak in the neighborhood of their hotel. Although the climb was no more than a strenuous walk, a guide was engaged, and when the party assembled, it was noticed that one of the men carried a totally unnecessary rope. The guide, nodding gravely toward the rope, inquired politely: "M'sieu is going to skip—yes?"

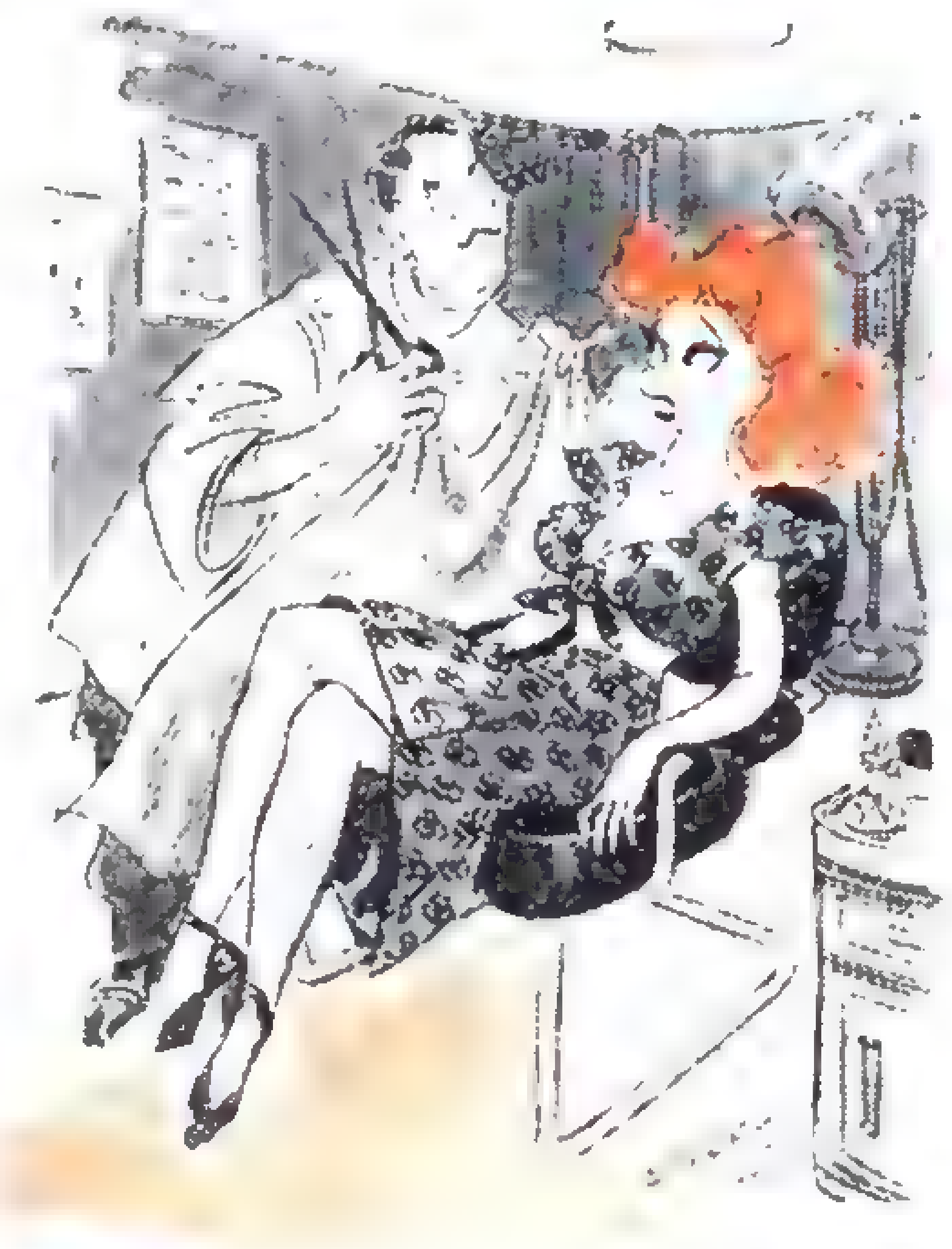
—*Maurice Bergman*

◆

"What's an echo, Pa?"

"An echo, my son, is the only thing that can deprive a woman of the last word."

—*Camp Beale Bealiner*



"Not too short, Percy—I don't want to look like a man"

◆

When the husband gets to say the last words in an argument they are: "Okay, here's the money."

—*Gunner's Target*

◆

Gal: And if I refuse to marry you, will you kill yourself?

Goodfellow GI: If there was only myself to consider—yes. But I know I wouldn't rest easy with so many women weeping.

—*Flight Time*

◆

An old-fashioned gal is one who takes her cigarette out of her mouth before pulling her nightie over her head.

—*Camp Howze Howitzer*

◆

Navy Wife: "Your honor, he broke every dish in the house over my head. He treated me cruelly and threatened to put in for sea duty."

Judge: "Did he apologize?"

Navy Wife: "No—your honor, the ambulance took him away before he regained consciousness."

—*Seahorse*

◆

Two fishermen were arguing about their mathematical ability. Finally a bystander proposed the following problem as a test: If a fishing crew caught five hundred pounds of cod and sold the catch for six cents a pound, how much would they receive?

They figured and figured, but neither seemed able to arrive at an answer. Finally one asked: Is it codfish they caught?"

"Yep."

"No wonder I couldn't get an answer. Here I been figurin' on salmon all the time."

—*The Armodier*

◆

Ensign (as they finished dinner): "And now, my dear, how about a little demitasse?"

Blonde: "I knew it! You weren't treating me like this for nothing."

—*Terminal Topics*

◆

If you want to know how to run a big business, why ask a man who doesn't own one?

—*The Welchman*

◆

The waitress wondered why the elderly man was eating while his wife stared out the window.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked.

"Sure am. I'm jest waiting till Paw gets through with his teeth."

—*Skyscrapers*

◆

Daughter: "Oh, mother, he's wonderful. He said he'd lay the earth at my feet."

Mother: "Be sensible. You already have the earth at your feet. What we want is a three-story house over your head."

—*Flight Time*

◆

Lady, at party: "Where's that pretty maid who was passing the cocktails?"

Hostess: "Oh, were you looking for a drink?"

Lady: "No, I'm looking for my husband."

—*The Welchman*

◆

Alimony: a system by which, when two persons make a mistake, one continues to pay for it.

—*Air Base News*

◆

She was a gorgeous creature.
He was a doting male.
He admired her figure in English
And wanted to prove it in Braille.

—*Gator*

◆

Middle age is that period of a man's life when he would rather not have a good time than to have to get over one.

—*Command Post*

You are going to Ride in Style. . . *but* WHAT STYLE?

Remember the days when you had time for a gallop before breakfast, for Saturdays and Sundays in the saddle? The days when we could furnish Colt-Cromwell Riding boots for you to wear? It looks as though those days are coming back before long, so it would be a good idea for us to get together on future plans. If you'll help us with our plans by telling us now which style of riding boot you're planning to buy, we'll help you by seeing that you get a pair as soon as possible. Do you prefer the classic Riding Boot, the Western Boot, or the Jodhpur Boot? We know you'll prefer Colt-Cromwell Boots in any style . . . they're always so correctly smart, so comfortable, so well made, and so reasonably priced. Speaking of prices, we'd like to know how you feel about them, too. So please check off at the right, the price you're planning to pay for the style of boot you've marked as your choice.

Then take your scissors, clip out the coupon, fill in your name and address and mail it to us. In return, we'll send you a certificate of priority, entitling you to select and secure one of the very first pairs of Colt-Cromwell's post-war Riding Boots. What's more, when the boots are ready, we'll notify you, giving you the name of your nearest dealer. Thousands of riders will want new Colt-Cromwell Boots. There's bound to be a grand rush for them, and we wont be able to meet the demand all at once. But you who help us now will be sure of getting your boots just as soon as we're permitted to furnish them.

Send this in today and get a PRIORITY Certificate for COLT-CROMWELL RIDING BOOTS

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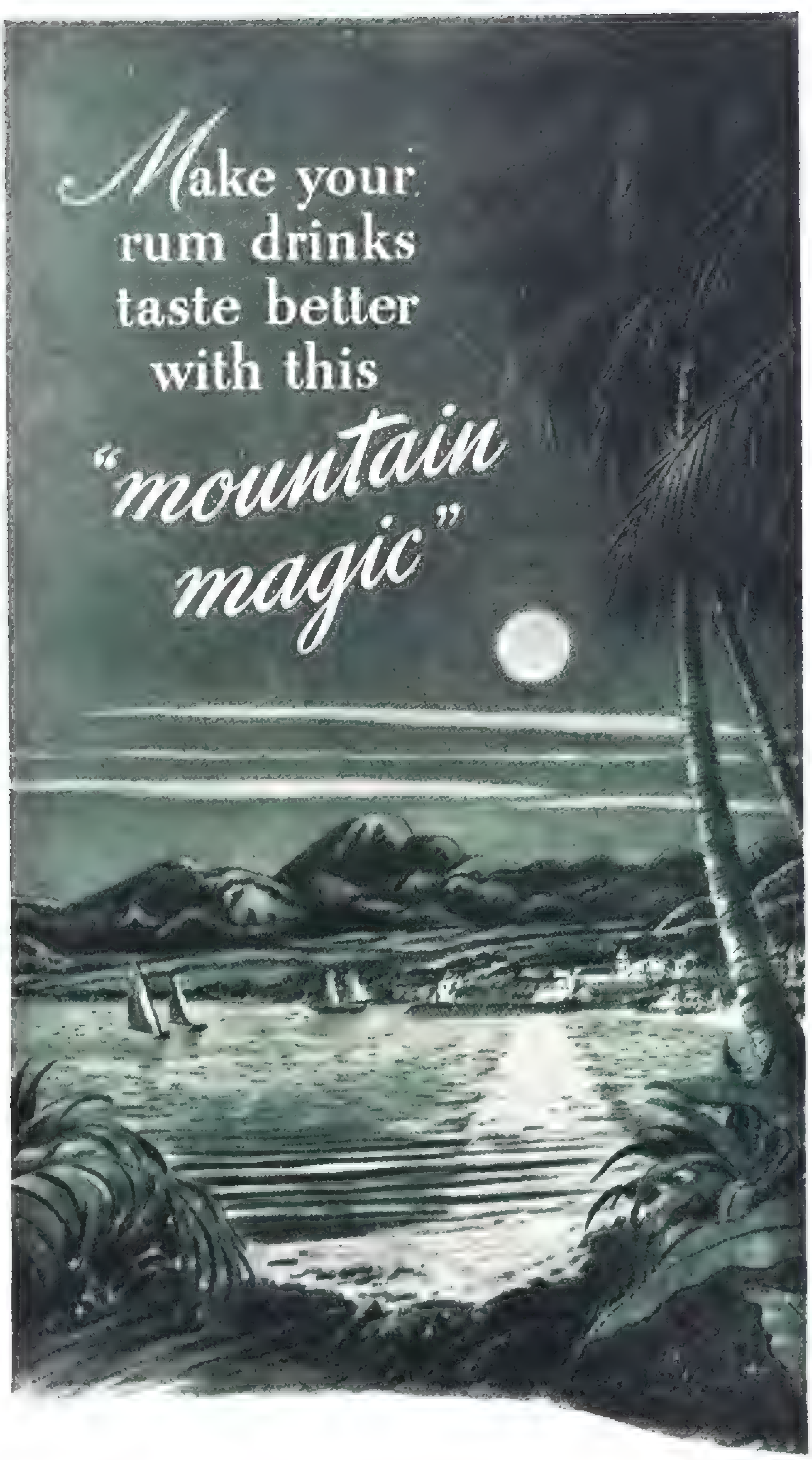
Make your rum drinks taste better with this "mountain magic"

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A Short One for Joe

GI's clink the cannikin with jungle juice or vintage wine

by LAWTON MACKALL

A reader air-based somewhere in the South Pacific reports the possession of one live duck, scrawny and christened Q Ration, which he hopes to fatten up for feast purposes. Since it isn't a mallard, there is no need for a silver duck press and the business of blending ruddy juice and port wine over a lamp; applesauce, of the sort that Grandma used to make, would do splendidly if there were any. But the tropics don't grow pippins, greenings, Baldwins, McIntoshes and such. Nor, alas, the burgundy and claret wine appropriate for washing down a roast duck. And beer—when available—is warm.

GI's are firm in the opinion that warm beer is infinitely preferable to no beer. In fact, guys back from the Solomons and New Guinea tell of un-iced cans of it changing hands at three dollars per, and blue-moon bottles of whisky parted with for fifty dollars. To self-appointed aunties busy here at home putsching townships and counties into the Dry column (grand chance with so many he-voters away), it would be shocking to learn that boys out yonder, far from breweries, wineries and distilleries, ever dream of a drink. But dream they do, and occasionally dreams come true to the extent of a slake or two—mighty welcome after hellish weeks in muddy foxholes.

Map dots destitute of cans and bottles have been scenes of Yank ingenuity in the fabrication of "jungle juice." The opportunity of making this stuff "the quick way" used to be uncomfortably frequent; a truck loaded with tins of medical alcohol would get hit by a Jap raider and left leaking—into somebody's hastily extended helmet. Treasure thus salvaged was poured into the eyelets of coconuts and allowed to stand about a week, duly replugged. Boy, what a wallop! For a jungle juice, style B, all you need is a nice green coconut, a yeast cake, and patience. Result, a milk punch à la mule. (You'll find your hat in that treetop up yonder.) As regards the native root-brew known as *poi*, the unanimous verdict is, "Pewy!"

In Australia, the boys got acquainted with the Southerly Buster, consisting of Australian beer (heftier than ours) laced with lemon soda, a combo which sounds awful, but which is said to be quaffable no end. Another down-under favorite is gin & peppermint, akin to what's known on our side of the equator as peppermint schnapps; and the inevitable gin and bitters, alias "pink gin," alias "pinkie." Also Australian ports, sherries, red and white dinner wines, champagnes. And Scotch whisky, wearing the very same labels that peat-smoke fans in America welcome the sight of. By comparison, Australia's own whiskies, few in number, seem long on vigor and short on mellowness.

Rest campers in New Zealand have had the benefit of super scenery that hands out bubbles for highballing—Canada and Scotland obliging with the liquor, of their best. The island's cocktail industry has progressed from the unchilled Gin & It (sweet vermouth) to the Dry Martini, and just about halted there. To hear a shaker operated in the American tempo you'd have to slip over to New Caledonia, French crossroads of this area, where Jimmy at The Club plies his earnest versatility to the tune of Cuba Libres, Tom Collinses, Whiskey Sours (made with authentic American whiskey), Old Fashioneds and Manhattans (correctly bittered), Side-Cars, Singapore Slings, and so on. The lack of oranges and maraschino cherries would hamper some bartenders, but not Jimmy. With lemons and limes as his only fresh fruits, supplemented by the oddments of canned fruit cocktail, he sails o'er all hurdles, and you're not supposed to quibble at his hitting an esthetic clinker by putting an olive in your Manhattan. If you don't approve, go grow a cherry tree. One of his audience declares in a letter I've just received: "The samba of that shaker is music to these starved ears hungry for American sounds. Other sounds I could do with right now are: a woman in high heels clicking down the street, a train whistle, a newsboy, and the clink of two champagne glasses at the Ruban Bleu in New York."

Scanning this list of happy listenings, I don't see any item that will be out of stock when he applies at the music counter. The tick-tack of woman's progress hasn't let down on us. Whistles of all types continue active. Newsboys have plenty to shout about. And good spots such as the Ruban Bleu can still scare up clinkable drinks for deserving people.

"Ah, but these dear boys are so unprepared for normal existence," sighs Mrs. Jelleigh-Fish. "I tremble for them." Seems that guys who've managed to keep alive despite every effort of the enemy to kill them, know nothing of the Art of Living. So everybody ought to pitch in and

Continued on page 112

Of course he wears a

Van Heusen shirt

Formal neatness with informal comfort—that's the success secret that puts Van Heusen Shirts on so many successful men. The Van Heusen attached collar stays smooth without starch. And Van Heusen Tailoring gives you lots of freedom plus an unruffled front. Sanforized, Laundry Tested—a new shirt free if a Van Heusen shrinks out of size. Worth waiting for if your dealer's short. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1.

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Remarkably improved showerproof fabrics now provide dual-purpose coats styled for the smartest occasions!

Not of old-type non-porous raincoat materials—but of fine fabrics that "breathe"—that hold their shape and can be styled like the smartest topcoat.

RAIN TOPCOATS by Rainfair are of soft draping fabrics processed to keep out the wind and rain, yet without sacrifice of fine tailoring and style. Colors, fabrics and models are in sufficient variety so you can be individually dressed to personal taste. A double duty coat—a RAIN TOPCOAT by Rainfair—will draw approving glances on many *more* than the 122 rainy days of the year.*

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Grafton . . . $11.50—Made from fine combed yarn gabardine. Trim fitting collar shaped to your neck line, raglan shoulders. Open-thru pockets permit easy access to inner clothing pockets. Yoke and sleeve lining of long-wearing silky rayon adds to smartness and comfort. Colors: Fawn, Light Olive, and Taupe.

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RAINFAIR, INC., RACINE, WIS.

Dealers everywhere are supplied as often as our military obligations permit civilian shipments.

For that future rainy day BUY WAR BONDS

A Short One for Joe

Continued from page 110

shovel advice at them, especially about the Alcohol Problem. Here are samples:

"Anything with alcohol in it will pizen you sure as you're born."

"A gentleman will, of course, be familiar with all types of alcoholic beverages and will see to it that each is served in its proper style of glass. His connoisseurship of wines will be meticulous as to vintages and glib on abracadabra."

"Champagne is the most intoxicating stuff there is."

"Because of its light, delicate character, champagne is the ideal breakfast wine."

"You can't really love a girl who takes a cocktail with you any more than you can one who smokes."

"Save America by restoring national Prohibition."

That last shovelful makes them grin wryly, hip as they are to conditions in sections of the country that are legally dry. Indeed, advice ought to be the other way around. For these guys know drinkables and the uses thereof. Know the crucial importance of the brandy carried in the medical kit of every bomber; the lives that liquor has saved in field hospitals and first-aid stations. They can also testify that there are no sots wearing Uncle Sam's uniform.

Oh, sure, out of millions of servicemen, a few here and there have got lit up when out on the town, but it's been pyschologically normal hell-raising—release of gusto or just plain steam. Secretive nonsharers are rare. Drinking is a social manifestation, a pact-rite of comradeship. By and large these men are the solidest citizens we've got. What's more, their convivial and ceremonial use of alcoholic beverages runs true to American traditions. When General George Washington bade farewell to his officers at Fraunces' Tavern in New York City, the glasses raised in toast to him didn't contain water.

But these high-speed lads of World War II, aren't they a bit impetuous in their partaking?

Some, I guess. But not my young friend Pete. From North Africa, Pete slugged his way through the entire Sicilian campaign, then Salerno, Cassino, Anzio, Southern France, and up through kirsch-dripping Alsace and beer-famous Würzburg to Munich—all this without at any time taking a drop of anything stronger than G. I. coffee.

But when, as a camper-outer in Hitler's Berchtesgaden, he had had a much-needed bath, dried himself with Adolf's monogrammed towels, written home on Adolf's personal stationery (I've seen the letter), and drawn up a chair to a meal of venison and fried eggs, he permitted himself a glass of burgundy with the bunch, feeling that the occasion was one that really warranted it.

Jazz Is Where You Find It

OVERSEAS—This department bows gratefully for an honor accorded it 3,000 miles away. The title "Jazz Is Where You Find It" has been used for a series of broadcasts produced by Pat Dixon for the British Broadcasting Corporation. I learned this from Sam Donahue, young Navy musician whose band, originally under the direction of Artie Shaw, returned recently from a year in England. "It's a good show," reports Sam. "Some of our band sat in with David Wilkins, Nat Temple and some of the other good British musicians for an impromptu session on four of the programs."

Much of the Donahue band's time was spent at hospitals, playing for American audiences. When he played for British fans, Sam declares, "they were appreciative, but they seemed to be uncertain how to react and whether to applaud. The public thinks that hot jazz is *Begin the Beguine* and the jazz fans are still asking for *Royal Garden Blues,* but some of the musicians themselves are a little more hip. My biggest surprise was hearing Geraldo, the local Glenn Miller, playing a number I used to do called *Beat the Band to the Bar* copied note for note off my old record—even the ad lib solos!"

Donahue also got a kick out of hearing radio shows by an excellent RAF band, The Squadronaires, featuring the amazing Scottish trombonist, George Chisholm, a super-Teagarden, and a talented lady named Beryl Davis who "sounds like a cross between Irene Daye and Anita O'Day."

ON RECORDS—Two of the items that were highlights of the last Esquire concert can now be obtained on shellac—Johnny Hodges in his *Mood to be Wooed* with Duke Ellington on Victor, and Billie Holiday singing *I Cover the Waterfront* on Commodore. Kind treatment of a stalwart tune, in varying moods, can be observed in the versions of *I Surrender Dear* played as a trumpet solo by Benny Carter on Capitol, and by the Teddy Wilson Quintet with Red Norvo on Musicraft.

Louis Armstrong's favorite trumpet man, Roy Eldridge, has seldom been heard to better advantage than in the Artie Shaw record of a tune which bears Roy's nickname, *Little Jazz,* as its title, on Victor. And Louis' old sidekick, Earl Hines, shoots up on the Apollo label with an all-star bunch, including the talented blues singer Betty Roche, in *I Love My Lovin' Lover,* which incidentally displays Duke Ellington's rarely-exercised talent as a lyric writer. Very earthy.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
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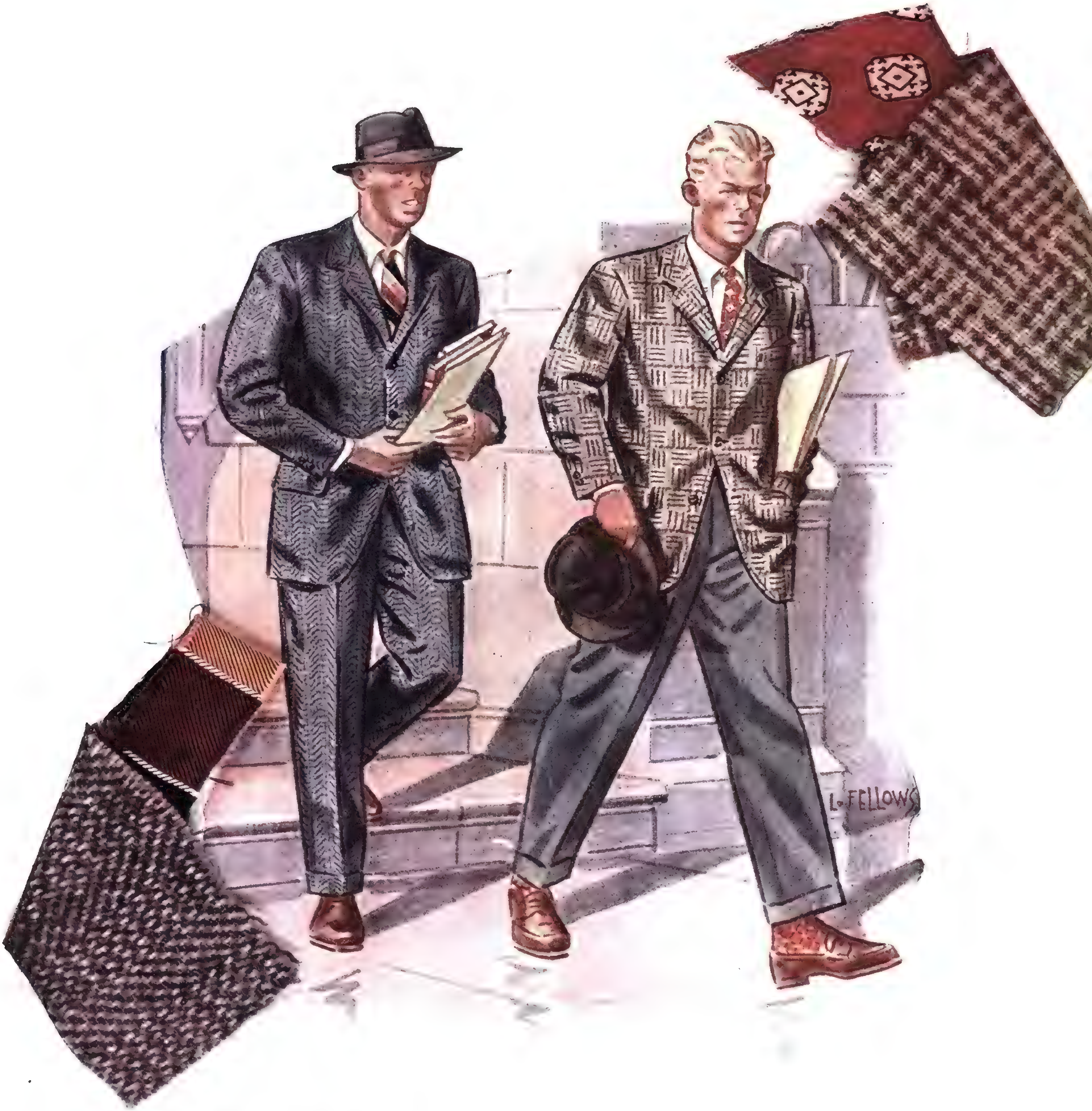
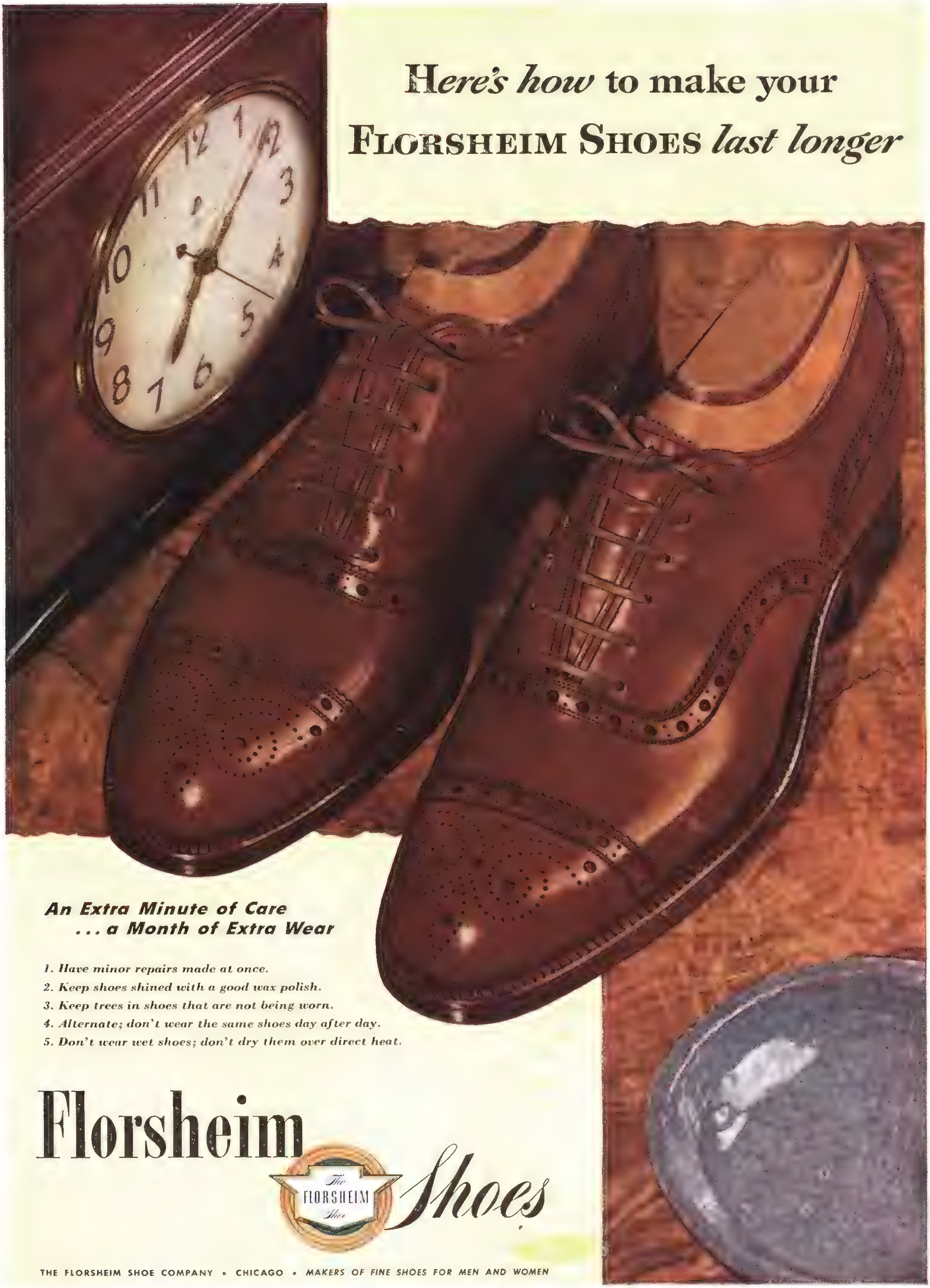


back to school

This perennial caption for early fall fashions loses some of its ring since so many lads carry rifles rather than books. But it still applies to fellows of high school age. And Uncle Sam, taking the long view, says that while manpower is needed for war production, when it comes to a choice between the factory bench and the school desk, his urgent advice is "Back to school." The undergraduate on the left wears the rugged and popular tweed, in a suit with a three-button jacket of a neutral blue-brown shade. An Oxford shirt with button-down collar, striped twill tie, grey-brown hat and brown shoes accompany it. His less conservative buddy has chosen a brown and natural jacket of screen-weave tweed with overplaid. His slacks are grey flannel; an Oxford shirt, printed foulard tie, teak-brown hat, diamond pattern wool socks and moccasin slippers comprise the rest of his outfit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.)



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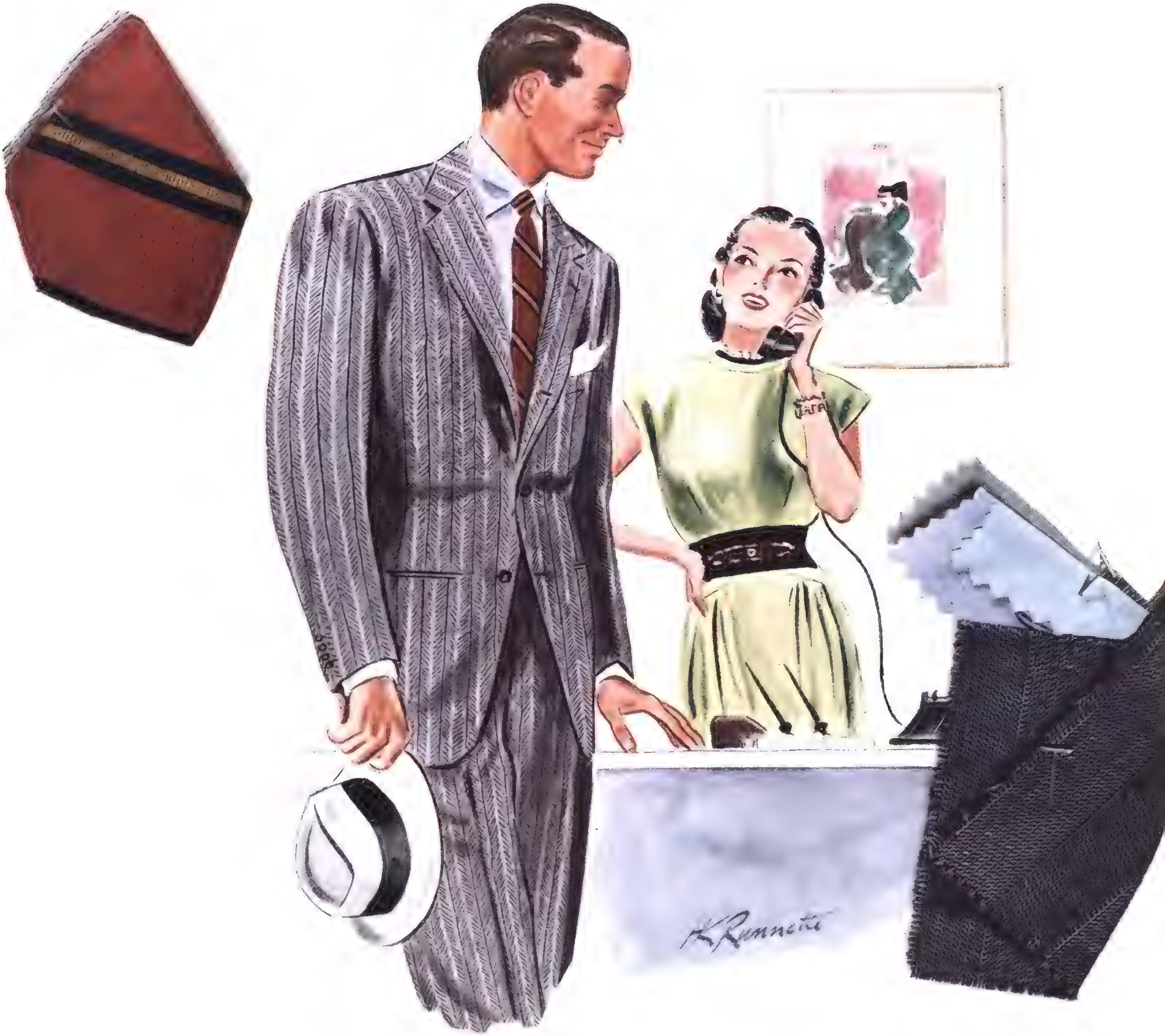


it's all in the right approach

The abnormally beautiful creature who runs interference in the reception room exerts a tremendous influence in the marts of trade. Under her smiling appraisal, the rank (let's face it) is but the guinea stamp. And a caller is much likelier to meet the Boss if he meets the receptionist's superficial standards. The knowing fellow pictured here has what it takes, including a disarming smile. His suit is of clear-faced worsted in the new "tick" weave, with alternating stripes. The intricate effect achieved by the minute weave is shown in the swatch of the suiting material at right. His pale blue shirt is an admirable example of the technical advancement in summer textiles. It is designed of rayon, made of one denier staple. This means that the yarn is so fine that 450 meters of it weighs .05 of a gram. It looks like silk, launders like cotton. His tie is a regimental striped rayon rep.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Man the Kitchenette

Chiding those American beauties who depreciate the culinary art

by ILES BRODY

Will anyone explain to me the reason why women can't cook? I have arrived at a few conclusions myself but will someone of a more analytical nature and less of a suffragist tell me the basic underlying reasons for this shortcoming?

After having been mixed up with women continuously for nearly half a century, after having watched them cook in all sorts of kitchens, in every position, in all kinds of attire, after having tasted every conceivable dish man ever invented and at which women tried their hands, my private summing up is that women can't cook as well as men because, *pro primo* they are less generous, *pro secundo* they have less imagination, and *pro tertio* they do not enjoy food as much as men.

In this latter indictment the capacity for eating plays a role, too. Women are biologically so constructed that they can get along on less than men; their appetite does not match men's, and, consequently, they are not so vitally interested in food. The male's sense of taste—on account of the more numerous taste buds—is much better developed. Then, men possess more power of concentration; they focus their attention on the business at hand. In professional cooking, the work is much too strenuous for women. One has to move incredibly fast, one has to be able to sweat without a murmur and without fear of spoiling mascara or rouge, and one has to know how to withstand the scorching kitchen of a busy restaurant during the maddening rush hour.

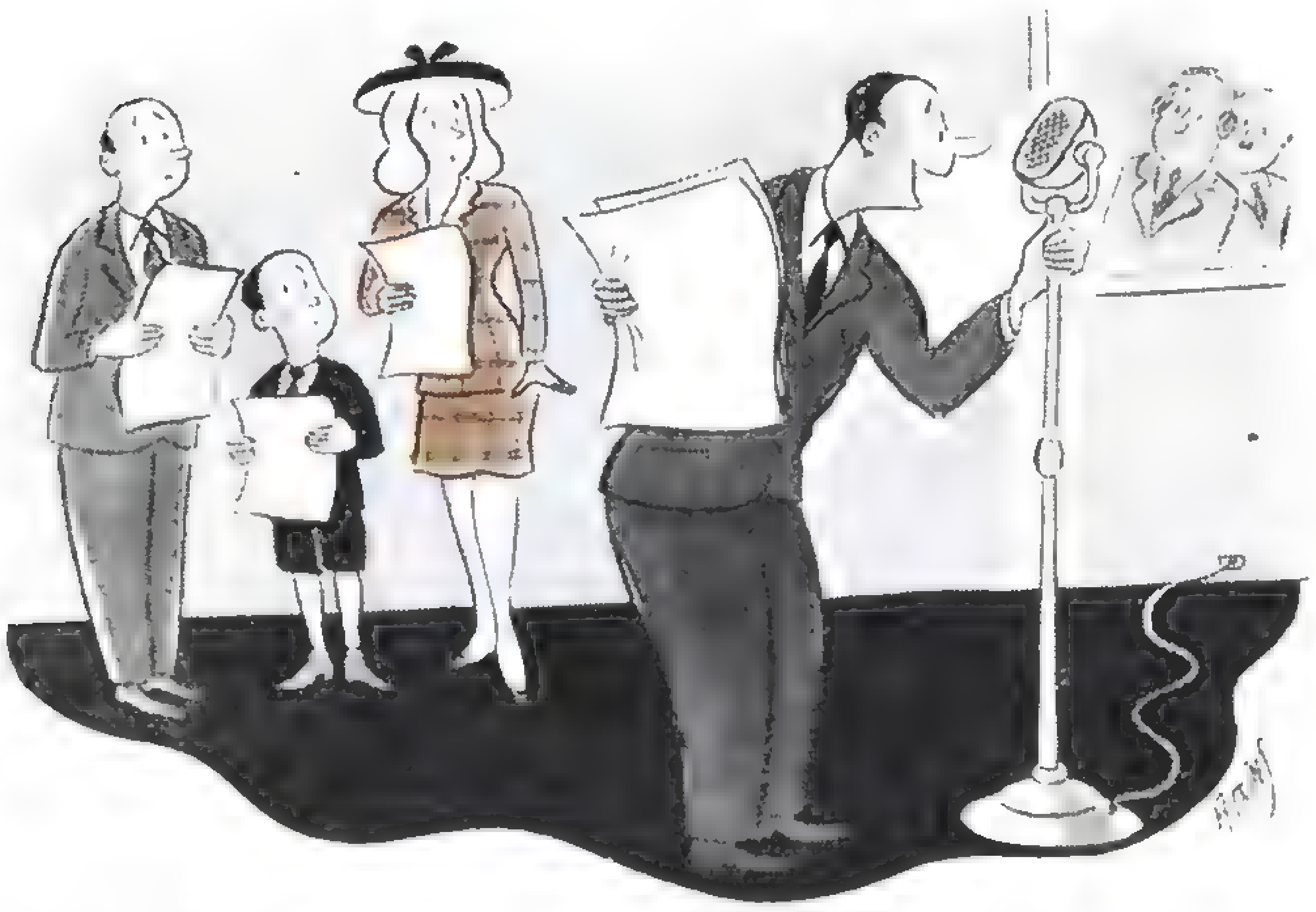
Women from the old country take their cooking more seriously, though, than native-born young and pretty American women. The former could not catch a husband unless they learned how to cook to perfection at least a dozen dishes; their mastery was duly exhibited to the bridegroom during the engagement.

American women have a myriad other things to do besides keeping house and "ruining my hands in the kitchen." They want to spend as little time at the range as possible. Whether this is because they, too, go to an office, or whether it is because gin rummy and bridge are more important to them than the pleasures of the table, I cannot say and do not care to know. The fact remains that American ladies—and oh! how I love them!—stand here accused of forever wishing to cook quick dinners out of cans.

I know—Hell hath no fury . . . But to perish by the dagger of a beautiful woman is the perfect end for a man who tried to live for them, and who was weaned on Stendhalian literature—and cookery books. And even if they hate me I must say that in cooking, just as in everything else, a thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Cooking which is not firmly built on planning and care can never be good. Oh, that business of planning! It entails decision, and the babes are usually in a haze. A woman never ceases to ask her man what he wants for dinner, and not always because she wants to please him.

When I was ten, a poor lad with rich friends and relations, my aunt Irene never failed to invite me for the summer vacation. We often had supper *à deux* in one of the small dining rooms in her beautiful Maria Theresa baroque castle, and she asked me to sit with her

Continued on page 118



"Will Pa beat the rap; has Jimmy got the hives; will Mary's divorce go through; we'll never know folks—our writer's been drafted"

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 117

in the adjoining little blue *salon* after finishing dessert. The butler came, a footman ran, and pretty soon the cook appeared. And the ten-year-old male, exhausted by all his daily sport, longing to be closeted in his bedroom with a copy of the *Simplizissimus* or *The Illustrated London News*, or to smoke a clandestine cigarette, had to make up the minds of a couple of elderly women concerning the next day's menu. I assure you this was not because of any desire on their part to pamper me, but simply because of their lack of imagination!

To terminate my monologue, my so far one-sided argument that women never can be such good cooks as men, let me remind you that you find one great woman writer, painter, or musician to a thousand great men engaged in the same profession. The ratio is about the same in the gentle art of cookery.

But to change an unpleasant line of thought, now that the finale of summer and the prelude to fall is here, no pretty brains need be wracked: August and September are the two richest months in raw edibles, and the culinary situation can be handled to satisfaction even by the least vivid imagination. And even though, because of the war, the food picture is peculiar—to put it mildly—there is still plenty to eat and much to choose from, if you know how to do it and are willing to take the season's offerings.

The majority of fruits have been kissed to maturity by a hot and sensuous sun. For legumes this is the only season throughout the year when you may be sure that nothing comes from hothouses, and excepting a few items, you can get practically everything in the vegetable kingdom. Most fish and shellfish (including oysters) attain their full growth or their finest flavor in September. Game, which during the summer months was forbidden, begins to appear.

And even the tenth-rate cuts of beef, lamb (naturally not spring, but yearling), pig and veal are able to arouse your interest if the formerly scorned cuts are prepared with imagination, care and honesty. As to poultry (if we can get it), well, that is definitely best at this time.

Unfortunately, people always want what they can't have—"What, no sirloin? No pompano? No shad and roe? No lark, pheasant, or ptarmigan? No new asparagus, artichokes or strawberries? Oh, what a Godforsaken country!" I'd like to send such a fellow to the salt mines in Luneburg, Germany, or a lead mine in the Yablonoi Mountains of Siberia!

But I hope I can persuade him to mend his ways and try *moussaka*, favorite dish of Mohammed the Prophet. It's an excellent thing for this time of the year, and beloved by *real* gourmets, who forever strive towards simplicity, like a douanier Rousseau or a Rouault in painting, a Hemingway in writing, a Shostakovich in music.

MOUSSAKA

Slice some aubergines (eggplants) lengthways, then place them in a dish, and cover. Let the aubergine slices stand for an hour, then wash them in cold water, dry them thoroughly with a napkin, and fry in butter till brown. Take leftover pieces of lamb, season well with salt and pepper, and fry in a very small amount of butter. Place a layer of aubergine slices in a pan and on top put a layer of the lamb pieces, moisten with a little consommé (canned), and cook in a moderate oven. Serve with rice sautéed in a tiny piece of butter, and with hot tomato sauce (or warmed-up ketchup).

Offer a couple of ears of corn, so magnificent right at this time, serve a stuffed pineapple after them, and you have a perfect meal.

STUFFED PINEAPPLE

Cut off the top of a medium-sized pineapple, carefully preserving the tuft of green. Scoop out the flesh of the pineapple, and chop it up. Then mix this with nicely cubed peaches, bananas, grapes, melon, oranges, grapefruit, and apples. Add sugar to taste, and a little of whatever liqueur or liquor you are willing to sacrifice. Mix well but carefully so you won't break the fruit. Put this mixture in the empty pineapple, cover with the top, place in the refrigerator for an hour, and serve.

Once, many years ago, I lived through a summer-end when the two most opulent months turned out to be a complete fiasco.

It was at the end of the first World War in a small defeated nation. I remember well that we had practically nothing to eat. Whatever little could be obtained was *ersatz*.

Bitter, vindictive, parsimonious, but ingenious (this is the old country, remember) housewives cooked shredded carrots into "orange" marmalade, melons were preserved to resemble pineapples, sweetened and flavored puréed beans substituted for our cherished chestnut purée, some awful acid crystals were called "lemon-replacement," cornmeal mixed with chopped hay and sawdust usurped the honored name of bread, acorns and beans were made into coffee, saccharin took the place of sugar, and alfalfa snatched from trusting horses was conjured into spinach. Dried leaves rolled into poor quality

Continued on page 120

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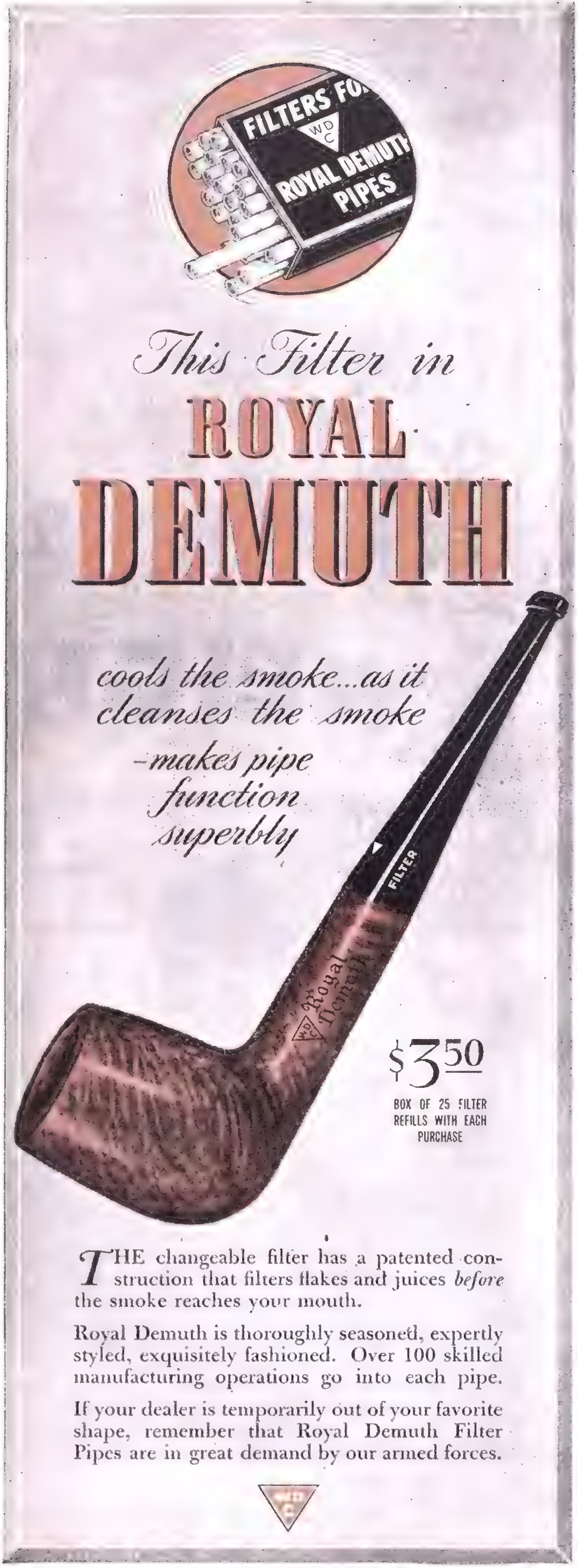

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WDC

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 118

paper were shamelessly called cigarettes.

And we are hollering here at this marvelous country! Many of you have no idea what real privations mean, and what a fellow has to go through when he has lost the fight . . .

In September, 1918, when I came back from the wars, I used to eat at a cafeteria which its owner, a latter-day Marco Polo, designated as "American." I frequented the place mainly because of a very pretty cashier. But before giving the culinary aspects of the episode, I'd like to depict how a young Don Juan of the epoch dressed: I had an old civilian soft felt hat on my head, given to me by my father, and I wore my cavalry officer's greatcoat (which I could never take off publicly because the jacket under it was ridiculously small, the relic of pre-induction years). My trousers were new but painful, being woven of a wartime material, containing mostly nettle! I removed the spurs from the heels of my shoes, and so they did splendidly for all occasions. They had to, unless I was willing to walk barefooted.

Once at the cafeteria, when I was already on an eye-caressing acquaintance with the cashier, I ordered some veal, which, of course, was *ersatz* too, but I forget what it was made of. I distinctly remember though, that it was difficult to see it with the naked eye; it was as small as a remote planet. As I started to eat it nonchalantly as though eating were a base business, I sent the tenderest glances toward the pretty cashier. After the first bite, as I carelessly dissected the tiny piece of meat, it flew off my plate and landed squarely on the sawdusted floor! The girl emitted a stifled giggle. For a second I sat there stupefied, blushing to the roots of my hair, then I slowly leaned down, picked the meat up, cleaned it as best as I could, and never taking my eyes off the plate, I ate it. I was hungry, a penniless veteran . . .

This was the most embarrassing moment of my life, perhaps the most humiliating, and the saddest. Of course, I never went again to the "American" cafeteria. But soon after this, oh, I was so happy! I made my first acquaintance with the real America, receiving some Red Cross parcels, packed by American women, and no doubt paid for by them, too.

Why is it that they, lavishly generous creatures, so ready to help and stand by a fellow down in his luck, even if he is an unknown enemy soldier, are so stingy in the kitchen?

On the Edge of the Clef

ON THE SUBJECT of improvisation I have indulged in enough friendly discussion and witnessed enough heated arguments to know that any analysis of the subject which I might make will be subject to severe censure from certain quarters (which I am too polite to name). I submit the following, then, as another approach to the subject—one which may answer some of the points raised against my analysis of improvisation which appeared in last month's Rhythm Section.

No one, I hope, will misconstrue what I have already said about so-called jazz improvisation as a blanket approval of arranged jazz or of big-band jazz. Such a misconception would be a gross distortion. I do not offer my blanket approval to any type of jazz. (I pointed out that true improvisation takes place only during the first performance *ad lib* of a tune which is absolutely new to the performer—previous playing acquaintance is not improvisation.)

Here is my reason:

The King Oliver Gennetts and Okehs invariably are cited as supreme examples of "collective improvisation." Yet, we have the word of Baby Dodds that the tunes recorded were rehearsed at considerable length. Richard M. Jones verifies this. At best, it is difficult to say where memory leaves off and "improvisation" begins. Why, then, stress "improvisation" as a characteristic which sets jazz apart from all other music?

I have often heard this answer given: Improvisation is the essence of the free jazz spirit; to be jazz it must have this spirit. Therefore, all jazz is improvised and without improvisation there is no jazz.

But the fact is that improvisation is *not* the characteristic which distinguishes jazz from all other music. Classical music, too, may be improved. Hence, the real core of jazz transcends the question of improvised. It then becomes a matter of judging music as an art-form.

All great art, including music, and regardless of its characteristics of freedom, on the one hand, or formality, on the other, offers the spectator or listener an *illusion of spontaneity*, but this is not the sole essence of great art: also there is emotion—its range, its depth, its dignity and its quality. Taste and aesthetic criteria become additional factors in judgment.

Now, since jazz is music, its greatness stands or falls on the considered application of those factors. Only on such a basis can we, as jazzfans who would claim artistic distinction for the kind of music we like, meet the challenge that jazz is merely "an avenue of escape."—PAUL EDUARD MILLER

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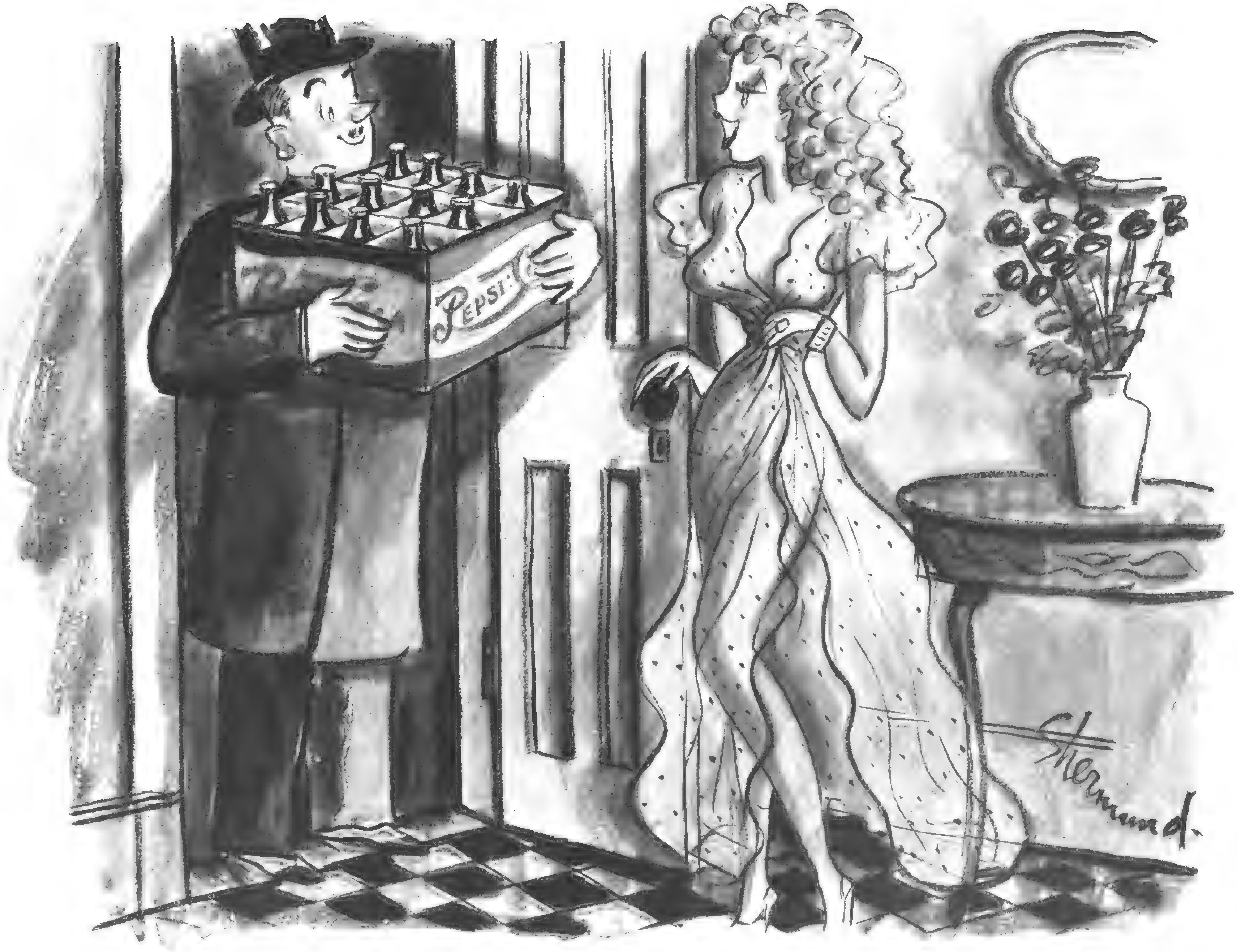
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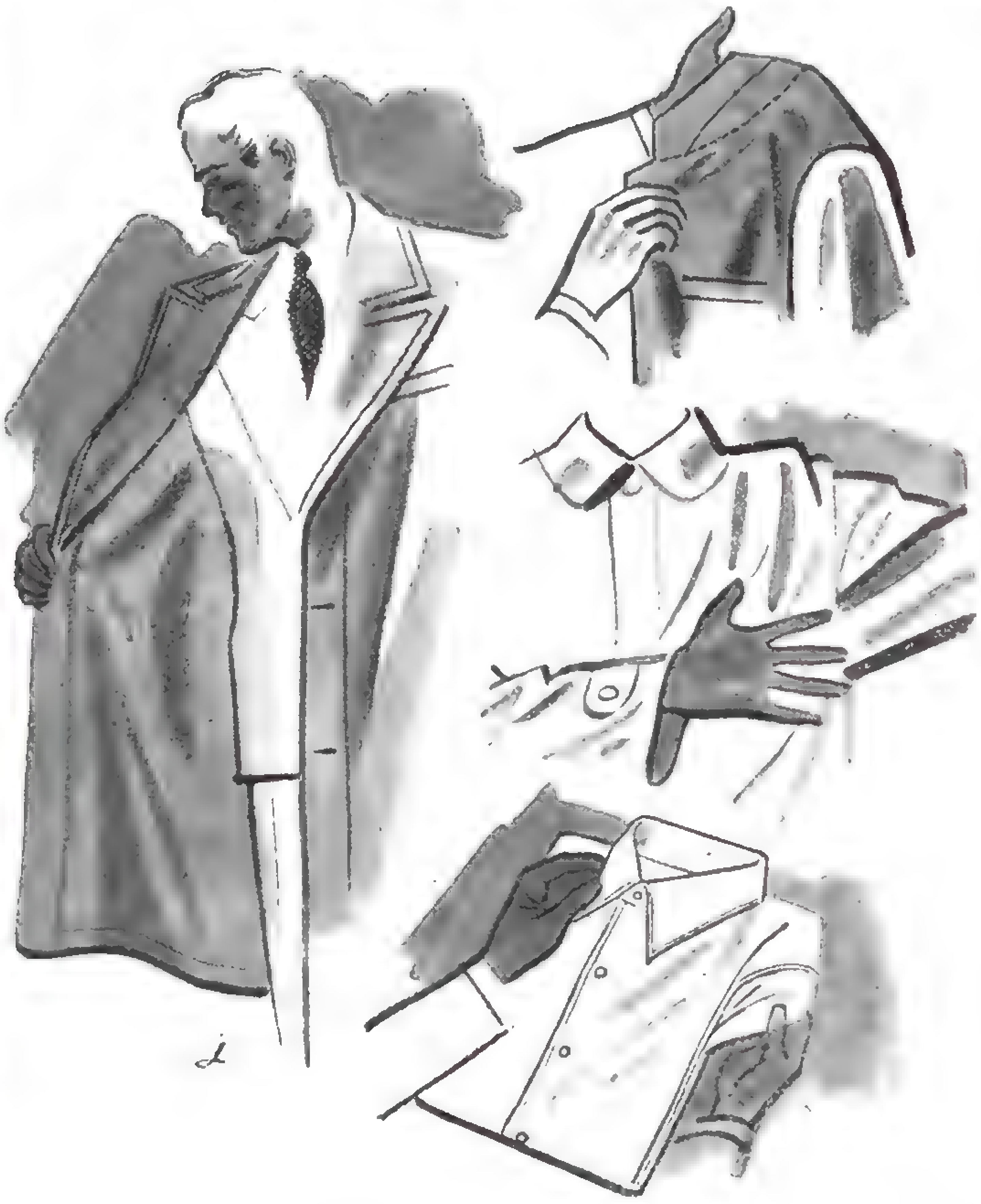


OUR v-mail correspondence these days seems to be mainly concerned with two vital topics. The first, of course, is the matter of points required for graduation from khaki. On this subject, one sergeant confided that his brother-in-law has acquired seven more points than he (the sergeant) has, and yet, strangely enough, his brother-in-law isn't even in the Army.

Aside from that, the servicemen who write to us from overseas ask all manner of advice about civilian wearing apparel. We'll try to answer some of their questions here in a general way.

In selecting a suit, details of fabrics and manufacture should be considered carefully. Brand names on labels are assurances that the maker and retailer back up the product.

Among fabrics, worsted is a favorite material, because it is made of carded yarns that are tightly spun and closely woven. This quality accounts for the satisfactory wearing ability of business suits made of either clear-faced or unfinished worsted. The former has a smooth surface and the latter a slightly fuzzy texture.

After fabric, color and design, certain details of tailoring are worth checking. If the under collar is hand sewn, the collar will fit around the neck properly and retain its shape. The collar should fit closely and be set low in back. Because of their slight elasticity, hand-sewn buttonholes wear well. Rayon linings, widely used now, meet high standards of abrasive tests.

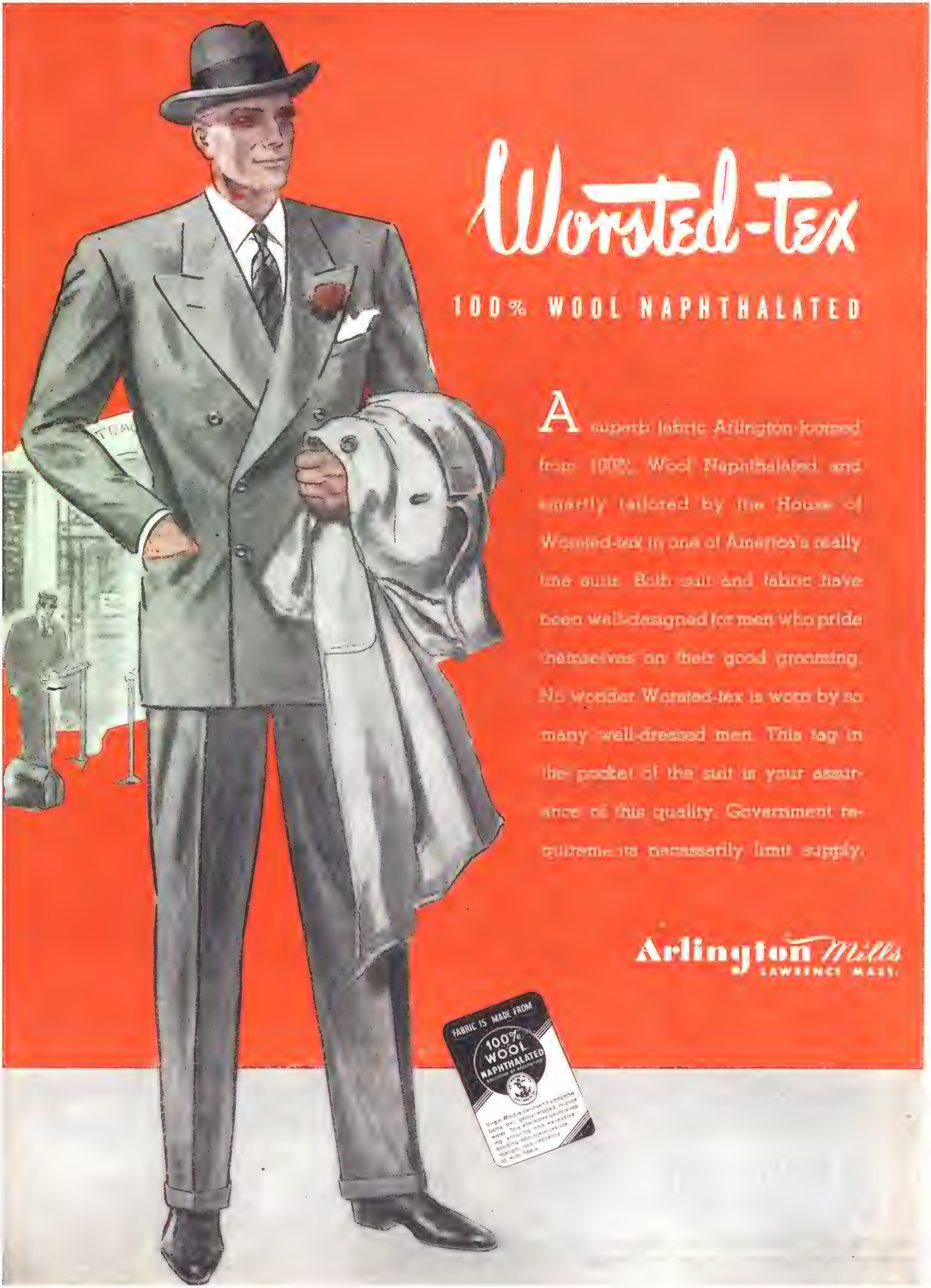
Extra stitching at the seams of the pockets of slacks withstands the strain to which they may be subjected. Bar tacking serves as a reinforcement.

Ample width hems at the seams of outer coats are conducive to better wearing qualities. Fitting moderately loose when buttoned, outer coats are worn with a minimum of tension and therefore render longer service than tight-fitting coats.

Loose-fitting raincoats are also a joy forever. With a deep arm scye (the area under the armpit), the coat may be slipped over an overcoat, if desired. Cotton and worsted fabrics are processed in various ways to make them water repellent.

In shirts, smooth weave broadcloth without irregularities of threads denotes better qualities. Wide seams are preferable because they break less readily than narrow seams under strain.

Neckwear lined with wool cut on the bias and sewed together with a loose end thread, a patented construction, has resiliency and retains its shape. ⧺



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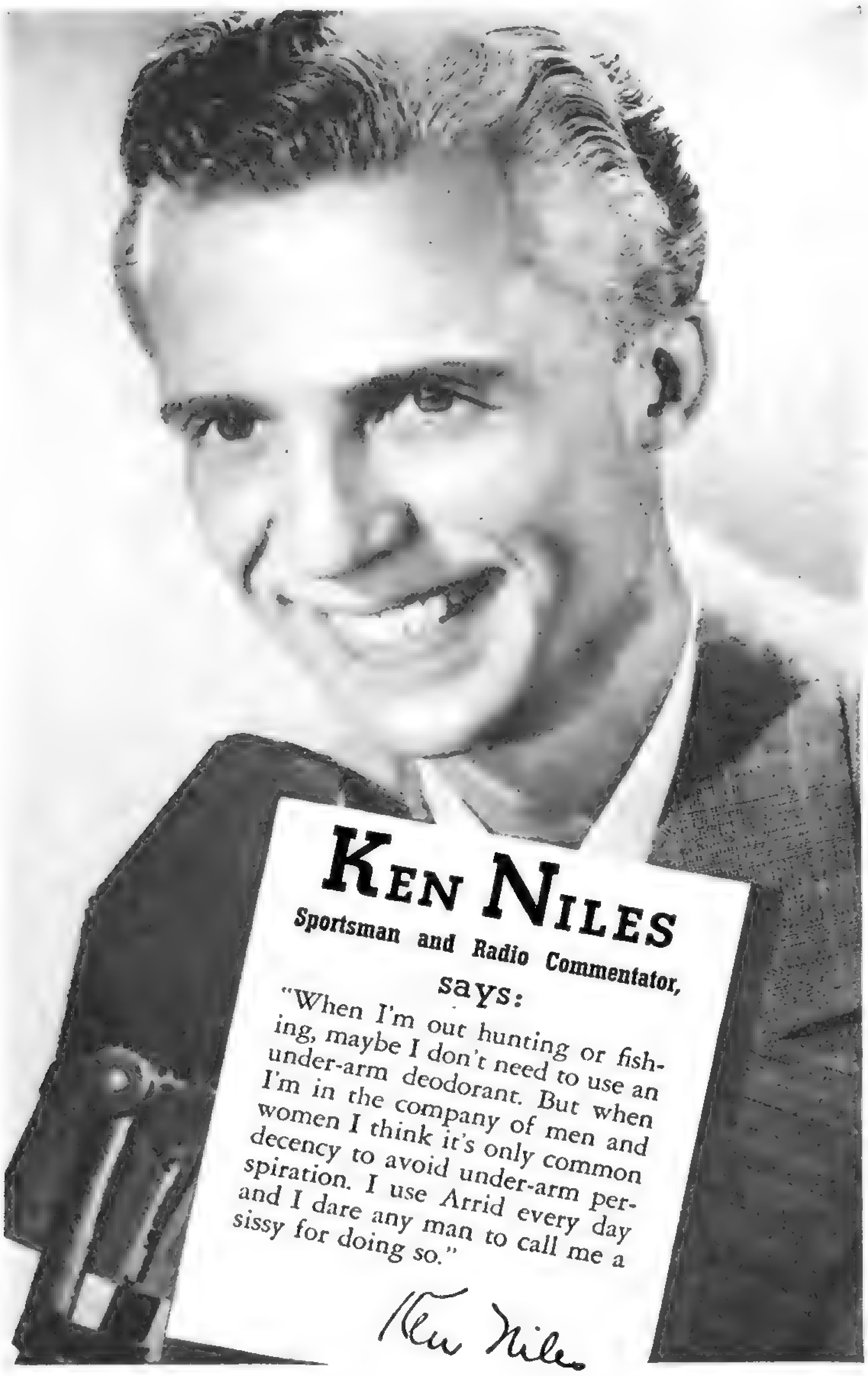

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The Snow Goose Herbert Marshall, Joan Loring; music by Victor Young; production by Nat Wolfe (Decca—Gallico)	A narrated-dramatized version of Paul Gallico's affecting story of the wounded snow goose and the crippled painter who is inspired to go to the rescue at Dunkirk. The use of radio techniques is good, sound is simple, music-bridges effective. Some of the readings are arty; the dramatic shock when Joan Loring begins the monologue which tells that the artist is a cripple is superb. A vast improvement on earlier efforts in the still doubtful field of recorded drama.

Specialties

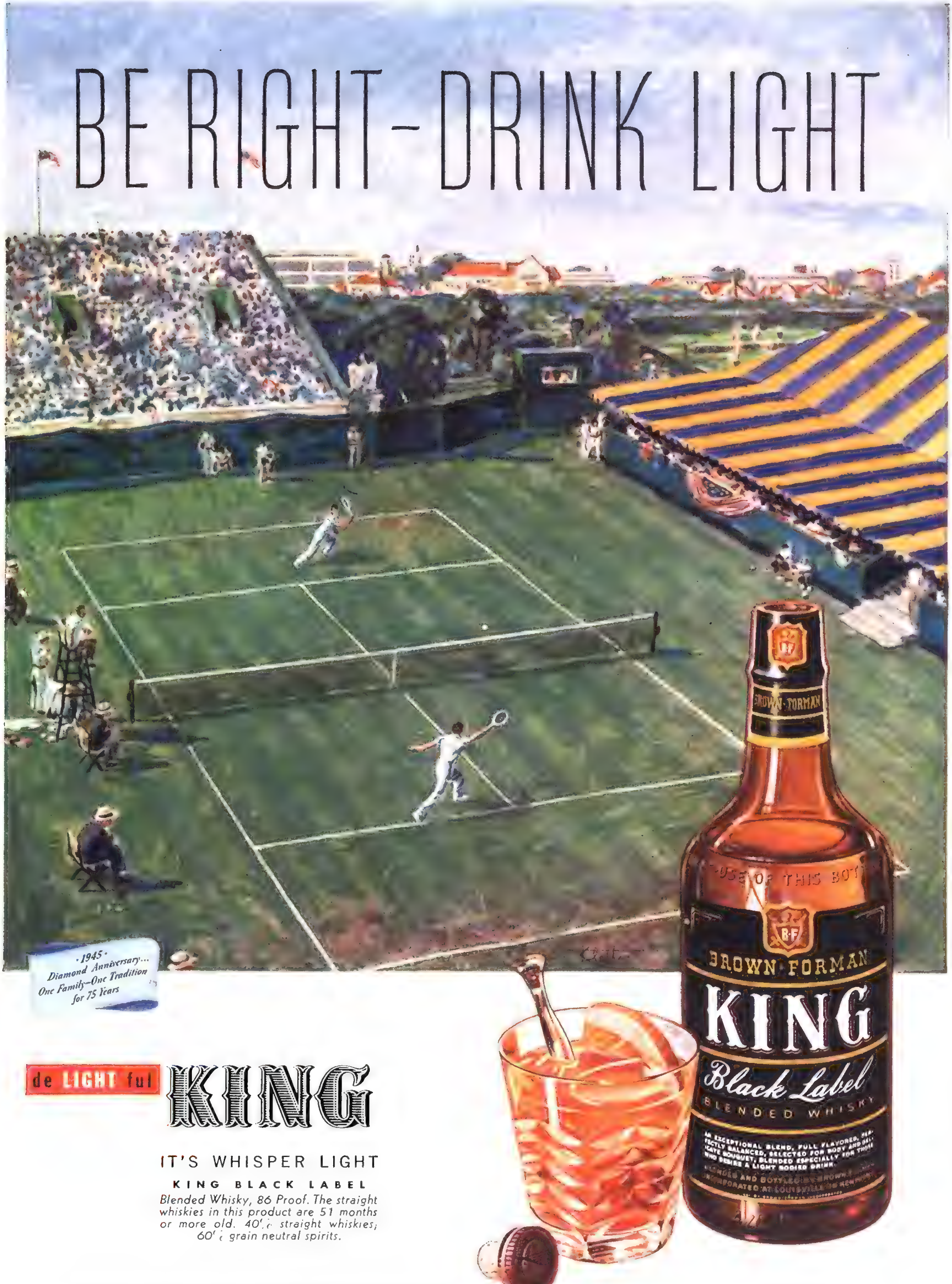
That Old Black Magic *One Meat Ball* (Decca—Savo)	Savo is a great artist and in *That Old Black Magic* he manages to convey, by voice, the suggestion of what he does by pantomime. In *One Meat Ball* he presses too hard for laughs.
Bell Bottom Trousers (Columbia—Kay Kyser) *Leave Us Leap* (Columbia—Krupa)	This is a cleaned-up version of a favorite sea chant, and it makes up into an agreeable record. Decca has it with Lombardo. The Gene Krupa is pure virtuosity, and pretty exciting.
Yah-ta-ta (Decca—Crosby-Garland)	Recommended especially for the ingenious and smooth "talk" sections and for the balance between Crosby and Judy Garland. Bing's new combination is with Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five, doing *Your Socks Don't Match*.
The Americans Come (Victor—Richard Crooks) *Stars and Stripes on Iwo Jima* (Okeh—Bob Wills)	Crooks' record is a patriotic ballad, well sung, but as old-fashioned as if it referred to Paris in 1917, not in 1945. The Bob Wills is one of a dozen patriotic quickies which will soon be forgotten.
Jamboree Jump *Pennies from Heaven* (Jamboree Records—Don Byas)	Byas is tenor sax, Cozy Cole drums, in this quintet. The company is new to me, the record is clean and bright.

Albums (Popular)

By Request: Including *Red Rosy Bush, Frog Went A-Courtin', Without a Song, My Message, Strange Music.* (Columbia—Nelson Eddy)	The songs I found most rewarding are the two Appalachian numbers; after that Vincent Youmans' songs. The others are "encore" numbers in the less interesting tradition.
Up in Central Park Songs by Wilbur Evans, Eileen Farrell, Betty Bruce, Celeste Holm (Decca—Romberg)	Decca departs from its "original cast" habit, and gives everything from radio-concert to Metropolitan Opera voices. The result is an improvement on some of the original singing, with a little loss of dramatic power.
On the Town—Bernstein Chorus under Robert Shaw *Lonely Town* *Lucky to be Me* (from *On the Town*) (Decca—Mary Martin) *I Can Cook Too* *Ya Got Me* (from *On the Town*) (Decca—Nancy Walker)	I am the outcast who thought this show amateurish in not the best way, and liked only some of the music which is the best part of the work. Hearing Bernstein conduct his own ballet music, I find I like it; but the "smart" words (which I didn't like) of some of the lyrics don't come off too well in the choruses—so, not hearing them, I still am not fond of them. But Bernstein's music is first rate; and if I didn't like his ballet *Fancy Free*, so much, I'd say the best of all his talents—and he has all—may be in light music. Decca has Mary Martin singing the two romantic numbers, Nancy Walker (in the original cast) doing her two comic numbers. For me, she's the hit of the evening.

Classical Albums

Symphony No. 2—Rachmaninoff (Columbia—Rodzinski) (N. Y. Philharmonic) *Boris Godounoff*—Moussorgsky (Victor—Alex. Kipnis, etc.). *Symphonie Espagnole*—Lalo (Columbia—Milstein and Ormandy—Philadelphia) *Harold in Italy*—Berlioz (Victor)—William Primrose (viola) and Koussevitzky (Boston Symphony)	The two chief recorders of serious music have now released major works, none I think totally unrecorded before, but each in some way distinctive and important. I don't know whether Boris is an opera to be listened to; it is confusing even when heard and seen; if you have seen it, the Kipnis rendering of Boris may couple with your memory of Chaliapin's figure and his voice will give great pleasure. Two of the orchestral works have prime: Primrose and Milstein.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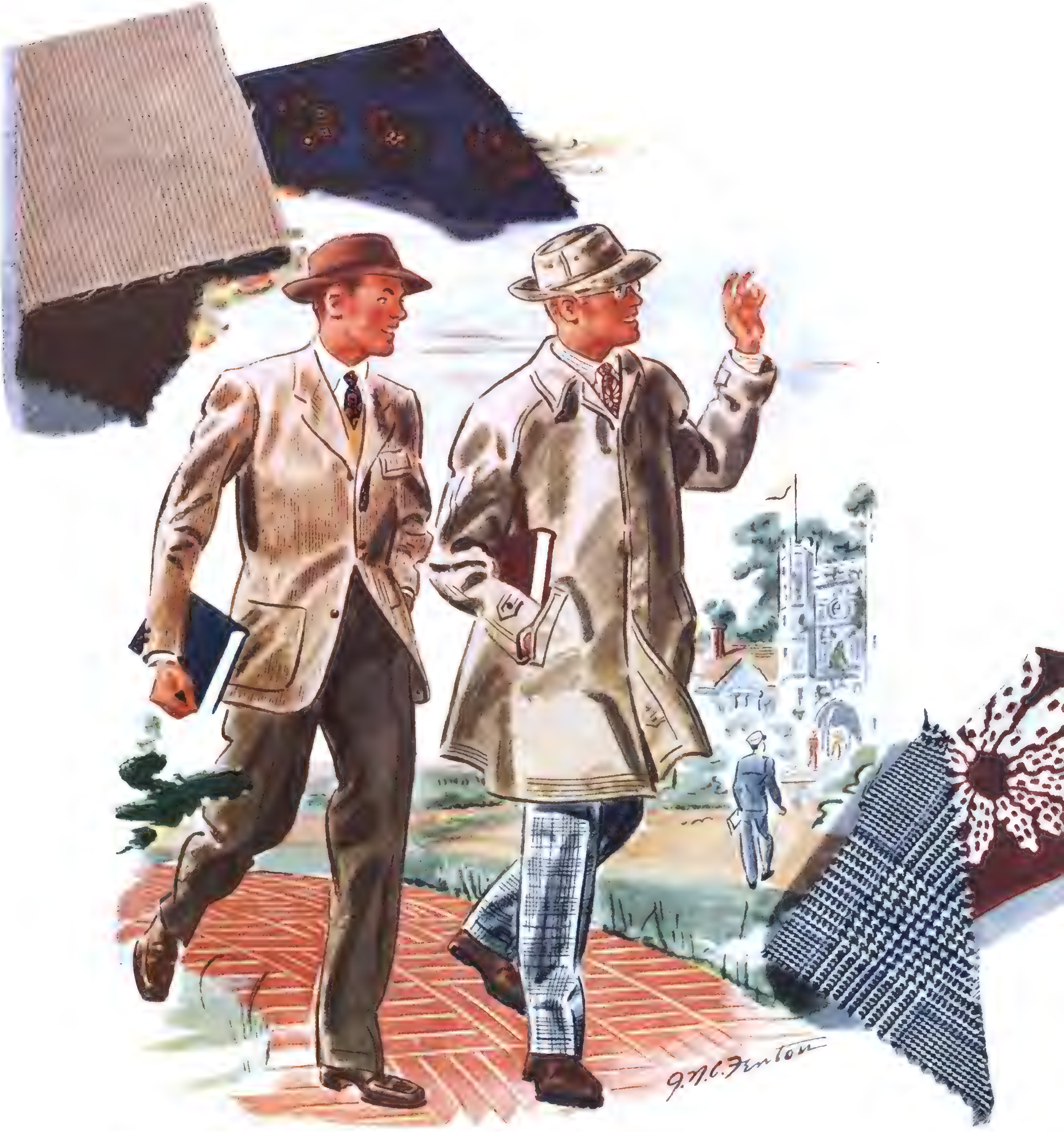
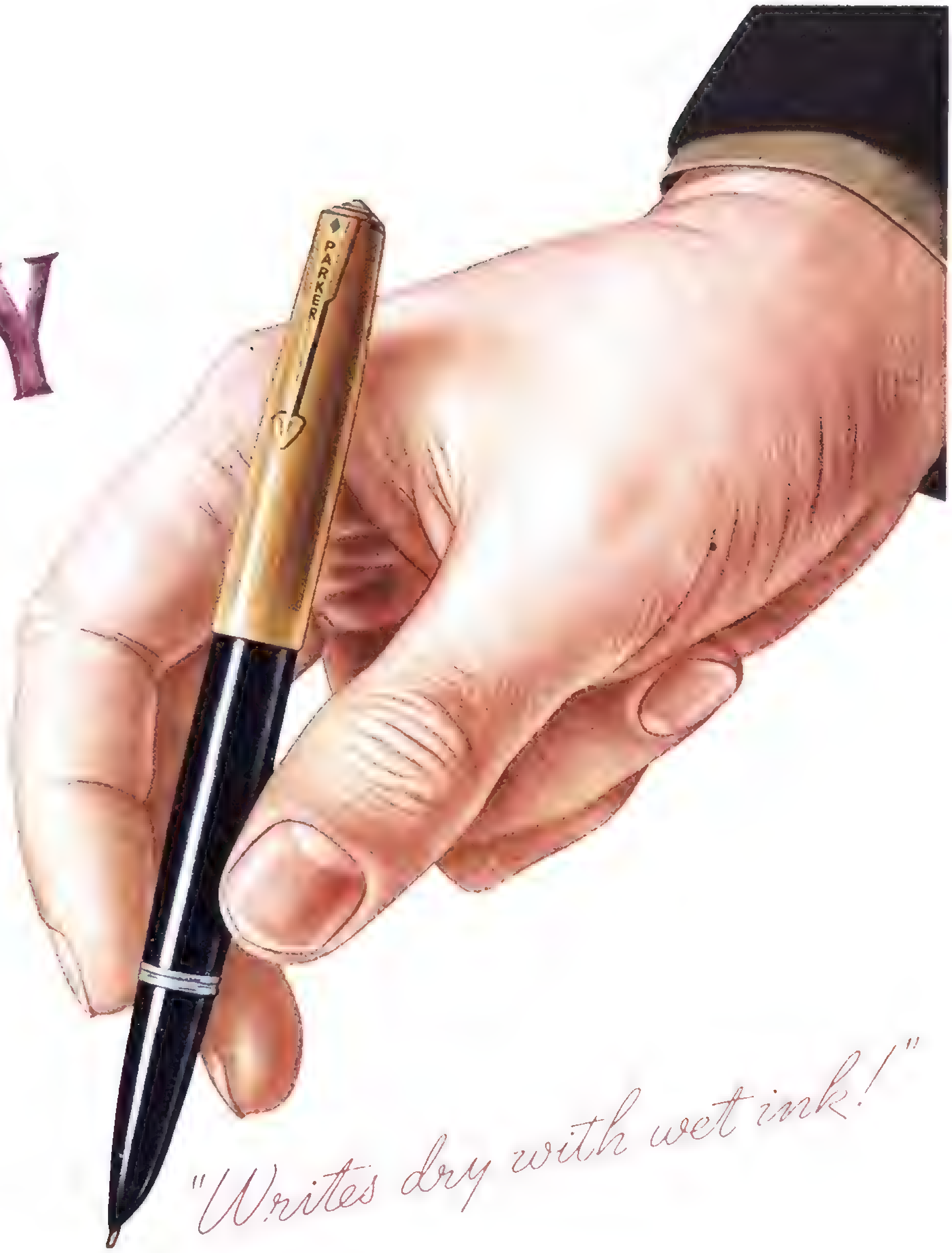


two kinds of electives

Naïve parents of a frivolous student, not understanding his aims on registration day (indulgent professors and no eight o'clock or Saturday classes) may be astonished at the apparent zeal for higher learning that causes him to elect, say, Norse Mythology, Comparative Religion, Greek Art and Roman Band Instruments. But electives in campus wear like those illustrated above can be understood—even by parents. The jacket worn by the student at left is natural tan corduroy and has a flap on the chest pocket. The rest of the outfit consists of an Oxford shirt, rayon foulard tie, yellow pull-over sweater, covert cloth slacks and brown moccasin shoes. On the right, the finger-tip raincoat of processed cotton has raglan shoulders, slash pockets and a convertible collar. His bucket hat is processed cotton, too. Also worn are a Glen Urquhart plaid suit, Oxford shirt, foulard tie and brown blucher shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

PRIORITY AA·1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Parker 51's are scarce because we are producing rocket fuzes and other war materials . . . and that will continue to be our first assignment until final Victory. Furthermore, the limited number of 51's we do make are the result of patient, precise craftsmanship. But more may be available sooner than you expect. Your Parker "51" is well worth waiting for. The best way to assure yourself a "51" is to place a reservation order with your Parker dealer now.

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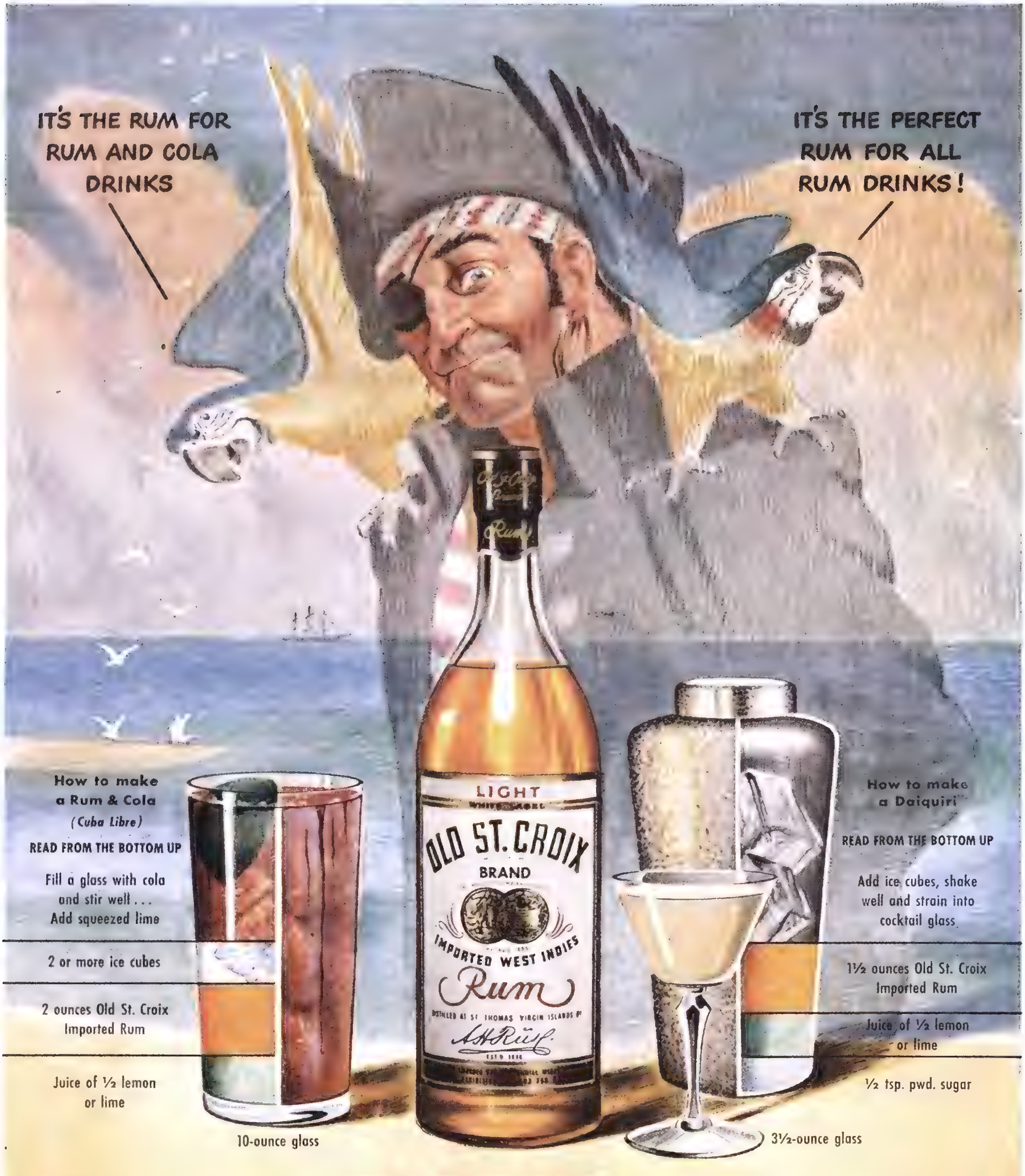
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WHITE LABEL
OLD ST. CROIX
BRAND
IMPORTED WEST INDIES
Rum
DISTILLED AT ST. THOMAS VIRGIN ISLANDS BY
A.H. Riise
ESTD 1838
10-ounce glass
3½-ounce glass

How to make a Rum & Cola
(Cuba Libre)

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Fill a glass with cola and stir well . . . Add squeezed lime

2 or more ice cubes

2 ounces Old St. Croix Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lemon or lime

How to make a Daiquiri

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Add ice cubes, shake well and strain into cocktail glass.

1½ ounces Old St. Croix Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lemon or lime

½ tsp. pwd. sugar

Every Drink's a Joy with **OLD ST. CROIX** *because the Flavor Stands Up*
(PRONOUNCED SAINT CROY)
BRAND
Imported Rum
SINCE 1838

86 PROOF • LIGHT OR DARK

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Wolfes and Wolves

Continued from page 81

childish fixation from sloppy adoration to pert hatred? Is the music of our collective souls merely a sardonic jazzing up of the old mammy songs and has our intellectual young lady from Bennington College left Harriet Beecher Stowe only to join the derisive brats in bobby-socks?

I am only mildly moved by two among these novels that have had considerable praise: *A Lion Is in the Streets*, the story of a Huey Long who not only has hair on his chest, but has it all braided and tied up with flame-colored ribbons; and *I Married Them*, which is gentle and amusing, but too close to all the *You Can't Take It With You* families of eccentrics and learned bums.

They Walk in Darkness might be an arousing revelation of what happens to the human cordwood in an insane asylum, but the central character hates so many people that she irritates you.

Three of these twenty novels are good enough to serve as a graduate course after the five Requirements, and are recommended to readers who want to understand (I don't) how we can be traveling in opposite directions at the same time: toward the juke box and toward the most delicate and decadent chamber music of Mitteleuropa. These three are *34 Charlton*, *The Human Image*, and *The Ghostly Lover*—all of them, again, filled with the love-hatred of parents.

If Miss Elizabeth Hardwick, author of the last-named, were willing to be simpler, to take the blue pencil to every phrase which seems to her particularly cultured, she would be important. She has a fetching notion: a daughter's longing to belong to a father and mother who are too shiftless to have a fixed home. We feel something of her emotion, but who can digest this starchy sentence from page 262 of *The Ghostly Lover*:

"The aureola of sentimentality came from her static allegiance to original perceptions now perversely lacking in cogency."

"I'm getting a headache —let's go north"

What?

We come to three wartime novels which, as we unhappily predicted a month ago, depend on profanity for "strength" and "reality." On the last page of *Manhattan Furlough*, this appears:

"You bastards give me a pain. You're so God-damned superior. Dames is all alike, and so is furloughs and camps and wars. And I guess that goes for jobs and the ball-and-chain and kids too. The whole God-damned business always turns out the same way."

Must the whole soldier-story business always turn out the same way? Yes, as you say, soldiers often do talk like that. And businessmen frequently say, "Good morning, how's the boy?" But if fifty novels appearing within a year all have their characters saying this on every fifth page, then the tale may be naturalism, but it will also be a calamitous bore.

After the novels, I had considerable relief in the legal-sociological-cabaret recollections of Morris Ernst, even though he is the most celebrated advocate of the use of the four-letter words in all drawing rooms. There is richness in him, and in the racy escapes of George Rony from assorted Fascists in many lands. These men are mature; they can get away from their parents.

Now if I have not found all of the twenty novels perfect, the advertising men for their several publishers disagree with me. At one time, the blurb-writers were discouraged, but they have arisen. I quote from the jackets of four novels among the twenty:

"Written with fresh insight, profound conviction and vivid characterization, *A Sweep of Dusk*, is a novel of cumulative power and depth."

"*They Walk in Darkness* is an absorbing account of two people who love and torture each other; written by a woman who had the courage of choosing a daring, shocking theme and transformed it into a stirring, human story that will touch your very heart."

"Not often in American publishing history has so strong-fibred and richly laden a novel as this (*A Lion Is in the Streets*) appeared. A truly magnificent novel by any standards . . . introduces a creative writer of the very first importance."

"An exhilarating discovery among new writers, Elizabeth Hardwick has with *The Ghostly Lover* stepped into the front rank of American novelists."

Yes, good stories, but "very first importance," "front rank?" Now boys! Remember the press agent who achieved, "A film that is the super-supreme artistic masterpiece of all history and well worth dropping in to see."

Twenty novels. Three-quarters of them are worth reading, one-quarter of them are worth keeping.

There is superb talent here. Can't it be devoted to anything weightier than the facts that soldiers are frequently profane, and that all authors, when very young, sometimes have trouble with their parents? ##

ARISTOCRATS

OF STYLE AND DISTINCTION

You'll enjoy the luxury of fine leather in a brilliantly styled Paris Belt. Here is superlative craftsmanship and clever design, combined to give you a belt of style and distinction. Paris Belts come to you in the newest and smartest fall colors—so reasonably priced you can't afford to be without one. See the latest styles today. Available at fine stores everywhere—$1 to $7.

Also wear Paris Free-Swing Suspenders and famous Paris Garters. You can always trust Paris—a dependable trademark that has stood the test of time. . . . .

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PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

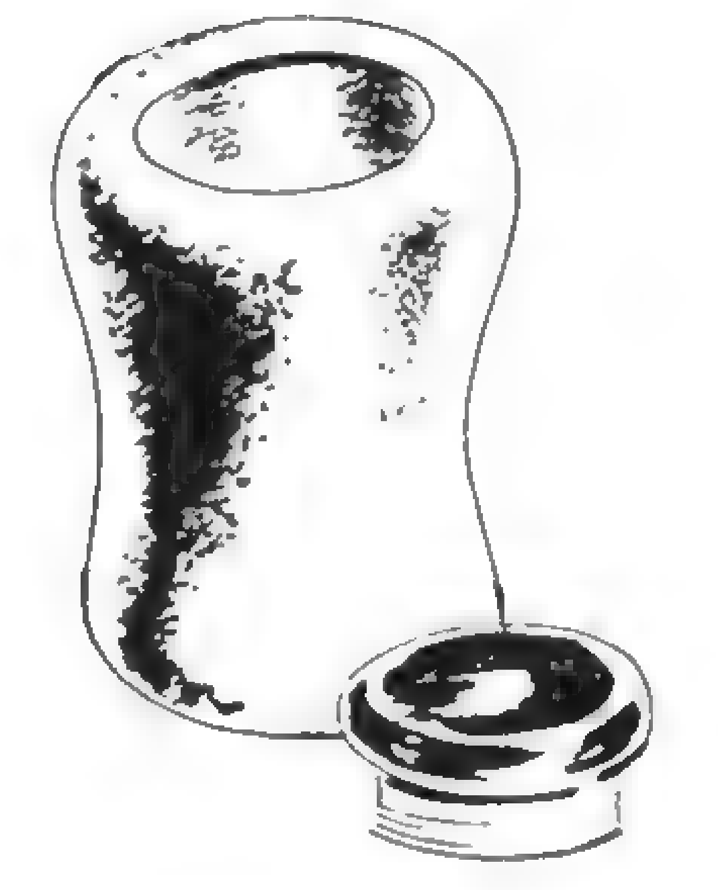
Masculine foot choice

Footsavers have a "bred-in-the-bone" quality not to be found in ordinary shoes. They're hand-fashioned of soft, plump leathers that mellow with age. Footsavers always *fit* right, and *feel* right because they're Walk-Fitted. Moreover, Footsavers have enduring style! No wonder then that Footsavers are *the* masculine foot choice! Fenworth, illustrated, is one of many Footsavers at $11.50 to $12.95. Made by Bostonians, Whitman, Massachusetts.

About Miron Sokole

Continued from page 78

er Union and during the four years of his course missed but two nights. He was not only an eager beaver, but a healthy and steady one. During his subsequent four-year course (1921-24) at the National Academy of Design he was absent only three nights—additional proof of non-temperamental deliberateness. Except for a month or two at the Academy, his nights from 1917 on were devoted to drawing. It is the fashion among artists of Sokole's generation to regret the days and nights devoted to academic study and Sokole affects to believe that, for him also, these were wasted nights, but no one leafing through a sheaf of Sokole sketches can fail to be impressed by the freedom and rapidity with which the artist can capture the details of a city scene or the countryside, especially in architecture. He subordinates the human figure, both in drawing and in painting, because he does not seem to be so much at ease with that problem, although his earlier canvases of wrestlers and chorus girls show that he is not helpless there. If he were to put into the painting of a scene as much detail as appears in his sketches of it, his reportorial accuracy and completeness would be something at which to marvel. His canvases are successful chiefly as studies in omissions and emphases within a dominant mood, imposed as an absolute afterthought. When they lack a mood they are pleasantly simplified and decorative views of places which he has visited. He has the self-made man's desire to be looked upon as self-taught, in debt to no influence, academic or otherwise, despite his eight years of unbroken art study.


Cork covered glass humidor is hermetically sealed by glass top. Moistened fiber glass sponge in the top keeps tobacco or cigars fresh.

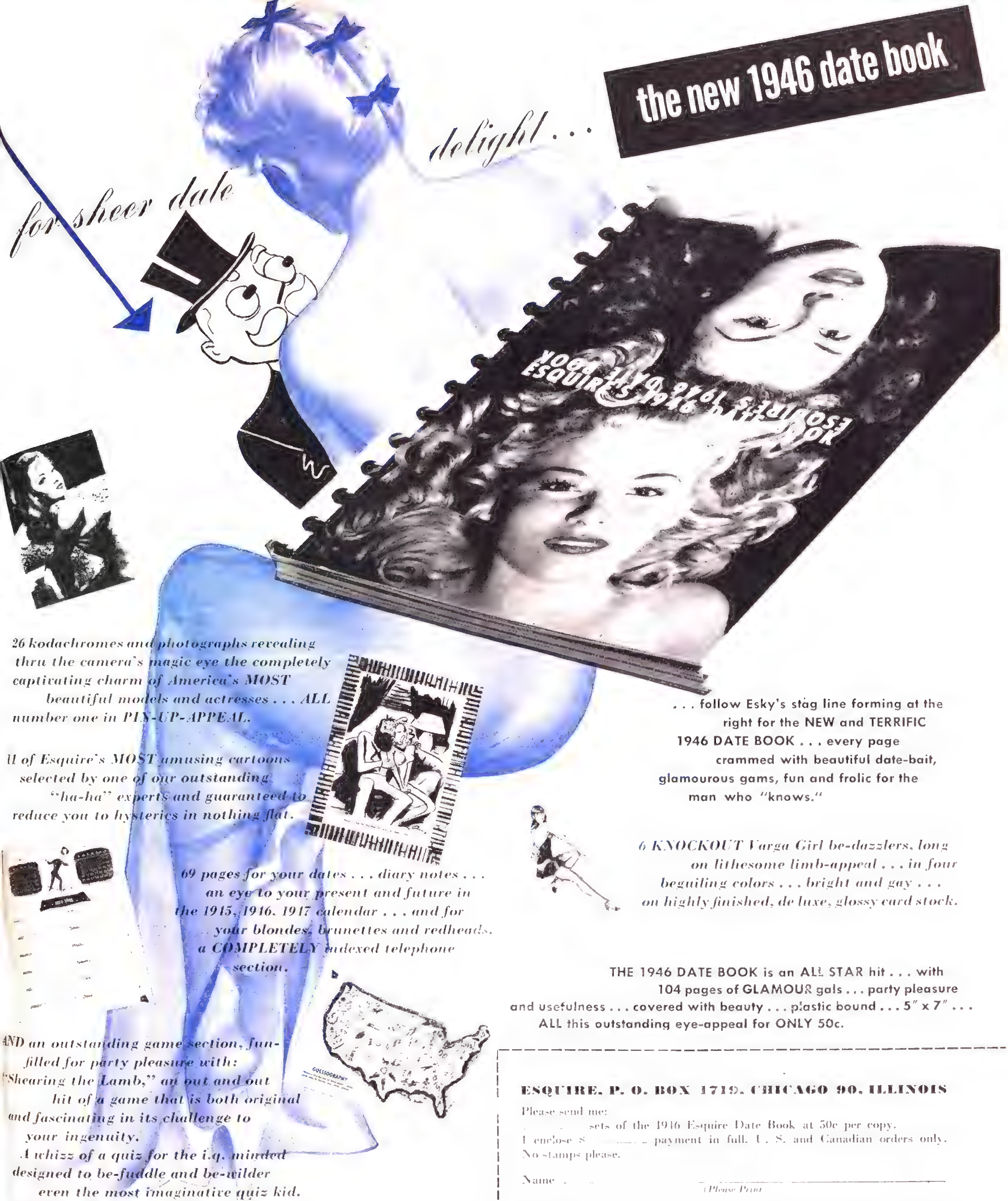
For most years of his adult life he has been an artist with a job. With an elder brother, Miron had to go to work shortly after the family's arrival in the new world. He recalls that his first job was in a flower factory at four dollars a week. This was in the days when child labor was permitted. Then, for several years, he decorated lamp shades. He was barely twenty, an Academy student, when he left home to take up life in a studio building on East 115th Street, where he paid a monthly rental of ten dollars for a whole floor. For a living he designed and executed window displays, booths for industrial expositions, stage settings for shows in summer hotels and, recently, he has been engaged in designing and working out dioramas.

He has visited and painted in a lot of places and has exhibited in many group and one-man shows in New York and elsewhere, beginning in 1927. In the Fall of 1938 the Federal Art Project sent him down to Oklahoma City for the purpose of organizing exhibits at the Municipal Art Center. Around Christmas time he bought what he calls a Grapes of Wrath jalopy, planning to drive it into Mexico, but 300 miles out, after several breakdowns, he had to abandon it. He crossed the border by trolley car, but saw no more of Mexico than the city of Juarez. One day while painting on the street, Sokole was almost smothered with the attentions of a vociferous gallery of a hundred. A sensitive plain-clothes man, attracted by the commotion, demanded to see what the artist was doing. He had made the error of indicating a shawl on the shoulders of a Mexican woman less than one inch high in the gouache, which was chiefly street scene. After lecturing Sokole on the typical American misrepresentation of Mexico—whose women don't wear shawls and whose children do not go barefoot—the detective let him go. Sokole had a somewhat more serious day in the Summer of 1941 when he made the mistake of sketching an architectural problem that was a war factory and was held for eight hours for thoroughgoing questioning by the police and the F.B.I. More in publicity than in wrath, Billy Minsky, in the name of Minsky and burlesque, threatened to demand 50,000 dollars damages for the exhibition at a small gallery of a Sokole painting, *Burlesque à la Minsky*, which, it was alleged, misrepresented the Minsky girls as ugly, fat, misshapen and cross-eyed. The press, generally, did not rise to the bait.

Sokole has painted at Rockport, Gloucester, Woodstock, Verplanck, on the Hudson, and at Coney Island. His earliest stamping grounds were the slum areas around the East River and, later, the Astoria section of Queens, in New York, especially its gas house districts and railroad yards. Of these latter paintings, which were generally regarded as depressing, one critic wrote that their effect was such that the district sought to subsidize Sokole not to paint any part of it. Today Miron Sokole is entirely out of the blue dumps. Life in the country, marriage, a child—these are the new positive factors of Sokole's life which are being registered in sunnier, more airy paintings. ⌗

for sheer date delight . . .

the new 1946 date book



26 kodachromes and photographs revealing thru the camera's magic eye the completely captivating charm of America's MOST beautiful models and actresses . . . ALL number one in PIN-UP-APPEAL.

11 of Esquire's MOST amusing cartoons selected by one of our outstanding "ha-ha" experts and guaranteed to reduce you to hysterics in nothing flat.

. . . follow Esky's stag line forming at the right for the NEW and TERRIFIC 1946 DATE BOOK . . . every page crammed with beautiful date-bait, glamourous gams, fun and frolic for the man who "knows."

6 KNOCKOUT Varga Girl be-dazzlers, long on lithesome limb-appeal . . . in four beguiling colors . . . bright and gay . . . on highly finished, de luxe, glossy card stock.

69 pages for your dates . . . diary notes . . . an eye to your present and future in the 1945, 1946, 1947 calendar . . . and for your blondes, brunettes and redheads, a COMPLETELY indexed telephone section.

THE 1946 DATE BOOK is an ALL STAR hit . . . with 104 pages of GLAMOUR gals . . . party pleasure and usefulness . . . covered with beauty . . . plastic bound . . . 5″ x 7″ . . . ALL this outstanding eye-appeal for ONLY 50c.

AND an outstanding game section, fun-filled for party pleasure with: "Shearing the Lamb," an out and out hit of a game that is both original and fascinating in its challenge to your ingenuity. A whizz of a quiz for the i.q. minded designed to be-fuddle and be-wilder even the most imaginative quiz kid. Some checkpayers par excellence to test and prove your bar appeal. "Guessography"—a very novel approach to U. S. geography guaranteed to amuse and "stump the experts."

THE NEW VARGA GIRL PLAYING CARDS ARE ALSO ADVERTISED IN THIS ISSUE.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Please send me:

______ sets of the 1946 Esquire Date Book at 50c per copy.

I enclose $______ payment in full. U. S. and Canadian orders only. No stamps please.

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MILLION
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Your ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT Serves . . . Conserves Your Clothes!

You who proudly wear Alligator, know how this smart, dependable garment keeps you dry—protects your suits in the rain. Today when it's doubly important to guard health and clothes, the "best name in rainwear" takes on even greater meaning. Your dealer will usually have limited stocks available at popular prices. Remember always—ask for Alligator! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Men Walk Alone

Continued from page 90

the needles, a beaten and still warm bed where he had slept. Harry thrust the tip of his finger into his mouth to wet it, and held his moist finger up to determine the direction of the wind. It was blowing right, from himself down the hill. The buck could not have scented Mr. Lane. Harry waited a few moments, digging his feet firmly into the yielding needles on the ground and standing perfectly still.

He had watched this buck all through the summer and fall, and had reserved it as a special prize for a special occasion. The deer was no adolescent spike, capable of frantic fear at the first alarm, but a seasoned campaigner that had been hunted many times. Probably, right now, it was standing within a few hundred feet of him, waiting to see what he would do. As long as it was within the thick-branched hemlocks, it would continue to sneak. But the buck had never met, and at this time would have no reason to suspect, an ambush by the white birch.

Harry walked very slowly down the hill, and when he found the buck's trail farther down he felt a little glow of pride in the strategic hunt that he had planned. The buck was very wary. But, as long as Mr. Lane did not move, or smoke, or cough, and if the wind did not shift to carry his scent to the deer, it was certainly going to cross from the hemlocks into the aspens at or very near the white birch. Of course, as soon as it was in the open, the buck would in all probability start to run. However, Mr. Lane should have at least one very good shot.

Harry was within a hundred yards of the white birch when he heard Mr. Lane shoot. The gun roared once, twice, and Harry leaped on a moss-covered boulder to see. He saw the buck, unhit, race past the white birch into the aspens. Harry brought the 30-30 to his shoulder, shot, and the running deer pitched headlong to the ground.

Breathlessly excited, Mr. Lane was standing by the fallen buck when Harry ran out of the hemlocks.

"Twelve points and a perfect rack!" he gloated. "I've dreamed of a buck like this for ten years!"

Harry looked at the fallen deer, dripping a red puddle of blood on the dry leaves, and at the broad wink on Mr. Lane's face. Then he looked at Mr. Lane's gloveless hand, and the twenty dollar bill it contained.

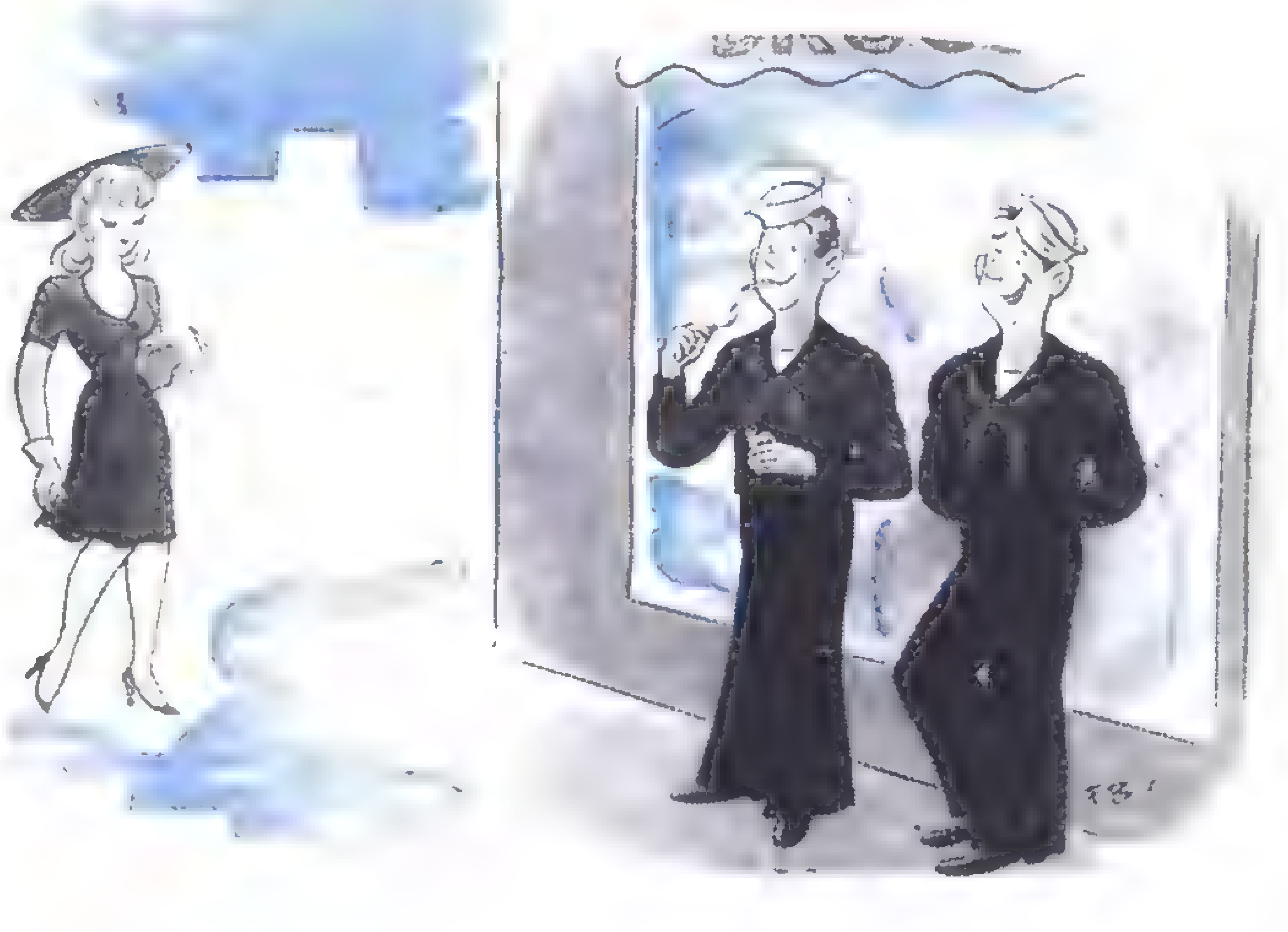
"Of course," Mr. Lane said meaningly, "I *did* shoot the buck, didn't I?"

Harry swallowed hard. Twenty dollars was a lot of money, more than he had ever had before or hoped to have for a long time. He half reached forth to accept it. Then something else emerged from the depths of his awakening manhood, and drew back his hand. But it seemed to instill understanding into his brain. Mr. Lane, to whom money meant little, was seeking to buy another prize. He wanted to buy the buck, just as he had bought the friendship of Harry's father and mother, and the hospitality of the farmhouse. But, in buying the things he wanted, Mr. Lane probably never thought of the terrible things his money did. Harry glanced towards the house.

"Take up thy bed and walk, father." It was no less an anguishing thought that he might have said that once. Now, probably, he never could. Mr. Lane's three hundred dollars a year—. Beds could be heavy, and a man who let himself lean on another must inevitably lose the glorious privilege of walking alone. Harry said firmly, "You shot the buck, Mr. Lane. But I won't take your twenty dollars."

Mr. Lane looked at him queerly. It was as though Mr. Lane did not like him very well any more.

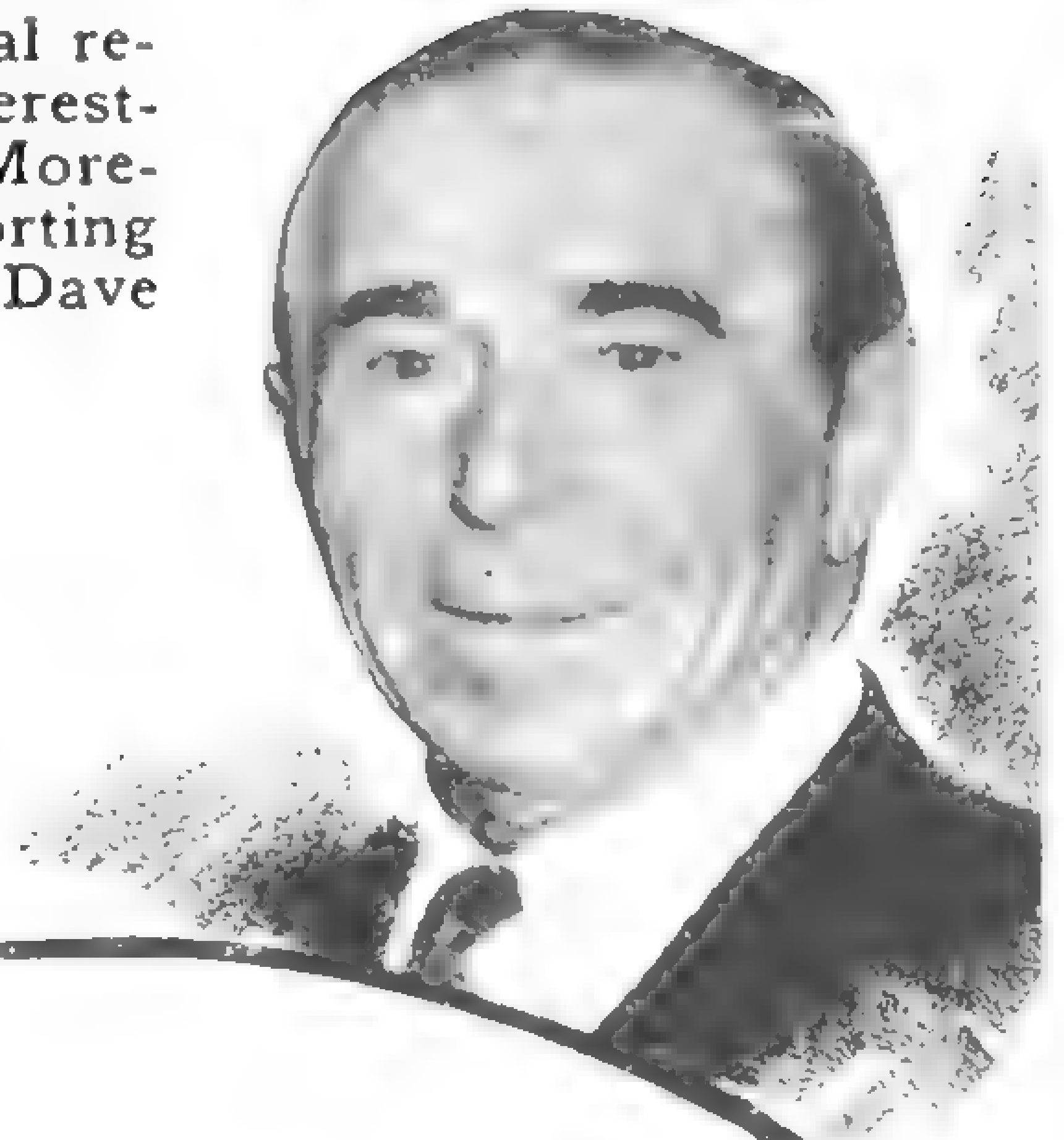
But he respected him. ⌗



"Don't you just love the patter of tiny high heels?"

THERESA HELBURN

"I like reading The Sun and Ward Morehouse's drama column because it reflects a real love for the theatre and a genuine respect for its traditions. I appreciate being spared all the gossipy trivia — and am grateful for The Sun's thoroughness in presenting the news."



LEE SHUBERT

"The Sun is reliable—it puts the emphasis on straight, factual reporting. Its features are interesting and diversified—Ward Morehouse does a fine job of reporting theatre news, and I enjoy Dave Boone, too."

The Sun Counts where Opinion Counts

AMONG

THEATRICAL PRODUCERS

Like many thousands of well-informed New Yorkers, these theatrical producers laud The Sun's extensive news coverage and diversified features. Their remarks further validate the findings of the L. M. Clark organization whose independent research rates The Sun "one of America's best read metropolitan dailies."

The Sun
NEW YORK

Represented in Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Los Angeles by Williams, Lawrence & Cresmer Company; in Boston, Tilton S. Bell

HOWARD LINDSAY

"Being an inveterate bridge fan, I choose The Sun for its bridge column—I like to solve its problems. I enjoy The Sun's theatre column, too, and "Hi" Phillip's column is both amusing and profound."

MAX GORDON

"I read the theatrical page in your paper with great interest, and I believe it to be one of the best of the theatrical pages ever published in a daily newspaper. Ward Morehouse writes a brilliant column, entertaining and original."

BROCK PEMBERTON

"The Sun is a fine, all-round newspaper and I like its features. "Hi" Phillips gets a daily chuckle from me, and Ward Morehouse is one of the best newspapermen I know. As far as your editorials are concerned, I am on your side."

Bloody Murder on the Networks

Continued from page 65

no holds barred. A few programs end with Jerry North (or Nick Charles) in bed with the missus discussing the day's adventure while the fires smoulder. In one script the married heroine is in bed with a grizzly bear (she thinks it's Mr.) and this artless utterance makes its point:

She (with schmaltz) Ohhhh—. You feel so warm and cuddly!

The Thin Man began its radio life memorializing the saucy script. Its first broadcast was billed as *The Blonde in the Bedroom.* Its second: *Bellboys See Everything.* Both were originally penned by Dashiell Hammett himself. The following dialogue in the first show set the style for the series:

Nora: You made a very pretty picture when I came in that door.

Nick: What do you mean?

Nora: A bottle of Scotch in one hand, a pretty blonde on the other. I'll bet that's the way you always dreamed of dying.

Unmarried sex or free-lance sex has its radio moments up in Mabel's room. *The Adventures of the Falcon* (known to the movies as *The Gay Falcon*), a Blue Network baffler recently signed to a contract by an advertising sponsor, characterized its hero as "a free-lance detective who's always ready with a hand for oppressed men and an eye for repressed women." *The Falcon* felled a whole civilization of subjective females. A typical radio pass at a doll cast as "the Ingrid Bergman type" went like this:

Agda: Mike—we've got to get going. This case is hot.

Mike: (drowsily) Uh huh. And you know how heat has a way of —ah—spreading. Like fire.

Agda: (slightly off mike) Mike —please—darling. We've got work to do—

Mike: Mmmmm. But first things—first.

Off-key? Maybe—but no one complains and the fan mail mounts as long as the one cardinal "must" is honored, to wit: mortals must be relieved of their cosmic timetables as frequently as possible in thirty minutes. To this "must" ye scrivener is semper fidelis. This grand-scale annihilation of homos sapiens [zombies, too] may be accomplished by the garrote, a deadly brew, stiletto, dynamite, death ray, luger—anything effectively irrevocable except open gas jets. The director who forgets to blue-pencil cooking gas as the liquidating agent will receive an indignant memorandum from the Consolidated Gas Company in the A.M. Gas as a way out is not in the "public interest."

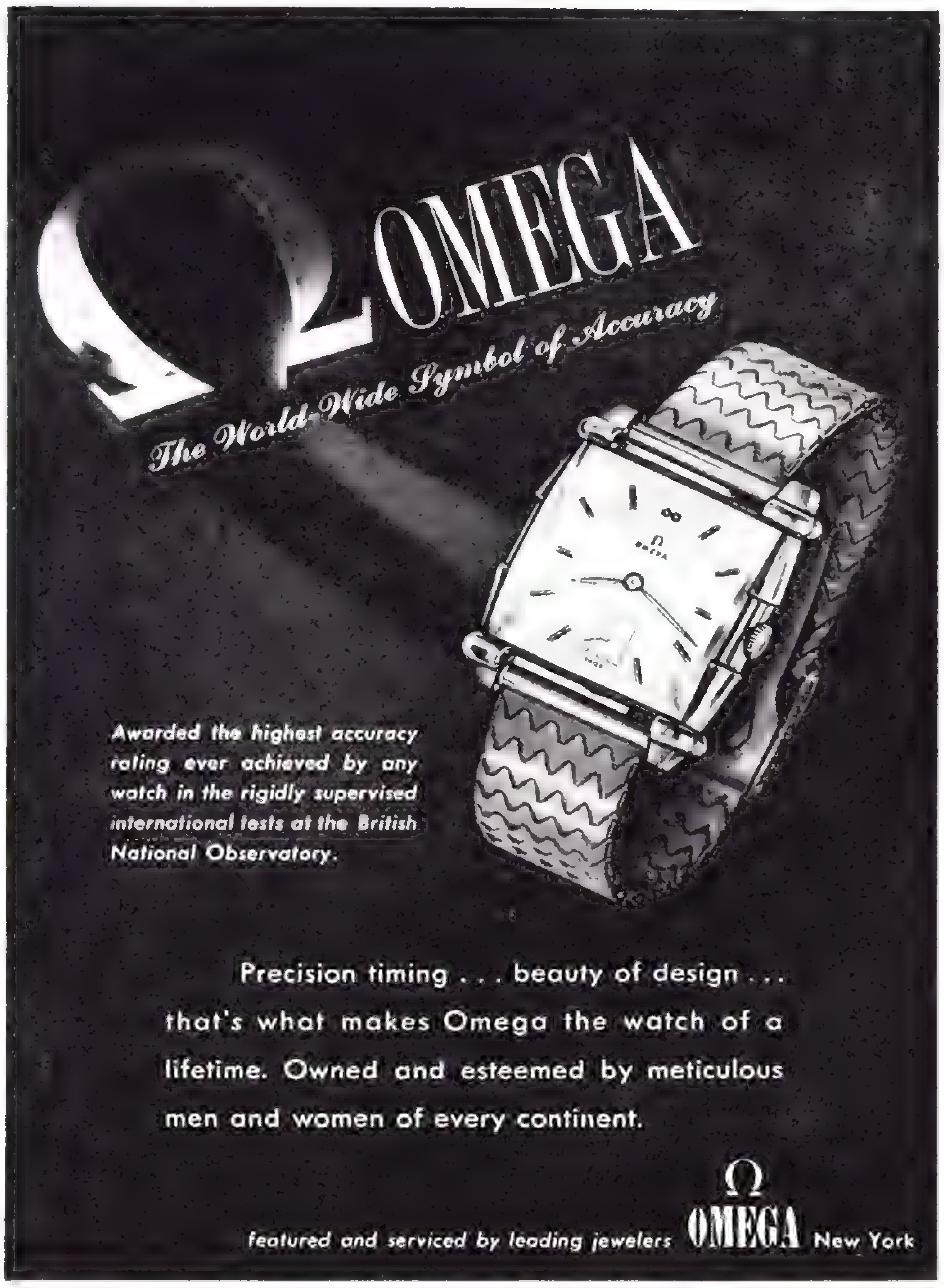
Shows must be fast and one constant earsplitting tumult—

A flat date may have its brighter moments...
But a flat drink is always dull!
Where there's *life* you'll hear–
CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
PIN-POINT CARBONATION

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

"PIN-POINT CARBONATION"... millions of tinier bubbles... gives drinks a liveliness you can hear... a sparkle that lasts to the last sip. And Canada Dry's special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink. No wonder it's the preferred club soda in fine bars, hotels and clubs. For drinks that sound better, taste better... ask for Canada Dry Water when you're out, serve it in your home.

If you prefer a mixer with a fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"... Canada Dry.



Awarded the highest accuracy rating ever achieved by any watch in the rigidly supervised international tests at the British National Observatory.

Precision timing... beauty of design... that's what makes Omega the watch of a lifetime. Owned and esteemed by meticulous men and women of every continent.

featured and serviced by leading jewelers Ω OMEGA New York

and are. Bulldog Drummond walking "out of the fog—into the night—and into his American adventures" is a changed man on our crime-fested soil. The de rigueur of American gang life has metamorphosed the traditionally poised English sleuth into a Hairbreadth Harry quitting sealed death chambers just in time. This change is undoubtedly fortunate for the visiting Drummond's return home. The British Broadcasting Company's "Must Nots" include a taboo against "effeminacy in men." *Counterspy David Harding* regularly anticipated the newest and latest in Nazi criminal lore and undoubtedly will follow the same pattern with the Japs. Ditto *Mr. District Attorney*, whose today's dramatization of tomorrow's newsbeat is uncannily clairvoyant. *The Shadow* is invariably at least one screamie-meemie ahead of Universal Pictures' valiant research into genealogies of devil doctors and ectoplasmic phenomena.

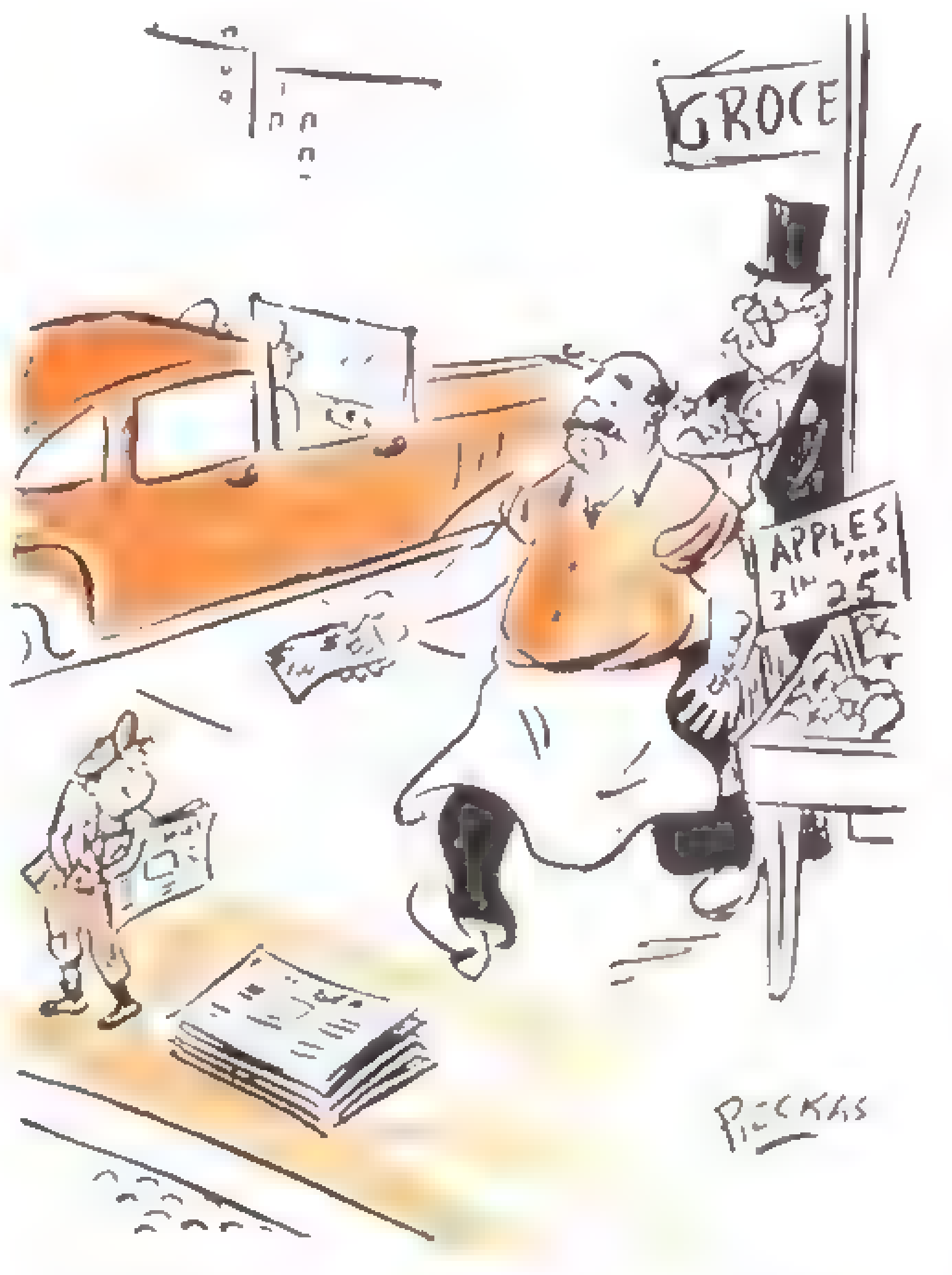
And so it goes. Murderers clumsily blundering through thirty minutes with no chance for safety as the studio clock's inexorable ticktock hastens their doom. Radio sleuths have a one hundred per cent conviction record and there can be no profit in murder—except for the producer. The closing tag atones with a moral on the side of the angels—as in one recent script when the actual (but still unexposed in the twenty-eighth minute) criminal beamed pleasure at a seeming miscarriage of deductions that pointed out an innocent man:

Detective: You seem to be pleased at the climax, Doctor.

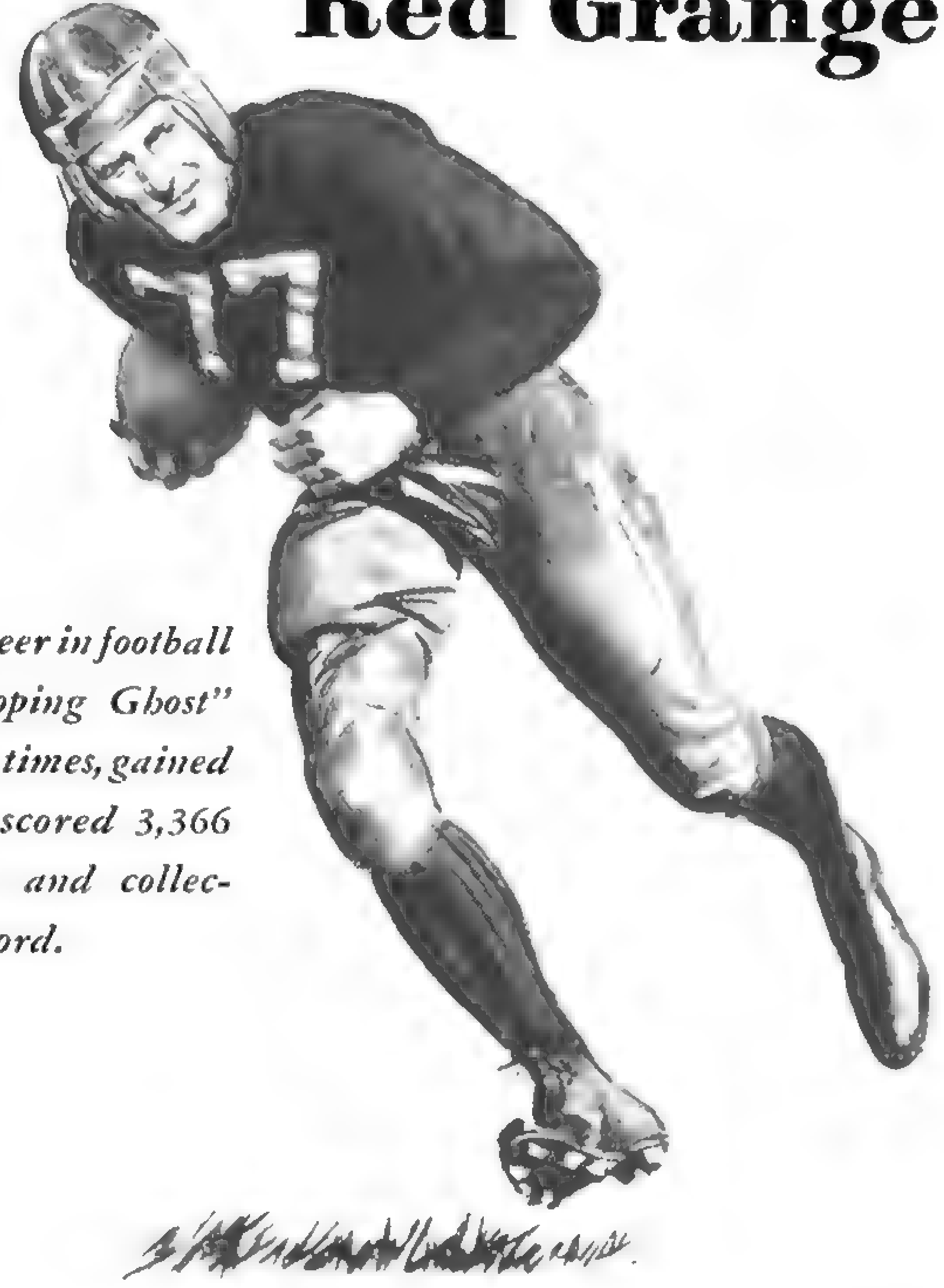
Doctor: I am. Society is well rid of the scurvy likes of that fiend Maxie. I *am* delighted.

Detective: And I'm glad you're happy, Doctor. (SLOWLY) In fact—I can hear you roaring with laughter when they strap you in the electric chair. And if I know you—you'll die laughing!

Music: *Requiescat in pace!*



"Say, Joey, break a $100 bill for me, will you?"



There is Only One
Red Grange

The most colorful career in football history — the "Galloping Ghost" carried the ball 4,013 times, gained 33,820 yards, and scored 3,366 points; individually and collectively, a world's record.

There is Only One
Jockey
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Internationally famous as the underwear that ended "Squirming." Jockey achieved that goal because of its patented Y-Front construction—and its firm masculine support . . . its convenient No-Gap opening, and bulkless crotch . . . its smooth seams, scientifically placed for complete freedom of action without binding or chafing. Every feature *is necessary* for support comfort. Jockey's production facilities are now supplying military needs. That's why Jockeys are hard to find. But, as soon as military needs are met, more Jockeys will be made for you than ever before. So remember, no other underwear is the same . . . and no other garment should be substituted when you ask for JOCKEY. Other knitwear may look similar in shape, but Jockey's exclusive features will be found only in the garment bearing the label—JOCKEY. Whatever substitute you may find while waiting for Jockey will only confirm the fact that Jockey is unequalled.

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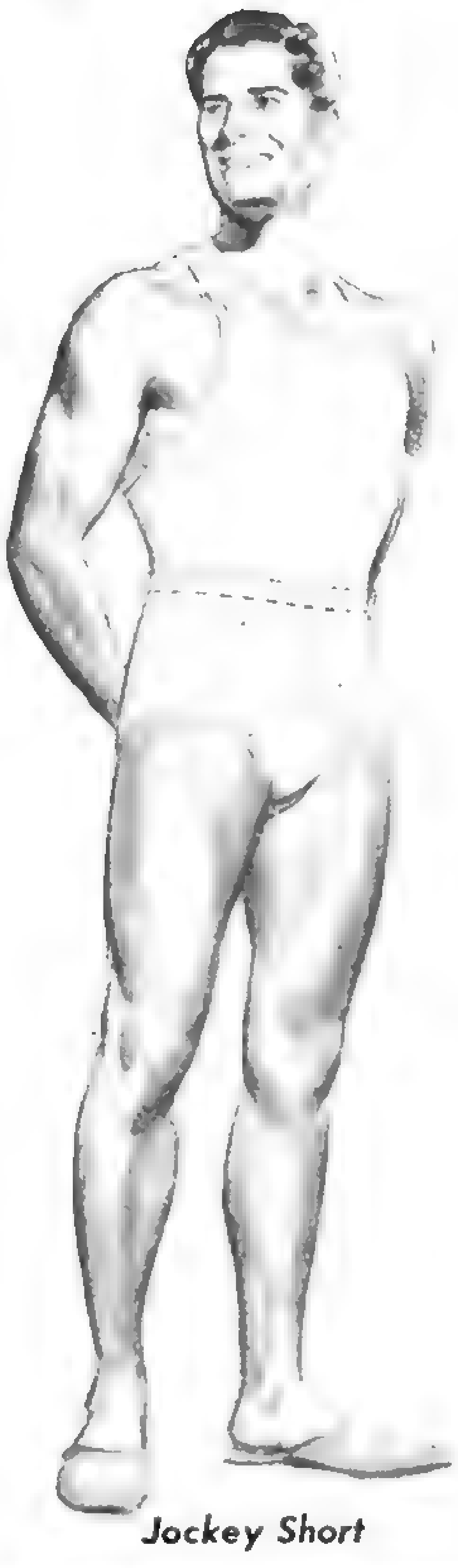

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THE MASTER CIGAR

WHERE A MAN IS KING

A man's home is his castle, where he is free to relax, think his own thoughts, choose his own pleasures. And one of those pleasures is a mellow Dutch Masters Cigar, which he enjoys where enjoyment is keenest—at home.

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Just as careful arrangement in an exquisite bowl adds to the beauty of flowers, so does a truly fine rum add zest to summer drinks. One sip will tell you why Don Q is the favorite quality rum of Puerto Rico. It's a matter of *good taste!*

86 PROOF

DON Q RUM

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SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 84

timer you're late. Don't you know that the early bird always gets the worm?

Mortimer Snerd: I don't care.

Bergen: What do you mean, you don't care?

Mortimer: I don't need meat that bad.

4. Don Wilson: My parents hoped I'd be a jockey.

Jack Benny: You a jockey! Why, a jockey weighs only ninety-seven pounds.

Wilson: I know. That's what I weighed when I was born.

5. Jack Benny: I've got a trunk full of sandwiches here to take when we go on a trip.

Rochester: That's right, Mr. Benny. Most people go to the dining car to eat, but we go to the baggage car.

6. Edgar Bergen: Mortimer, if you were out in the middle of the ocean, you'd be in a bad way without a compass, now wouldn't you?

Mortimer Snerd: Ayah, ayah, but I'd be in a worse way without a boat!

As I have intimated, however, it isn't only the jokes on the radio that get my friend where he lives; it's almost everything connected with radio. He loves it and almost everybody concerned with it body and soul. Witness, for instance, his testimonial to Bing Crosby: "He's somehow a great man . . . If I wanted to export a single talent and say this is the kind of thing America can produce, this is the kind of thing America cares for, and this is the best example of it, Mr. Crosby would be my choice."

Not anything, mind you, like America's best novels, plays, orchestras, automobiles, cigarettes, inventions or anything like that, which America, also peculiarly seems to care for, but Bing Crosby!.

Or witness, in further example, some such blurb as this anent Fred Allen: "We all feel that Fred Allen is in the great succession of pure great American humor. (Here, our friend compares Fred Allen in various respects to Mark Twain, George Ade, Ring Lardner, by implication, and Finley Peter Dunne.) He is as shrewd as Emerson sometimes, and at others as giddy as Holmes . . . Humorist or wit—or whatever—he is unique and wonderful."

Then there's television, the mere thought of which inspires Gilbert to a boozy rapture. Gilbert can foresee the great day when no house will be without an apparatus which will enchant America's millions with visions of Betty Grable playing Lady Mac-

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Jackman CUSTOM ORIGINALS FROM California

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Los Angeles 14, California

beth, three-hour presentations of *Abie's Irish Rose*, and views of the great Mr. Crosby's bald head. I leave the rapture to my friend, and pass on to Mr. Gallico.

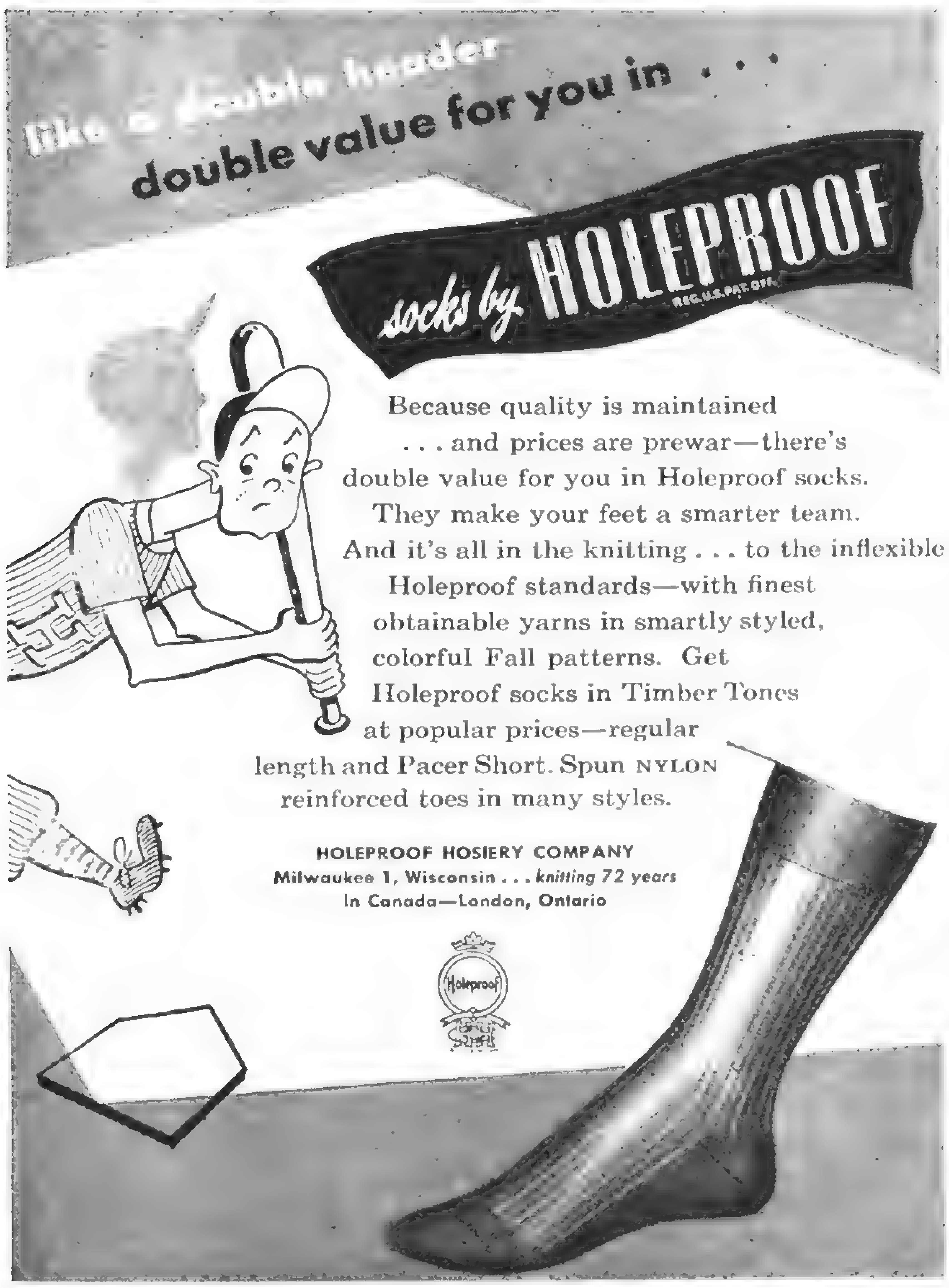
Proficient as I am alleged to be at fault-finding, there is really only one thing about Paul that beseeches my critical ax. Paul hates Scotch whisky. I know that few sane men will believe it possible, but the evidence, if they doubt it, is there in black and white (paper and ink, not Scotch) in the pages of this very magazine, to the permanent disquiet and even humiliation of its editor. That Scotch whisky is one of the noblest drinks ever conceived by mortal man and that it is, aside from certain wines, one of the few that, if taken in sufficient doses, makes this world for the nonce what it should be if its leaders had the sense to drink more of it, Paul's blind-spot apparently prevents him from appreciating. "It doesn't smell and taste good," is his apology.

THE PALACE
THE FRIENDLY THEATRE

One might ask him if, for that matter, other such noble benefactions as Mainzerhand-cheese, Limburger, Liederkranz and Reblochon smell and taste any better. Or finnan haddie, spring onions, marinierte herring, a garlic salad, and countless other similar boons and delicacies. I could, in view of Paul's admirably righteous denunciation of the foulest of beverages, the Martini cocktail, pass over this grievous lapse on his part, but when I saw him last with my own eyes at Publisher Alfred A. Knopf's last New Year's party licking his chops over a concoction compounded of brandy, rum, Cointreau, cream, white of egg, and grated cinnamon, my old Scotch blood boiled within me and since then has not been able to contain itself.

I accordingly denounce him publicly — and as a mark of my supreme contempt send him a gallon jug of Martinis, labeled *Eau de Vie de Danzig*.

Two to one, he'll drink it and love it. #



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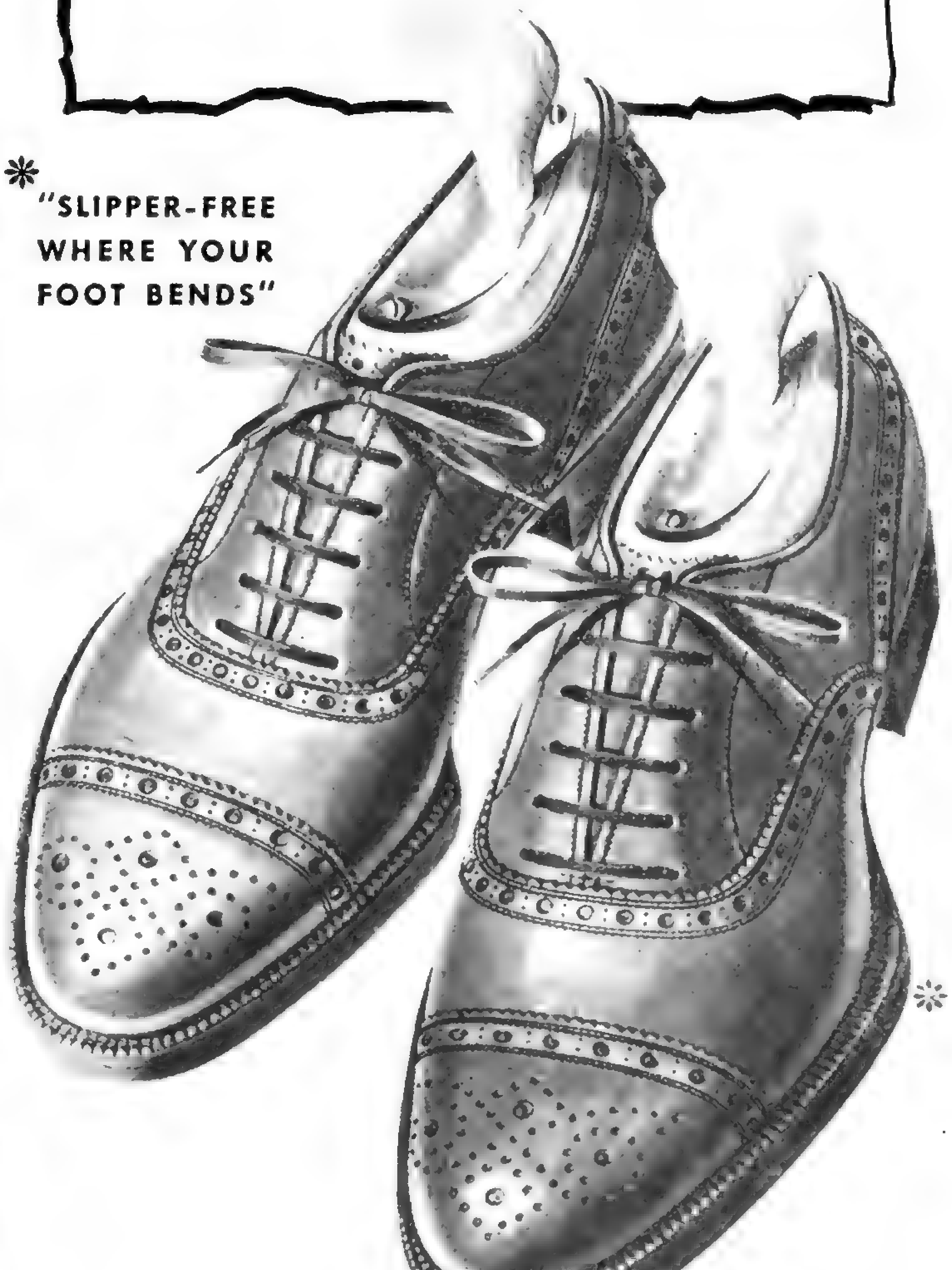

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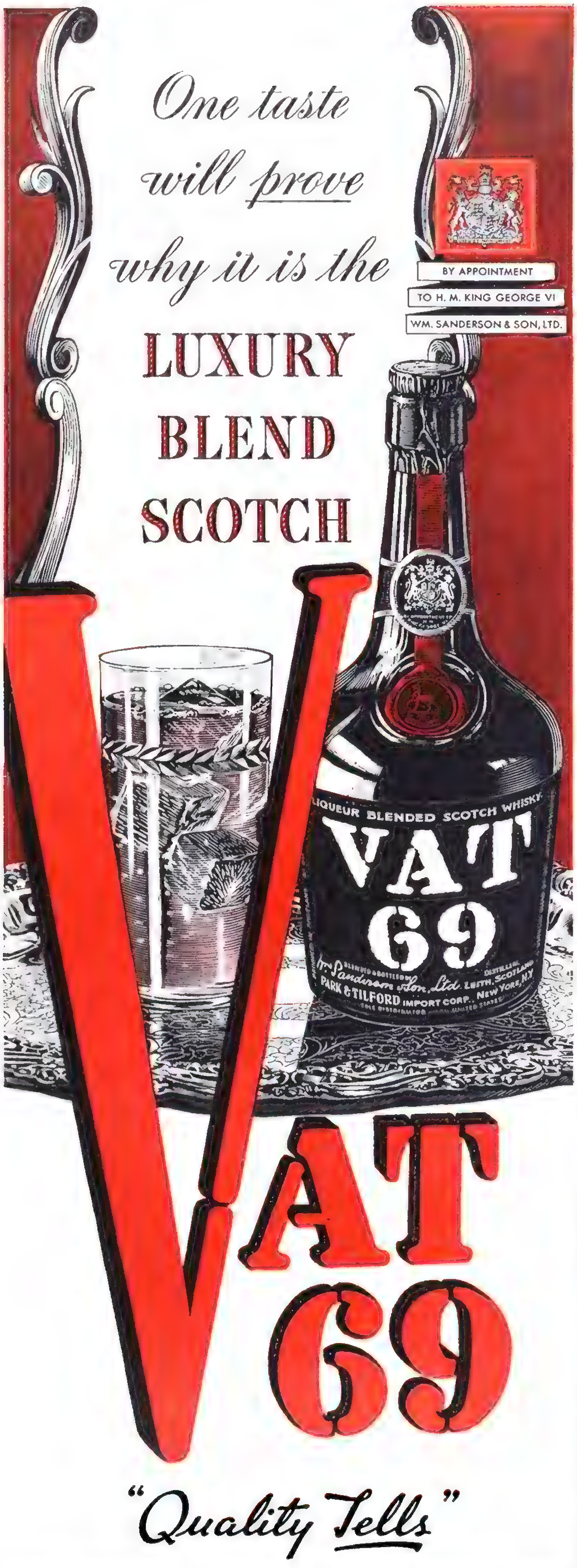
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One Will Stand

Continued from page 72

leaders of the Polish section, so Fritz Stolz was the overlord of those who had emigrated from Germany. Their antagonism was as deep as it was quiet. A Pole and a German would never be brothers, the old Polish song said. For Jan Kubela and Fritz Stolz that would always be so. Perhaps Jozef could be an American and learn to like Herman Stolz. That was what America was supposed to do. But as for Jan—

It was at this point in Jan's thinking that Jozef had come to Herman's teasing. Quickly Jan put his shoe on again.

It was eight blocks to the school, but Jozef knew they would certainly be on time, the way he had to hurry to keep up with his father. Two stops were made to get Waclaw Tobolski and Andrzej Stanczyk, men who worked with his father on the railway rip track.

The principal had said that boys could come with their fathers the first night. Herr Stolz was the first evening scholar they saw as they stepped inside the classroom. He was facing the door amid a group of his countrymen.

Jozef led his father to a seat at the back and sat down across from him with Tobolski and Stanczyk behind them. The only other boy in the room was George Donatelli who sat across from Mr. Donatelli.

When the teacher came in, Jozef was glad it was Miss Rhodes. He knew her students liked her because she was nice to them and very fair.

"I am so glad we have so many countries represented here tonight," Miss Rhodes was saying. "You know I always volunteer to teach this class because I like it. I always say one is never too old to learn."

New books were passed out and for the next half hour Miss Rhodes talked simply about what they would try to learn. Then when she finished she picked up a piece of chalk.

"We have just time tonight to see what kind of start you have in writing. And maybe we could try a little spelling."

After the movement to the blackboards Herr Stolz and his followers, five of them, were lined up at the front board. Herr Stolz was fingering a piece of long chalk confidently.

Jozef turned in his seat to watch his father who had gone to the blackboard, faithfully attended by his two friends, Tobolski and Stanczyk.

The men first tried writing their names as Miss Rhodes checked

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each one and entered the name on her pad.

"Now, I'll tell you a bit about our spelling. In most of your languages each letter has its own sound and keeps it. Not so in English."

Miss Rhodes began putting letters on the board and sounding them. Jan listened intently. He was glad now he had come. Herr Stolz could not say Poland was not present at the class. There Stolz was at the front of the room with his five. Like a rooster, a rooster so proud and . . .

"He washes and I wipe!"

"And now let's try a word or two." Jan came back to attention. "Let's start with *hat*."

For a few seconds there was no sound. Then Jan could hear chalk scraping at the front. That must be Stolz. Then chalk sounded on all sides of him. Those were the others following. He made an effort and sounded the word to himself. Then he wrote *hat*. Tobolski and Stanczyk followed him letter for letter.

"That's splendid!" Miss Rhodes exclaimed. "Mr. Stolz was the first to get it and you all have it right."

Jozef found George Donatelli had slid to a seat across from him. "Boy, don't you wish we could do like this in class, Joe? One guy gets it and the rest all copy."

"Now," Miss Rhodes continued, "this one is a little catchy. Spell *cat* for me, please. *Cat.*"

Immediately there was a loud scraping by Herr Stolz. A large *Kat* stretched across his board space. He turned, feet spread apart like a captain before his crew. Five *kat's* appeared beside the first one and were repeated along the sides and to the back. All the way to Jan Kubela's place.

Jozef could see George Donatelli beside him trying to catch the attention of his father. But Mr. Donatelli was smiling proudly and making some repairs to his *k*. All were impatiently eyeing the three blank spaces at the back. Miss Rhodes stood with a slight smile.

Before Jan had turned to the

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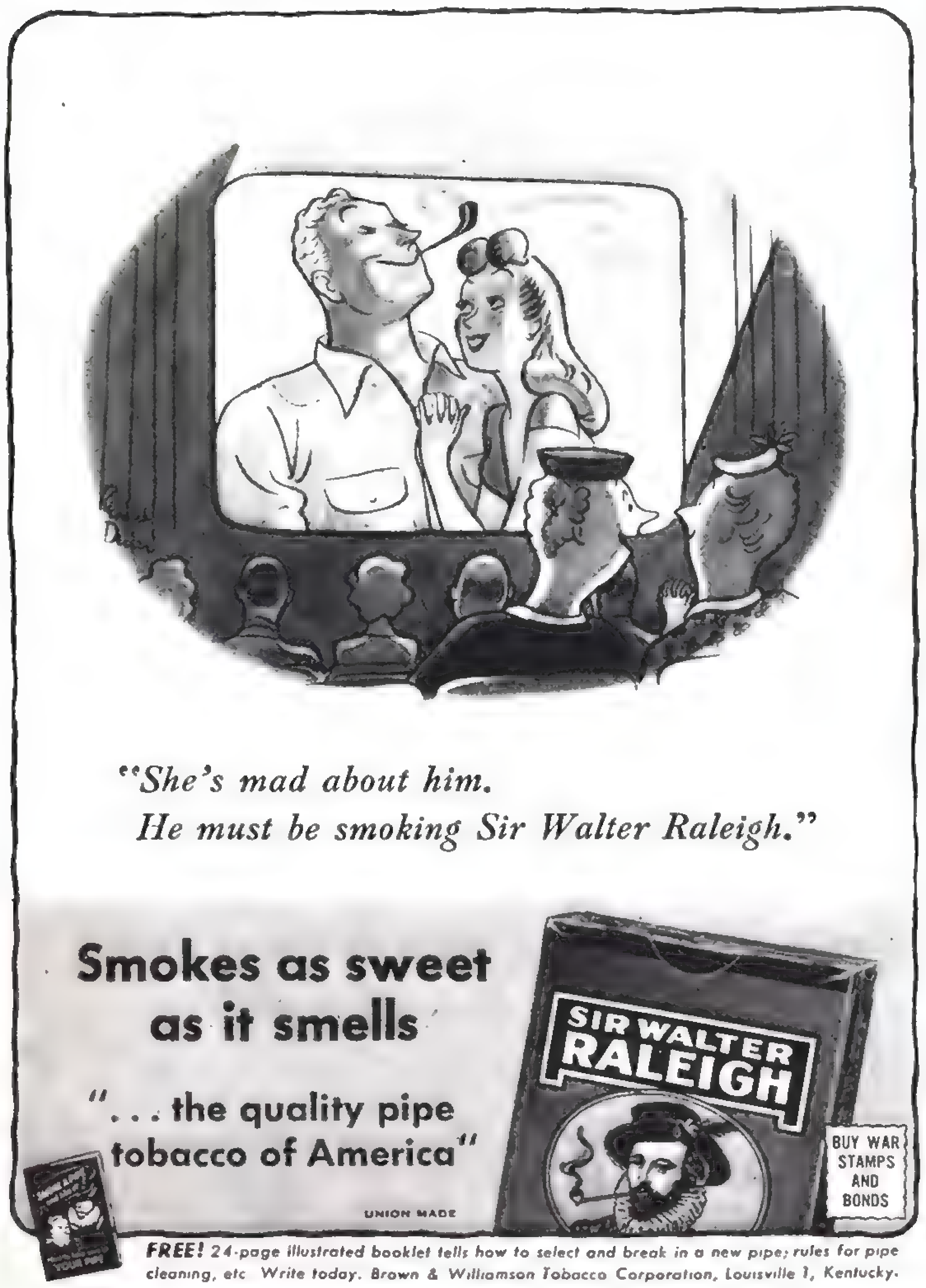

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He must be smoking Sir Walter Raleigh."

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BUY
UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS

One Will Stand

Continued from page 139

board after Miss Rhodes' sounding of the word, his eyes, drawn to Stolz, had watched the letters form on the board at the front. He had seen. Was that dishonorable?

He could almost hear Miss Rhodes praising Herr Stolz again. This time he himself would be one of the crew; one of the followers.

The picture of Tomek under the stove sprang into his brain. That would be *Kot* in Polish. What was it Jozef had said? What was it about that strange *k*?

Yes, that was it. That strange *k*. But what if Jozef was wrong? After all he was only a boy.

Jan wrote *cat* on the board.

In the chorus of surprise that went up around the room he could not hear Tobolski and Stanczyk writing beside him. He could see Herr Stolz pointing. One or two began to laugh.

"Just a moment." Miss Rhodes' voice was still kind, but now there was a new note of warning in it. "Never do we laugh at one another. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kubela is right. He and Mr. Tobolski and Mr. Stanczyk are the only ones who have the word right."

The tense silence was snapped by the sound of the bell in the hallway.

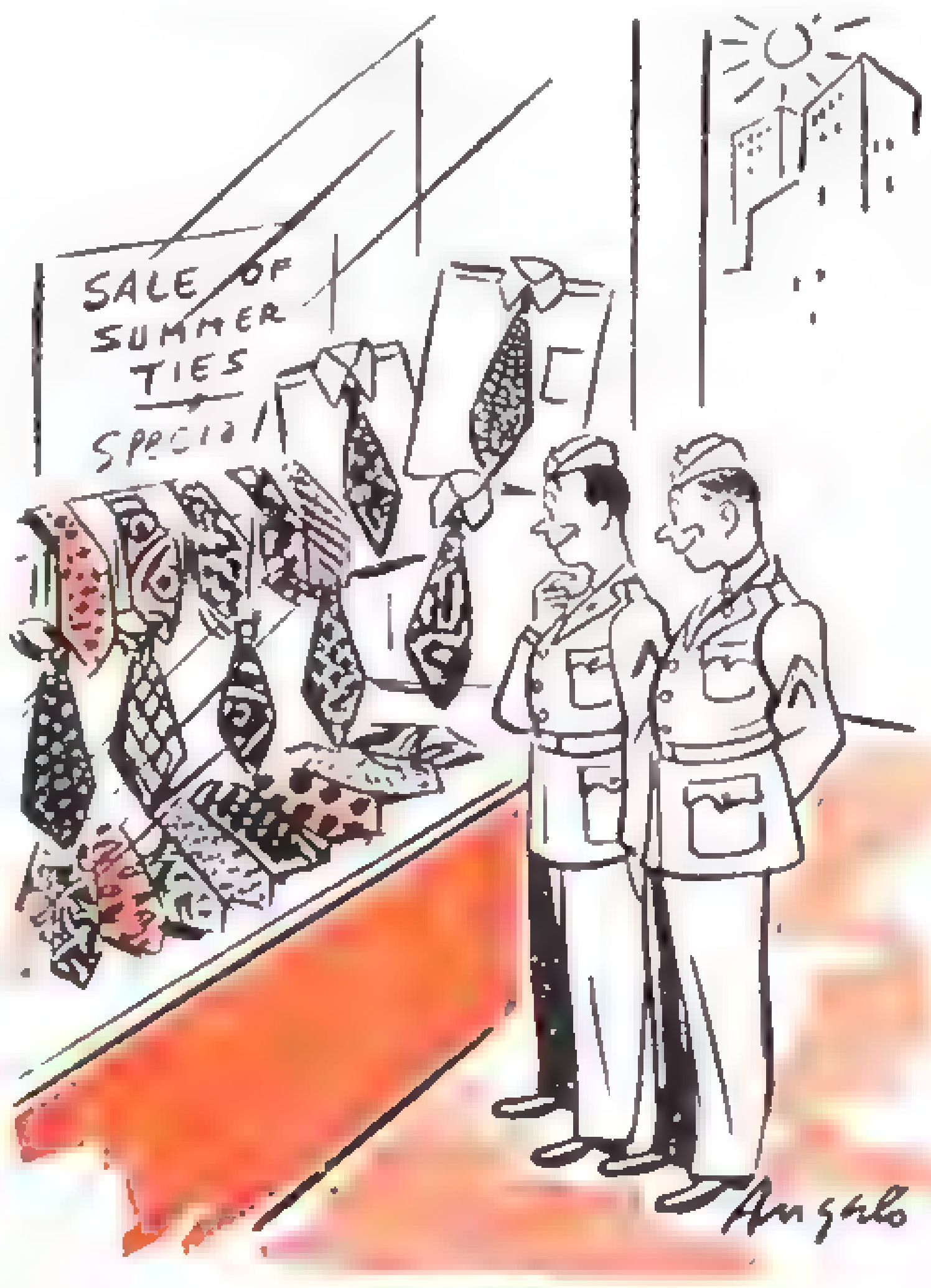
Outside Jozef wanted to hug his father. Tobolski and Stanczyk no longer were silent but kept repeating over and over, "*Pokazalies mu.* You showed him, Jan." Jan said nothing. A deep thankfulness had spread throughout his being.

When Tobolski turned off he took Jan's hand.

"Jan. I have been thinking. You know, a Pole will always resist. Even if alone. Even if in blood."

Jozef heard his father answer. "Yes, you are right, neighbor. Always one will stand."

They went on toward home, Jan held Jozef's hand firmly as they swung along together. ⌗



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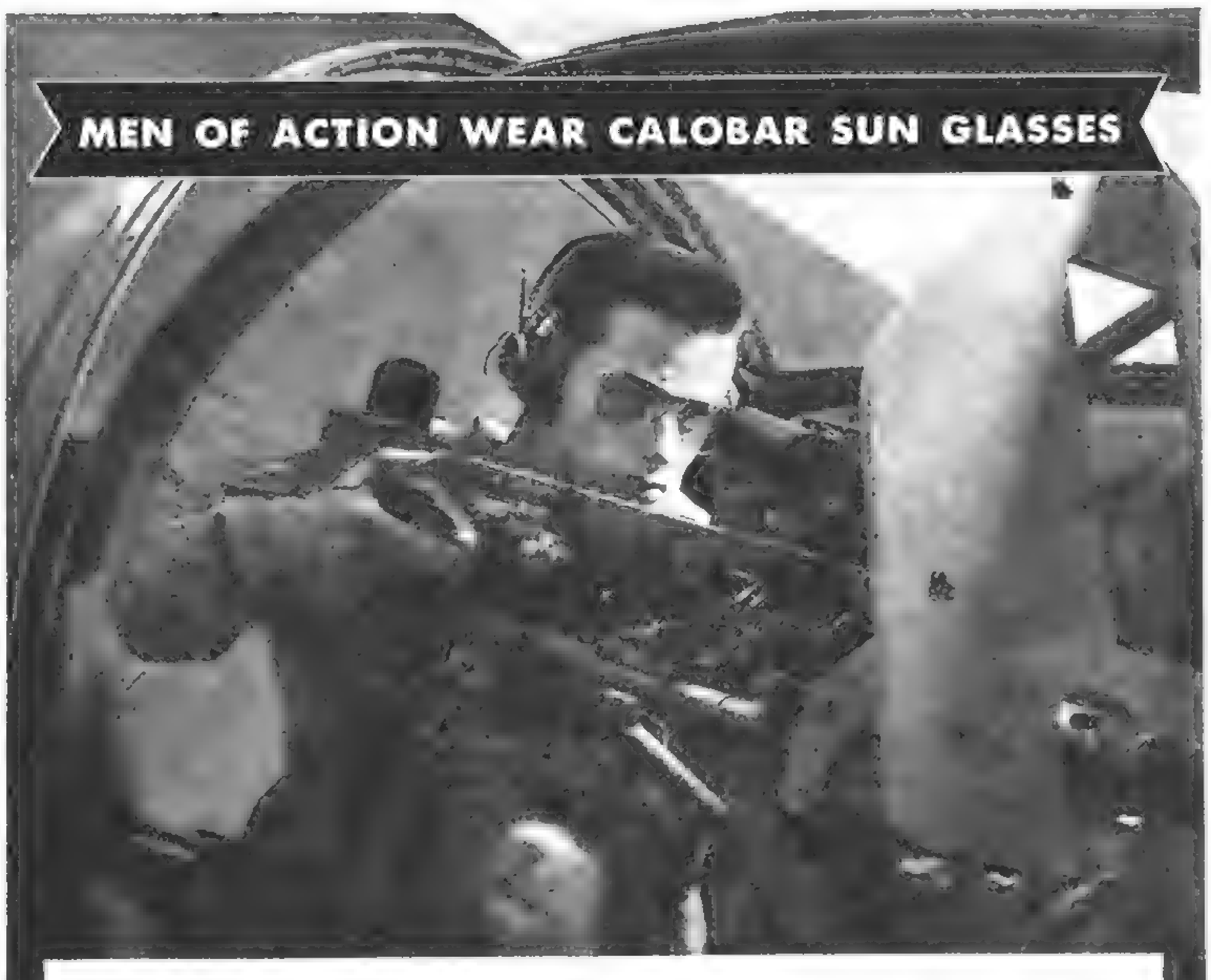
MEN OF ACTION WEAR CALOBAR SUN GLASSES



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AO CALOBAR SUN GLASSES *Optically Safe*

Footsteps in the Alfalfa

Continued from page 77

ner, she said quietly, "Speaking of the devil, here he comes now."

Hank jumped up, bread crumbs rolling off his trousers. "Where? Oh . . . you mean him, Tom Reilly?" Then, also changing in attitude, he said sourly, "By God, he's sure johnny-on-the-spot for his money, ain't he?"

Laura stood up too. "Yes, the ol' pinchpenny. You'd never know he was an ol' chum a yours. The ol' Judas."

"Well . . . it's not him so much. It's his old man. That old man a his . . . whew!"

Laura mumbled and drank the rest of her coffee. "Finished?"

"Yeh. What's the hurry?"

"I don't like Tom, an' I'm goin' back to the house, if you don't mind. I don't wanna hear him whinin' around."

"Oh, now, wait a minute. Take it easy. I'd kinda like to have you around if he tells me to get off the farm today."

Laura hesitated and then, suddenly looking off to one side, said, "No, I'm goin'. Really. I can't stand that sneak. He . . . why he's just like a white-faced bank clerk."

Disgruntled, Hank watched her leave. Then he saw Reilly getting out of his car in the house yard and starting for the field. Reilly slowed to talk to Laura, but she barely nodded to him and went on.

Just then a sudden roar opened up behind Hank. He whirled about. "Well . . . what the . . . Rover! What the hell you doin' here?"

Instantly the dog stopped barking, and slunk close up to his feet, wagging his tail.

"Say, didn't I tell you to get out of this damned field afore somethin' ud happen to y'u? Now go. G'wan. Go. Git."

Slowly the dog started for the house.

"Git!"

By this time Reilly had come near, and he said, "Oh, the dog's all right, Hank. He won't hurt me. I like dogs." With a forced jolly laugh, he reached for the dog.

Rover snarled, drawing his lips back over his teeth.

"By God, he's mean!" exclaimed Reilly, jumping and rubbing his fingers. "Jeez, Hank, what d'you keep a mean dog fer?"

"He ain't mean," Hank said, puzzled. "Really. That's the fust time I've seen him mean. There must be something . . ." Then he recalled Reilly's mission. "Hello, Tom."

"Hello, Hank." Reilly continued to rub his fingers.

"Dog didn't actually bite you, did he?" Then, turning to the dog,

Continued on page 142

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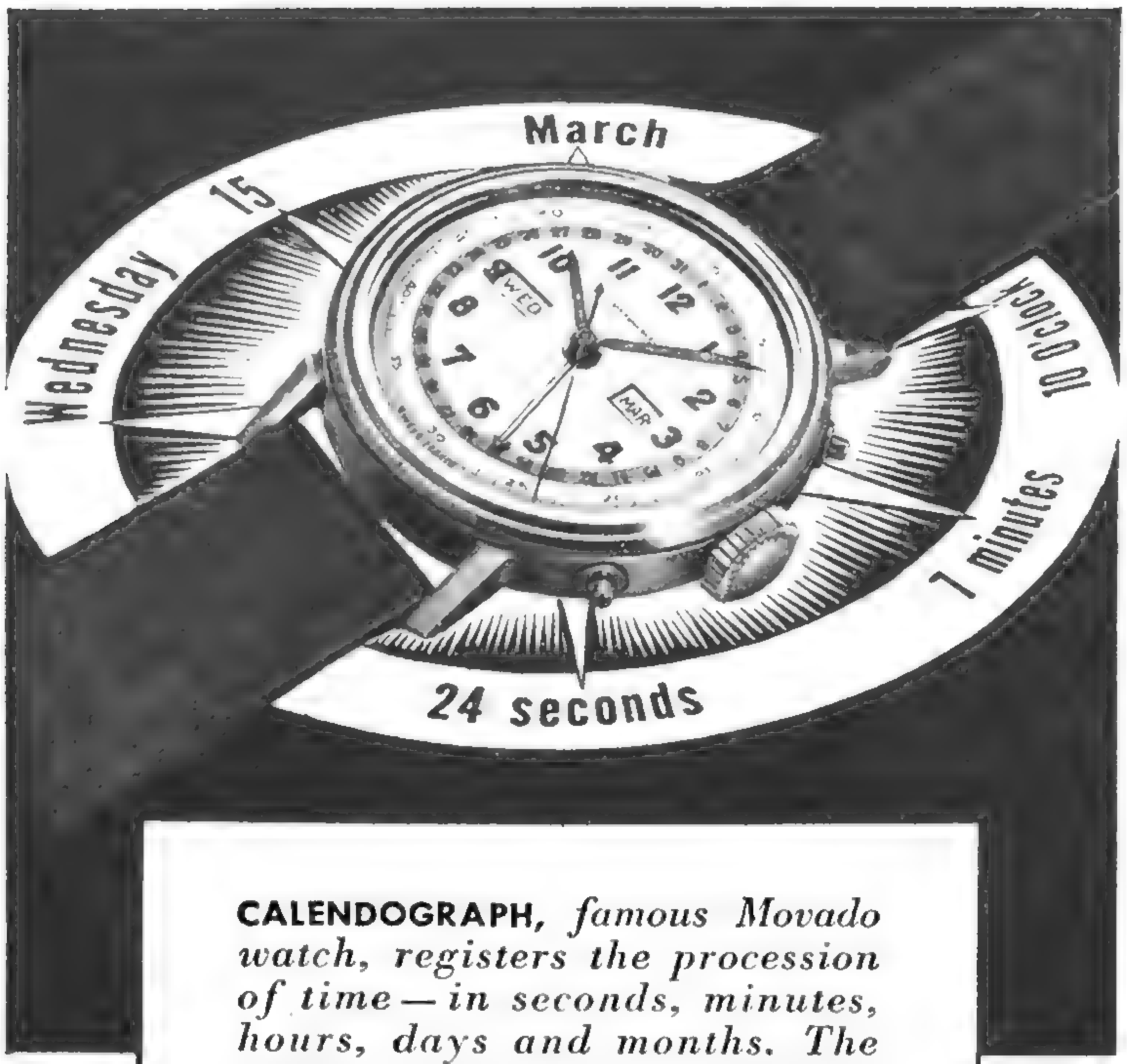

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Footsteps in the Alfalfa

Continued from page 141

Hank yelled, "Git home. Git."

Trying to laugh, Reilly said, "Say, if it's true what they say about dogs bein' like their masters, you're in a tough mood today, ain't you, Hank?"

"Oh . . . I dunno." Hank looked off to one side.

"Got a nice crop of alfalfy there, Hank." .

"Yeh. Ain't bad."

Reilly leaned over to pick up a few stems, fingering them and smelling. "Yes, real good. Should go about ten tons this time, huh?"

"No. About eight, I figger."

"Well, that's good."

"Yeh. But the price a butterfat bein' what it is, don't do much good to have a lot of it."

"Well, that's true."

"Yeh."

Reilly drew a package of cigarettes from a breast pocket. "Have one?"

"Thanks. Don't mind if I do." Trembling, Hank scratched a match on an overall button and then, with nervous fingers, held up the lighted match for Reilly.

Puffing, Reilly said, "Oh say, Hank, by the way, you ain't got the rent money handy today, have y'u?"

"Well . . . no."

"Well . . . you got a little, ain't you?"

Hank kicked at a bunching of alfalfa, then suddenly faced Reilly. "I ain't got one red cent."

"Oh."

"Yeh. Well, you know how it was last year. Drouth. I had to borry against this year. I . . ."

Abruptly Tom said, drawing his brows together, "But Hank, we can't do business that way. Suppose . . . look, Hank, I didn't cause the drought."

"No . . . you didn't. But neither did I."

"No, but . . . legally, you owe me the rent."

"I know."

"An' you were behind last year already. You still owe me a little on the year before."

"Had bad crops them years too."

"I can't help that."

Hank puffed on his cigarette. "Well, I suppose . . . huh . . . I suppose you think I'm a poor farmer."

"Oh no. No. In fact, I think you're one a the best in the valley. But, you see, it ain't that. I've just got to have the money. Business is business. An honest debt is an honest debt. We got to keep things straight."

"Fer who?"

"Well . . . why! You know we all gotta pay debts or else everything'll go to pot."

"What will?" Hank knew he had

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put Reilly in an awkward position.

"Well . . . you know . . ." he began, when Hank interrupted.

"I don't know. You tell me."

Reilly looked at him sharply. "Say, Hank, are you gone nuts?"

Hank suddenly laughed, looking off to one side. "Hell, Tom, you know it's really your old man that's puttin' the screws to you, an' chasin' you out here to sweat me fer my last red cent."

"Oh no. Not at all. I believe in business for business That's my own opinion."

"Huh. You can't tell me."

"Well . . . but anyway, business is business, whether it's with the devil, or God himself, that we're dealin'."

"Tom, what are you tryin' to tell me?" Hank asked sharply.

Reilly flushed. "Hank, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to go."

"You mean, you're gonna rent this fine farm to some other . . . to somebody else next year?"

"Yes."

Quickly Hank turned and looked over the fields. He had once dreamed of raising crops on them which would be big enough to buy them all. Then, slowly swinging around again, he faced Tom and said, "Well, then that's it." He paused. "Tom, how can you be agin me when once me and you was chums, huh?"

"Well . . . but this is business," Tom insisted.

"Tom, did it ever hit you in your dumb head that you're on the wrong side? You're choosin' yer old man's side. An' he belongs to another age. Another generation. Not yers an' mine. Why! you an' me are really closer than you an' him. We belong to today's family."

"That's true enough," Reilly said slowly.

"Sure. We should stick together. Yer old man, an' mine, they're the ones that let this world get into this mess. An' now they're turnin' aroun' on us an' suckin' us dry fer their errors. Makin' us pay fer their sins. No, Tom, I can't help but think yer a traitor, joinin' up with him."

"Well . . ." Reilly kicked at a mound of alfalfa.

"Aw, hell, Tom . . ." Hank's voice cracked a little, and he

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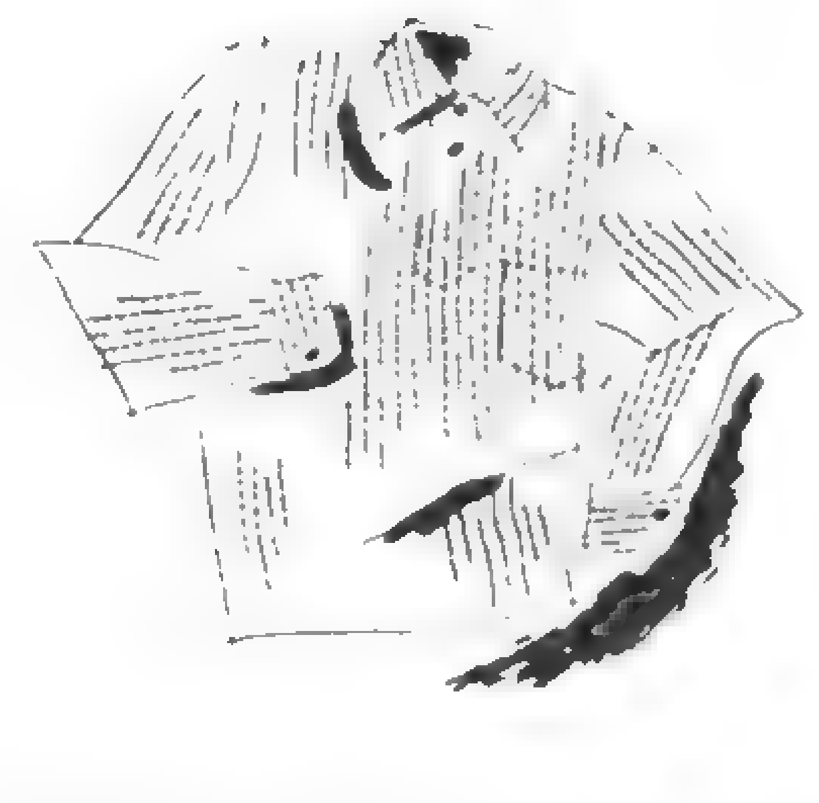

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In early Russia, fierce Cossacks rode jet-black stallions, swift as the wind, wild as the Tartary Wastes from which they came. These Karadaghs or Barbs were untameable and often fought to the death!

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PARK & TILFORD
BRUGAL—
Famous in the West Indies Since 1888

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y

Footsteps in the Alfalfa

Continued from page 143

waited for Reilly to answer him.

Reilly stood still.

"Tom, once I dreamt a buyin' this land from you. Buy it just like I used to buy marbles from you. Or a jackknife. You know. Because this is wonderful good land. Wonderful. You always did have wonderful good marbles, glassy an' green."

Reilly kicked once more at the mown hay and then, grumbling and coughing, said, "Well, I'll see what the old man has to say."

Hank coughed, and looked away.

"I'll see what he says. But I warn y'u . . . I'll have to sweat blood to change his mind."

"Well, what do you think I'm doin' out here, sweatin' sweat?"

Reilly was gone. Still stunned by Tom's unexpected softness, Hank stood silently in the field.

Across the field, Laura appeared in the doorway of the house. Faintly he heard her shout.

He roused himself. He stood on his toes and yelled, "He says we can stay."

Again, faintly, her "what" came toward him.

"He says we can stay!"

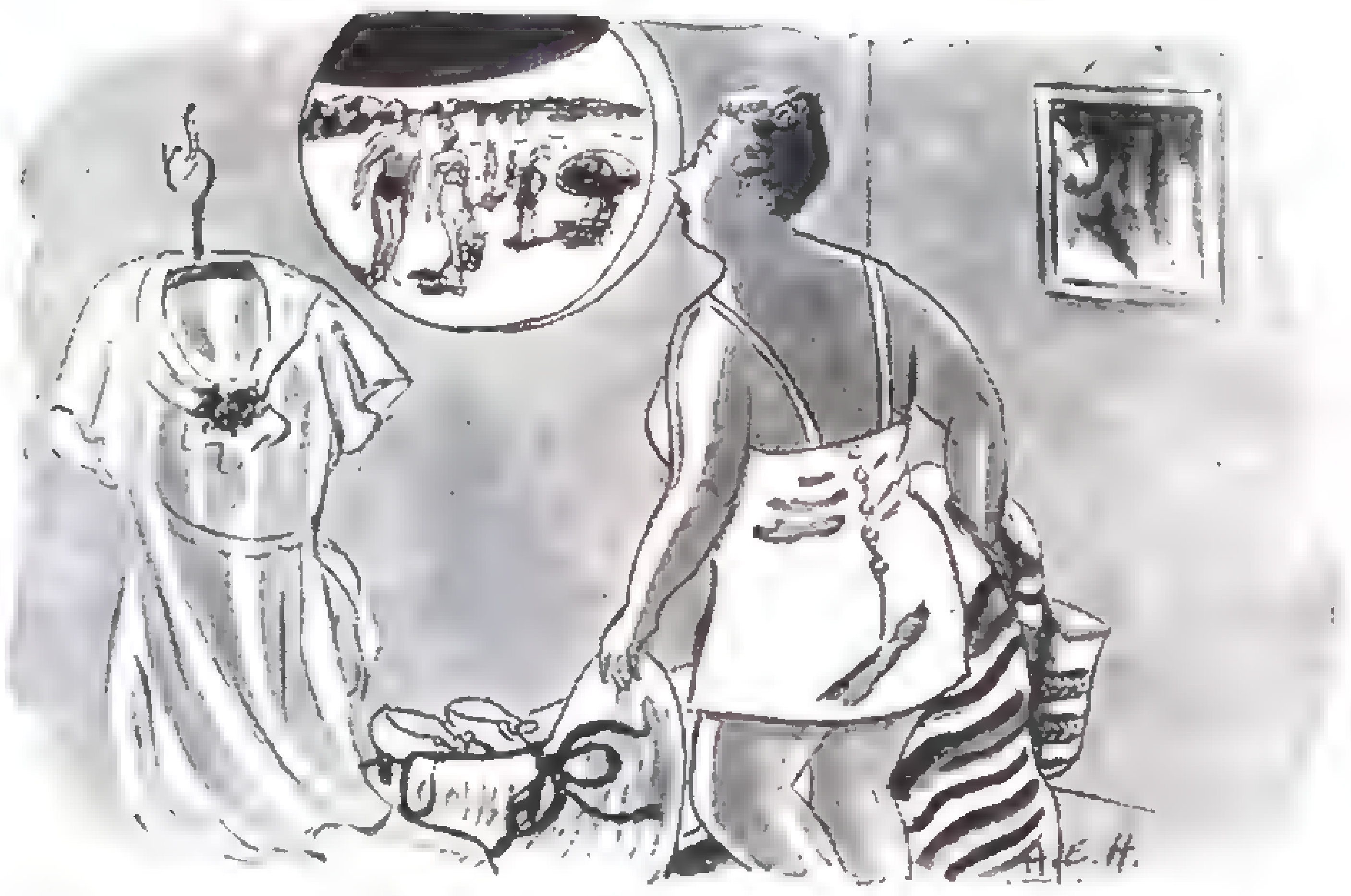
He saw her listen, saw her head tip to one side to catch the words. Then she nodded and went inside.

Excited, he went back to his mowing. He looked back a couple of times to the house yard. When he saw Rover looking toward him longingly, still mournfully sitting beside the fencepost, he relented. The dog would be careful. It was cruel to deny the dog the pleasure of being near him. He whistled sharply. In long, joyous leaps the dog came bounding across the field, came up so close that Hank could reach back and pat it on the head as he moved along.

But in a few moments Hank forgot the dog. The mower needed close watching. And he could not keep his mind away from Tom's mission. He wondered what Tom would tell the old tightwad. Hank twisted in his seat as he worked at hot, bitter arguments which Tom could scorch the old man with.

And then Hank's eyes opened with horror. He saw it coming. Rover had left from behind him to prey in the alfalfa again. And now suddenly the dog appeared before the deadly sickle. There was a muffled snap before Hank could pull on the lines to stop the horses. Then the mower hawed, hesitated, and then rolled on. For a second, Rover ran on as if he hadn't been hurt . . . then toppled forward on his nose. The dog's eyes were full of surprise.

Hank jerked on the lines. He



No peach on the beach?

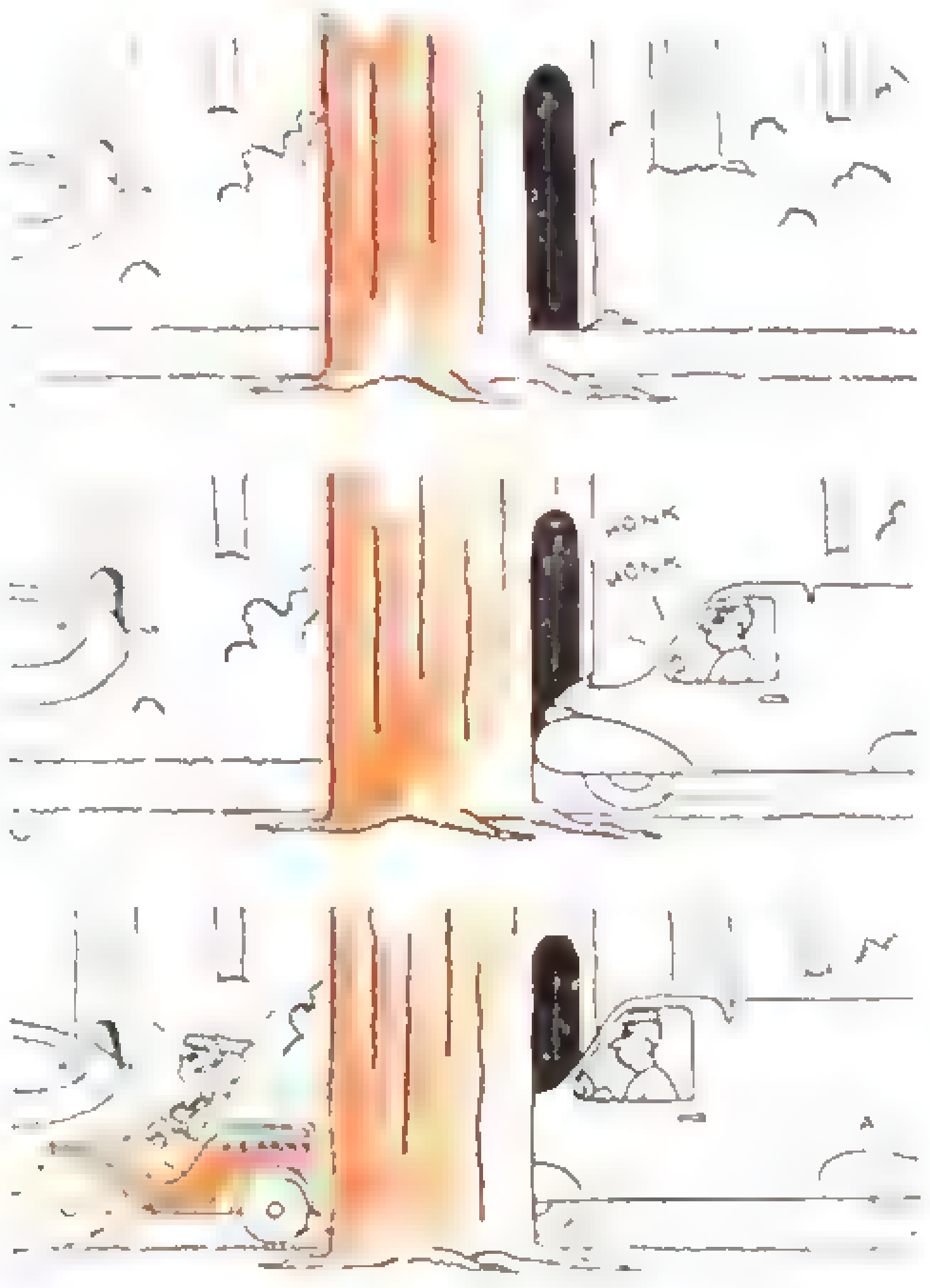
Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

TAKE OFF POUNDS! With the easy Ry-Krisp plan for the normal overweight, you can cut calories, have delicious meals like the one shown. Ry-Krisp helps tone you up, has regulating minerals, vitamin B_1. Start now. Enjoy flavorful 23-calorie Ry-Krisp as bread.

Ry-Krisp
RY-KRISP

FREE MENUS, RECIPES AND SIMPLE REDUCING PLAN FOR NORMAL OVERWEIGHT. WRITE RY-KRISP, 21 CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

leaped off the seat and lifted the dog. Both its forefeet were sliced off just above the large joint. Hank grabbed the severed paws, jammingly trying to fit the ends together again. Blood spurted over his hands and fell on the freshly cut alfalfa. Against the green of the oval-shaped leaves, the blood hue was sharply crimson.



Crying a little, cursing, Hank quickly ran to the gnarled maple near by and snapped off a couple of twigs and then ran back and with his red handkerchief tried to fix a splint around each forefoot. But the severed veins and arteries bled rapidly. He tried to stop the flow, but with the clumsy splices in the way, the wounds kept flowing.

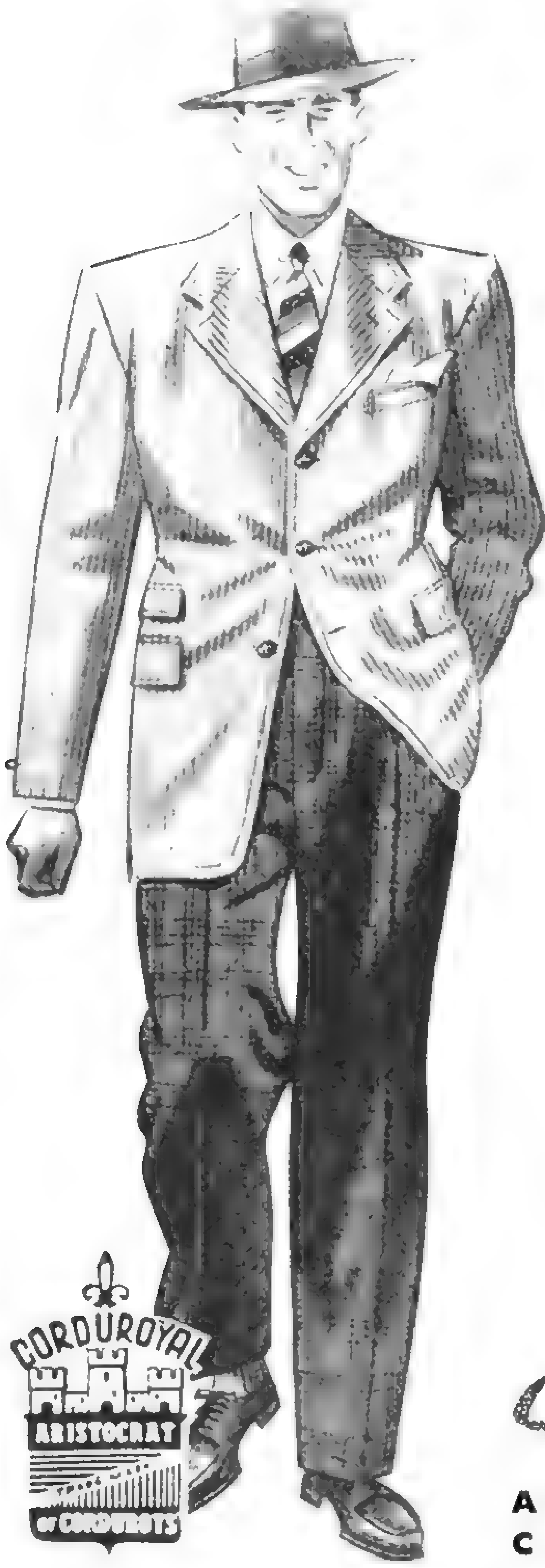
After a moment, Hank realized it was useless to try to save the dog. A dog's life was a running one, and without its feet, it would suffer miserably. Even if he stopped the flow of the blood, Rover would die of inactivity. Rover's brown eyes were full of love as Hank looked upon him. The dog licked his hands and gazed trustingly at him with gentle eyes.

Hank jumped to his feet and then reached for a heavy crescent wrench and quickly swung it. There was a crunch of bone, and Rover slumped. Reluctantly the gentle eyes closed. Hank swung again, this time with more precision, more power.

And now the horses, who had been snorting at the smell of fresh blood, jumped and started ahead. Hank dropped the wrench and the dog, and caught the team before it got a good start. He drove the horses to one side of the field and hitched them securely to the gnarled maple. Then he went back to the dog and carried it across the field, crawled through a fence and threw it into a large, black-mouthed gully. Then he returned to the horses.

Just before he started up mowing again, he remembered that he had dropped the wrench in the alfalfa. He stopped the horses, got off, picked it up, and laid it carefully in the toolbox. ‡

Continued from page 77



WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME HE'LL BE GLAD TO GET INTO A

MARLY

CORDUROY CASUAL JACKET

. . . and so will you! But until the Japs are smashed the MARLY too, has a fighting job to do. Because the durable Corduroyal fabric used exclusively for MARLY casual coats, is needed to further the war effort. So if the leading stores in your community have no MARLY jackets now, it's because the armed services come first. You'll have your chance to own and wear and enjoy a MARLY—when Johnny comes marching home.

about $13.50

AT BETTER STORES

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ARISTOCRAT
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ARROW IMPORTING CO.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

Buy A War Bond First!

Strong enough to stand on

Samsonite
Streamlite Luggage

You'll be proud to carry this smart luggage! It's built to keep its good looks through years of rugged service! For America on the move it's more than a convenience—it's a necessity! No wonder SAMSONITE is America's most popular luggage—for him—for her. SAMSONITE *Streamlite* LUGGAGE is available at better stores everywhere, when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work.

★ ★ ★

SAMSONITE *Streamlite* LUGGAGE has all these extra value features:
Streamlined styling—*easier to carry and pack*
Precision binding—*keeps packed clothes clean*
Washable finish—*resists water, stains and dirt*
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Now

you can know what it means to

ENJOY walking

Test Synchro-Flex★British Walkers—the *only shoes* with *Synchro-Flex*stability, the new quality created by patented, Synchro-Flex construction. Know the enjoyment of *free-as-air walking* in notably styled shoes—*flexible as your feet;* buoyantly robust and secure. It's a *grand* feeling! *Priced from $11.95.*

SMITH SYNCHRO-FLEX

BRITISH WALKERS

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

by J. P. SMITH SHOE CO. Chicago

INVADER . . . *Autumn Brown or Black Calf . . . If you can't get it at your retail agency at once, please be patient; or select another Synchro-Flex★ British Walker. All are deeply enjoyable.*

CONTINUE { —*to Buy and Hold War Bonds* / —*to be Careful of your Shoes*

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY, CHICAGO 22, ILL.

Makers of Synchro-Flex★British Walkers for Men and Women

A Meeting of Minds

Continued from page 41

ing station, fixin' that flat . . . I knew it was you Dennis . . . No one but you. I knew that the right guy had come along for me—at last.

Dennis: *I knew you were the girl for me, too—sweetheart.*

Doris: *Grandpa Greatheart knows why I acted like I did . . . He'll tell you.*

Dennis: (*He's sobbing*) *I don't care.*

Pause: (*as Doris breathes heavily*)

Doctor: (*softly*) *Doris . . . if there's anything you wanta say . . . to Dennis . . . better say it now . . .*

Doris: (*breathing*) *I—I don't wanta say anything, doctor . . . I just wanna listen.* (She's going dreamy, see.) *Dennis . . . remember, you was tellin' me how we would get a little piece of land and start the chicken farm? . . . How we would settle down and make a decent livin' . . . and always be together? . . .*

Dennis: *Yes . . . Yes, Dory . . .*

Doris: (This is her last, see.) *Lemme hold your hand, Dennis . . . and you tell me about that chicken farm again . . . will you? . . .*

Dennis: (He's talking through his tears, see.) *Sure . . . sure I will, Doris . . .* (He's fighting back his sobs, see.) *We're gonna get us a little piece of land and start us a chicken farm . . . Just you and me together . . . and you can take care of the chickens and gather the eggs . . . and we'll make a honest livin' . . . maybe we can . . .* (He's beginning to break up, see.) *And on Saturday nights . . . we'll take our egg money . . . if our chicken farm business goes all right . . . we'll take our egg money and buy things in town . . . and—and, maybe we'll take in a movie together . . .* (Here's where he breaks down completely. *Sobs.*) *. . . Oh, Dory! I can't go on!*

Doc: *It's all right, Dennis . . . She couldn't hear you . . .* (*Pause.*) *She has passed away on a beautiful dream . . .* (*Fade out on Dennis' sobs . . .*)

Roy slapped his hand down hard on the script and looked up, unashamed of his brimming tears. Both Chester and Sidney were lying back in their chairs with their eyes closed. Nobody said anything for a moment. Sidney Livingstone massaged his eyes with thumb and forefinger before he sat up.

"Jeez," he said with a nasal choke in his voice, "I don't see why that wouldn't make a hell of a swell pay-off. Of course, that's just my personal reaction. I don't know what the feminine reaction would be—and ninety-fi' per cent of our listening audience *are* women. Miss Lerner, you oughta be a good sample of the feminine reaction. What would you say

For Cigarettes Cigars Pipes
RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
USCG
For
PRESS . . . IT'S LIT
RELEASE . . . IT'S OUT

ALWAYS READY for INSTANT ACTION

RONSON Wartime Lighters—so vitally needed by servicemen for lighting flares, fires, etc., as well as 'smokes'—are supplied today to the Armed Forces, exclusively thru government agencies. When these military needs are met, there'll be RONSONS for all. Meantime, individual orders can't be filled.

Ronson, Newark 2, N. J.

RONSON REDSKIN ACCESSORIES

Best for ALL Lighters RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS', WICKS AND RONSONOL FUEL. Demands from all fighting fronts limit civilian supplies, so please be patient.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

about that pay-off you just heard?"

Miss Lerner pondered a moment, chewing her pencil rubber.

"Well, uh, I don't know, Mr. Livingstone," she said at last, "but, uh, it kinda reminded me of that last scene in *Of Mice and Men*."

"*Of Mice and Men*?" Chester Blythe repeated, puzzled, still lying back in the chromium chair furtively fingering his moistened lashes. "You surely don't mean Steinbeck's novel?"

"No, sir. I mean that moom picture, *Of Mice and Men*. It's an old, old moom picture. I saw it a long time ago, and I—" Miss Lerner halted apologetically. "You wanted me to talk, didn't you, Mr. Livingstone?"

"Sure thing, Miss Lerner! You go right ahead talking. We're interested to hear your reactions. That's why we asked you your opinion."

"Well, I couldn't help thinking about the way Lon Chaney, Junior, played the part—only instead of a chicken farm, this fella wanted a little piece of land where they could keep rabbits and—"

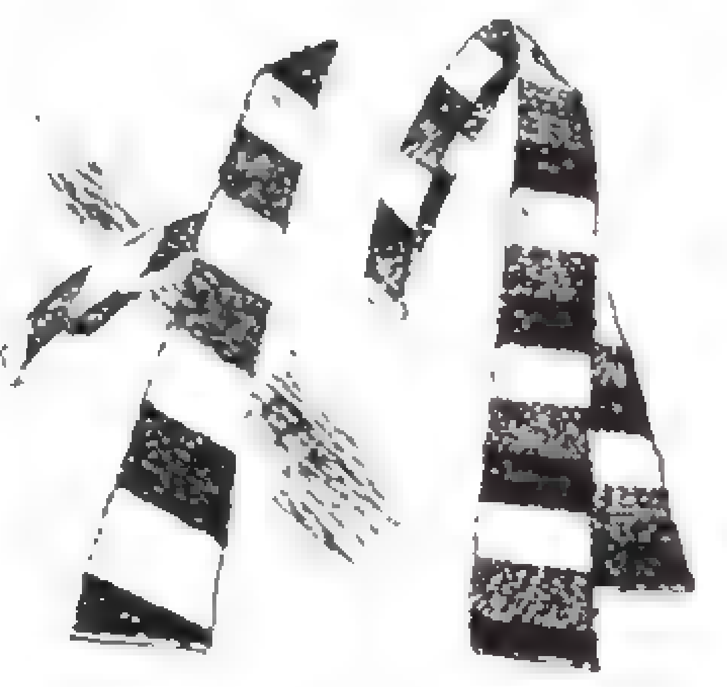
Miss Lerner's critique was interrupted by Roy Fitch's blowing his nose. "Now if that isn't a coincidence for you!" the writer exclaimed, stuffing his handkerchief back in his breast pocket, his eyes still glazed with tears. "I've heard of that picture *Of Mice and Men*, but I missed it myself. Of course, Miss Lerner, there can't be any question of *plagiarism* here."

Miss Lerner shrank back. "Oh, no, Mr. Fitch! I never meant to incinerate anything like that."

"Rabbits? Chickens? What the hell?" Sidney Livingstone said, shrugging. "It's not even the same situation. Besides, nobody can copyright a situation. Even if it was plagiarism—which I'm not saying it is for a minute, Roy—don't get me wrong—but even if it was plagiarism, who could prove it? How they gonna prove plagiarism in a common situation like that? When did you see this movie, Miss Lerner? How long ago?"

"Oh, I presume it's been sev-

Continued on page 148



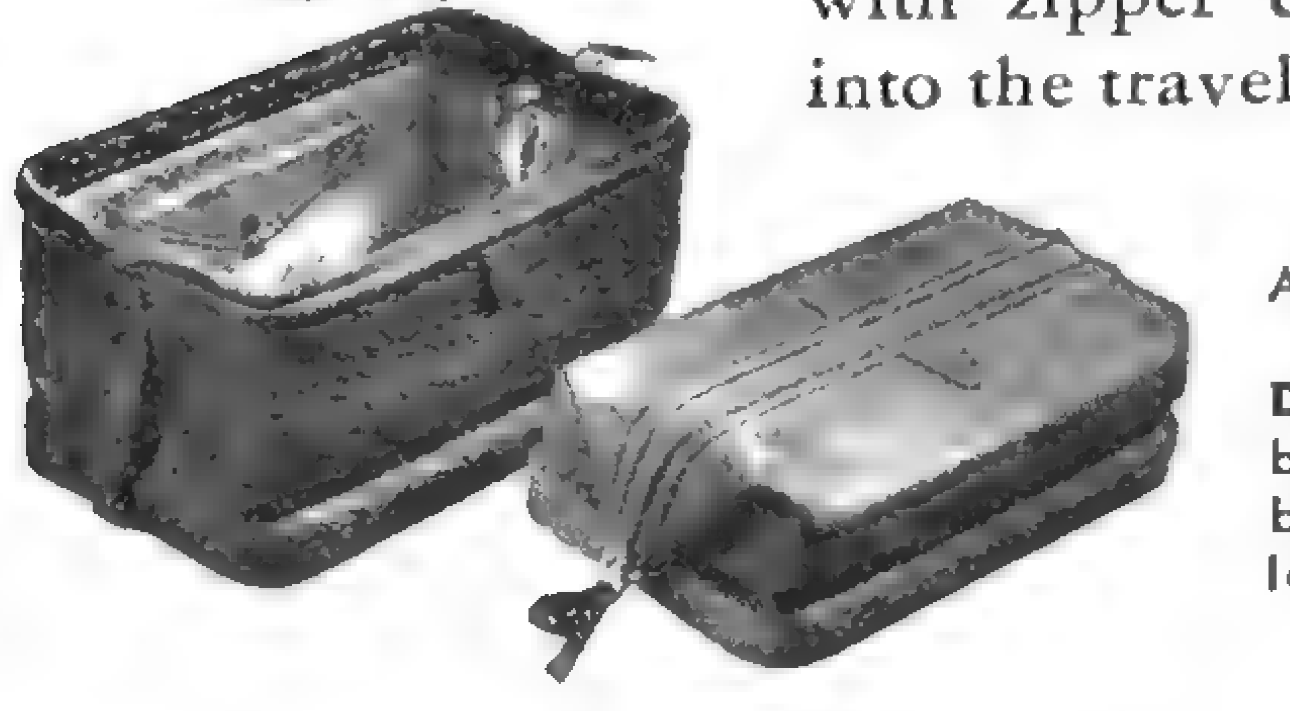
Crocheted ties allied to fall tweed and cheviot suits.

It's in the Bag!

SURE "IT'S IN THE BAG"—THE TRAVELING BAG OF THE SMART SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER, MAN OR WOMAN

DOPP-KIT

the superior toilet-kit, is *preferred* over all because it *is* superior—in style, convenience and workmanship. It has big capacity to hold all essential toilet articles—opens wide and stays open for convenient use—closes snug and flat with zipper closure, to fit easily into the traveling bag.



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"HELP EASE BUS JAMS...
DON'T TRAVEL IN RUSH HOURS"

Bus jams aren't the only place you'll be feeling a squeeze this Fall. There'll be less of everything, including clothes. But, if you own Timely Clothes . . . Balanced Tailoring eases the situation. This wise blend of hand tailoring and machine stitching gives Timely Clothes the flexibility and stamina to *snap back*, even after grueling going. Yes, with Balanced Tailoring, you can skip that new suit without a qualm! *If you must have a new suit this Fall, Timely Clothes are about $35 to $75 at good men's stores, or write*

TIMELY CLOTHES, INC., ROCHESTER 2, NEW YORK

Balanced TIMELY CLOTHES *tailoring*

A TIGHT SQUEEZE...
BUT A LOT EASIER WITH
BALANCED TAILORING!*

Balanced Tailoring* makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer

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The Sweater for You!

Rich—Rugged

You don't work or play in the stiff, awkward position of a clothing store dummy. You lean, bend, lounge and relax. Lamb Knit sweaters are tailored for the smart, casual wear you demand. Good men's shops from coast to coast feature better sweaters with the Lamb Knit Label!

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS CO. · COLON, MICHIGAN

A Meeting of Minds

Continued from page 147

eral years now," she estimated.

"Well—le' me ask you this, Miss Lerner," Sidney Livingstone asked doggedly. "This movie you're mentioning, could we catch it at a second-run house somewheres?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Livingstone, I doubt if you'd find it playing anywheres now. Like I told you, it's been several years—"

"That's all I need to know, Miss Lerner! The point is, you've remembered that movie plot all these years?"

"Yes, Mr. Livingstone, only like I'm telling you, it wasn't *exactly* like what he's just been reading. It's only *kinda* like it. I mean it kinda stuck in my mind, the way—"

"I can assure you, gentlemen—*and* Miss Lerner," Roy Fitch broke in with consummate courtesy, "that movie, novel, or whatever notwithstanding, this dramatic situation is entirely my own original creation."

"Oh, nuts, Roy," Sidney Livingstone said, "what I'm getting at, if it's good enough for a movie plot that impressed Miss Lerner's mind all these years, it's a situation that must have a strong feminine reaction. Personally, it strikes me as a swell pay-off to the sequence. So I say, okay by me. What do you say, Chester?"

"Ye-e-ss," Chester answered slowly. "But just let me offer one suggestion, Sid. I don't think we ought to come on with our closing commercial after a scene like that. It wouldn't sound—well, it wouldn't sound appropriate."

Roy Fitch, who had started to swell on the director's first words, now deflated himself with a happy gasp, "*Sa-a-y, ma-a-n*! I think you've got something there, Chester!"

"What's that? What's that?" Sidney Livingstone cried. "I didn't get that."

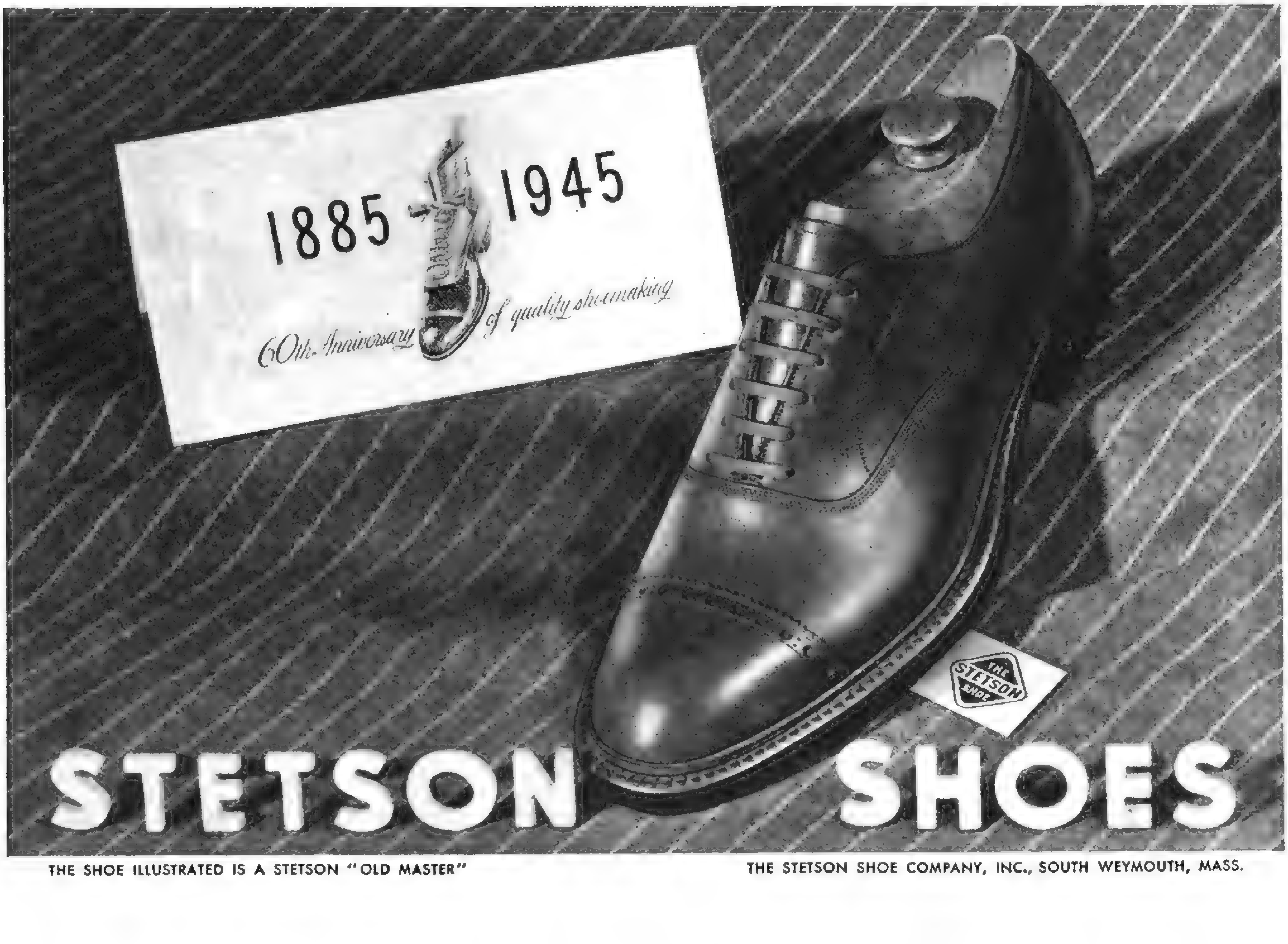
"Cut the closing commercial on the day this scene plays," Roy explained. "It would sound kind of *sacrilegious* to come on with a commercial after we break the listening audience up with a scene like this."

"Jeez, I don't know, fellas," Sidney said doubtfully. "Cut the closing commercial? How would we square it with the sponsor?"

"Oh, the sponsor," Chester sniffed. "They'd take it and like it, if you put it to them right. Just for the one day."

"Hmmm." Sidney Livingstone pinched his chin. "Cut the closing commercial? Just for the one day? I wonder if that's ever been done in daytime radio before?"

"That's the whole idea, Sid," Roy Fitch said eagerly. "It's a

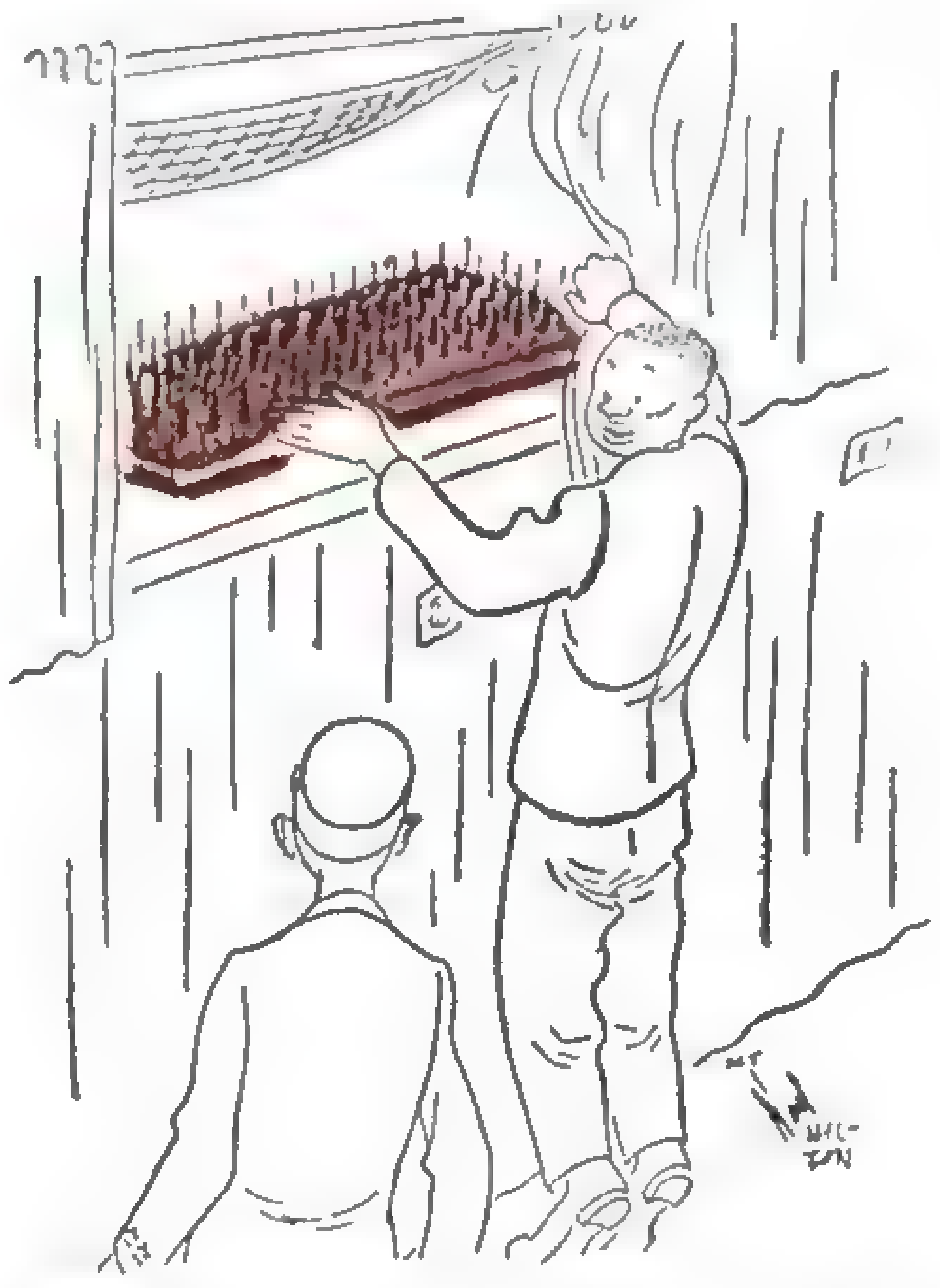


THE SHOE ILLUSTRATED IS A STETSON "OLD MASTER"

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

new departure for daytime radio. The Skipper's always squawking for a fresh angle. Well, here's one so fresh, I'll bet it'll hit *Variety*, page one!"

Sidney brightened. "I think the Skipper will go for this." He went on triumphantly, "See, I told you if we kicked Grandpa around enough, we'd come up with something constructive!"


"He's a distinguished visitor from the East"

"You think you can get the Skipper's okay on it then?" Chester asked with an undertone of disappointment that escaped the other two men.

"Well, of course the Skipper will probably want to take it up with the client. But we can square it in the opening commercial, see, by explaining that we're cutting the closing commercial in order not to crum the deathbed of Doris. In the interests of radio art, or some guff like that. Oh, I think it's a swell idea! Cut the closing commercial for the first time in daytime radio!"

Roy Fitch clasped his brief case to his belly, surfeited with the milk of human kindness as only an artist who has found acclaim among a small select circle can be.

"You know, fellas," he beamed pontifically, "it's discussions like this that makes me, everytime I hear some sorehead carping about the IQ of daytime radio, I want to haul off and sock him one."

"The trouble with John Q. Public is," Chester Blythe observed sagely, "he's never realized daytime radio is growing up."

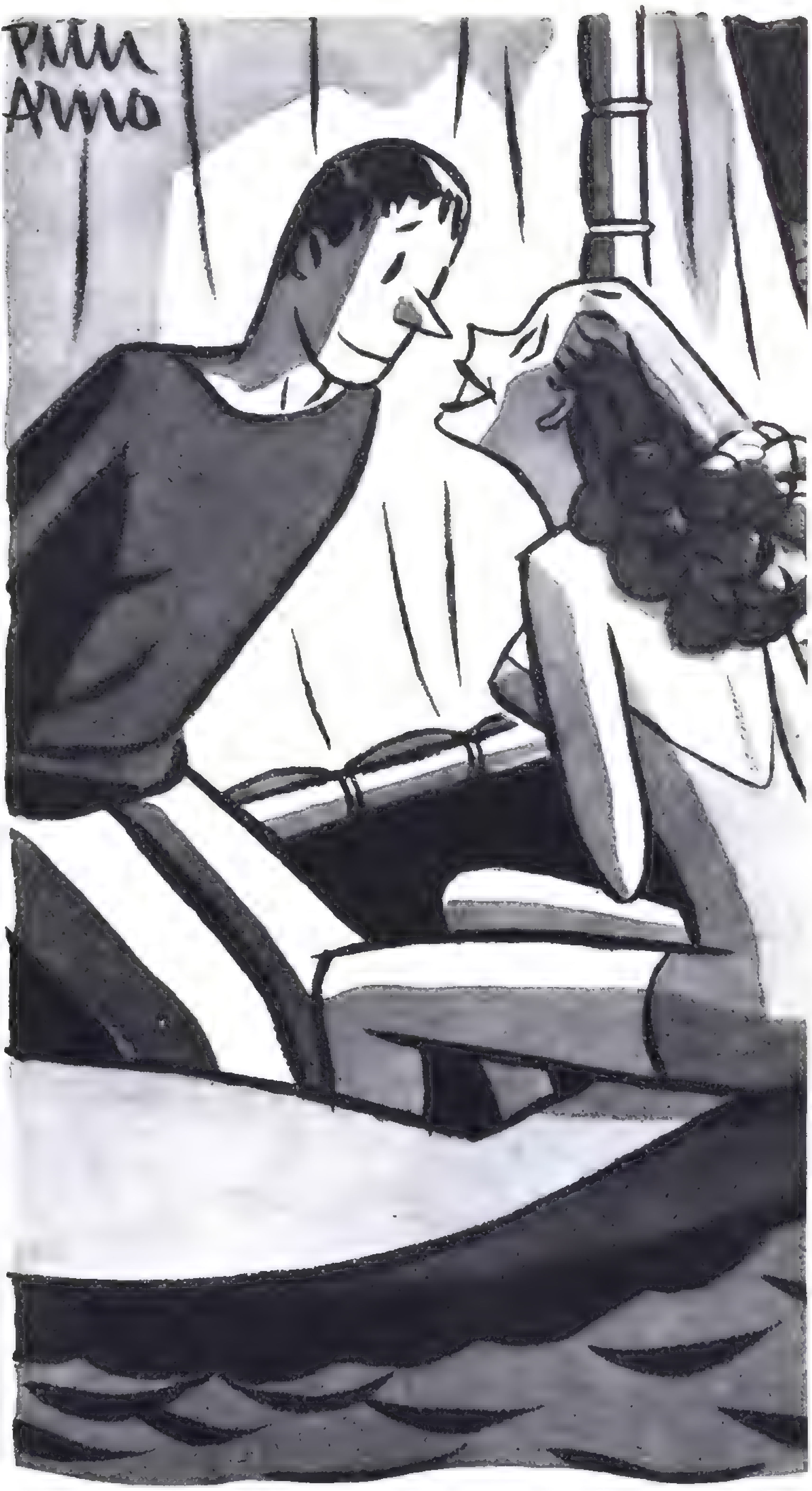
"Yes, sir!" Sidney Livingstone said, hammering his desk with enthusiasm. "And, personally, men, I think this new angle we've worked out in our little meeting of the minds here—well, this is the kind of thing that's putting daytime radio in long pants!"

The stenographer, who had sat shrinking against the wall, busily taking notes throughout this orgy of enthusiasm, shifted her knees. The motion caught Sidney Livingstone's eyes. He turned to her and asked challengingly, "What's *your* reaction, Miss Lerner?" ⧻

Continued from page 41

SPECIAL
PILSENER
BREW
MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER
BLATZ BREWING CO.
THE KEY TO Good Taste
Blatz Beer

BLATZ BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
In our 95th year



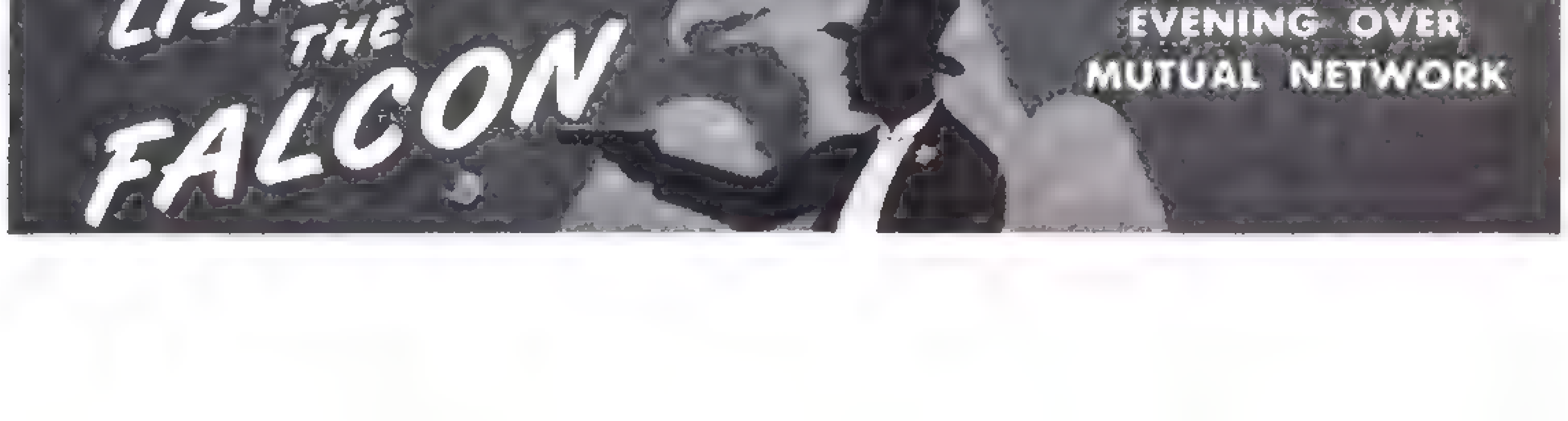
"I know we're becalmed but there must be something we can do—now that you're rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'."

BE PREPARED!

Gem Blades are made by the makers of your Gem Razor. They fit *precisely*. This famous combination positively prevents "5 o'clock Shadow"; it's the last word in shaving comfort. Always use a Gem Blade in your Gem Razor!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM RAZORS and BLADES

GEM SINGLEDGE GEM BLADE


LISTEN TO THE FALCON
EVERY TUESDAY EVENING OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

Regal Ties
FAVORITES FOR TWO GENERATIONS
Exclusive Styles
*Exclusive Fabrics**
Exclusive Features

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LOOMED IN ENGLAND
$1.00
Pre-War Quality

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$1.50
Pre-War Quality

REGAL RAYON SATINS
$1.50

REGAL WARP PRINTS
$2.00

Ask for Regal Ties . . . at your favorite store

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO. · MAKERS · ST. LOUIS (1), MO.

Sam Goldwyn and the Movies

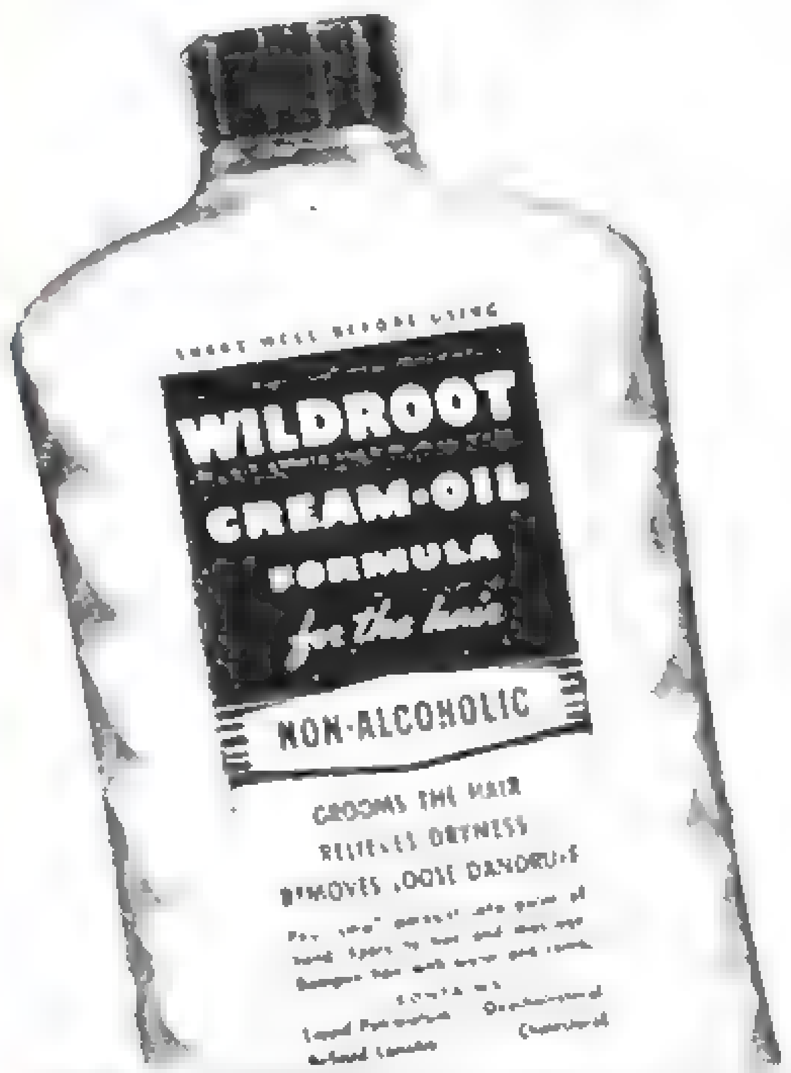
Continued from page 60

play as it turned out in the movies.

Another instance. I was at Goldwyn's office one day when a photographer brought in a dozen portraits of Merle Oberon. Goldwyn waved them aside; he said he wanted to get rid of all that "slant-eyed" stuff and show Oberon's true face. So everybody said that since Miss Oberon had made her fame as a "slant-eyed Oriental," Goldwyn was crazy. Actually, he gave her a new movie-life, a new personality to project, and made her ten times as interesting as she had ever been.

It doesn't take much special acumen to see the possibilities of a musical with Eddie Cantor or Danny Kaye; or the box-office value of *Stella Dallas*; to put Bob Hope or Gary Cooper into a movie and make money isn't exceptional, particularly if you do it after Hope and Cooper have made plenty for other people. Goldwyn has done all of these things; he began with silent pictures like *Potash and Perlmutter* or *The Winning of Barbara Worth*; within the past few years he has done his *Goldwyn Follies* and *Pride of the Yankees* and *Raffles*. But in the same years he has done *Wuthering Heights* and *The Little Foxes* and *The North Star*; and right after his Danny Kaye enterprises, he is going into a serious production based on *Earth and High Heaven*. In his golden era he produced *Arrowsmith* and *Dodsworth* and *Dead End*; and he almost got to the point at which you could say, from the quality of the picture alone, that he had made it.

No one in Hollywood who makes more than a picture a year has ever actually hit that high peak of distinction; not even the best directors. For it is a sad fact that the best of the directors have turned out pretty miserable jobs when the material they worked with wasn't good. You can recognize a Lubitsch job by certain tricks; if you are a specialist you can tell that Capra must have cut a film, because no one else is quite so skillful; but you can't ever say that "no one but X could have made this picture"—not if X has to make a half dozen a year. Irving Thalberg tried the impossible—he wanted to make every M-G-M picture carry a certain definable stamp of superiority; if he had cut production down to a few pictures a year, I think he would have been successful. He knew that. A few months before he died he talked to me about production methods and said, rather sadly, that he hoped people would recognize the presence of "quality"—would know that the


*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?

1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred it to preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

pictures were carefully and thoughtfully made, not slapdash; but he knew that the last degree of distinction, which comes from the presence of a powerful directing individuality behind the whole production, couldn't be spread thin over fifty movies—and still be worth anything.

Goldwyn works on a smaller scale; he makes his own pictures (with his own money, I am told) and he works on every foot of every picture. How much leeway he gives his directors depends on how much confidence he has in them: but he is consulted on sets and props and make-up; he goes through a shooting script scene by scene; he decides how big the type shall be on the jacket of a book seen for a moment on a railroad book counter. He is responsible for the gloss and the smooth effect and the attractiveness which, possibly, he most wants to get into his pictures. When you get a little more musical comedy than Muscovy in *North Star*, he's responsible for that, too.

In his important pictures, he likes to deal with ideas. He has derived them from Sidney Howard and Sinclair Lewis and Edna Ferber and Lillian Hellman; he has taken the ideas of popular novels or plays; they are controversial ideas which have been protected or insured by success in another medium. When Darryl Zanuck saw the headlines about gangsters in Chicago in the late 1920's and cried out, "This is war," and proceeded to make gangster pictures, he was taking a risk; when the Warner Brothers attack current social prejudices, as they do in film after film, they go slapdash into their subject without a great writer or a play or novel to back them up. At the same time, Goldwyn gives a freer play to the ideas he uses; he makes good entertaining pictures, but you get, at the same time, a feeling that the ideas have stirred you as much as the melodrama.

I think Goldwyn's career is important. He is the living proof that you don't have to cater to the intelligence of the moron; he is not the only proof, but he is a conspicuous one. For twenty years he has been creating a legend

Continued on page 152

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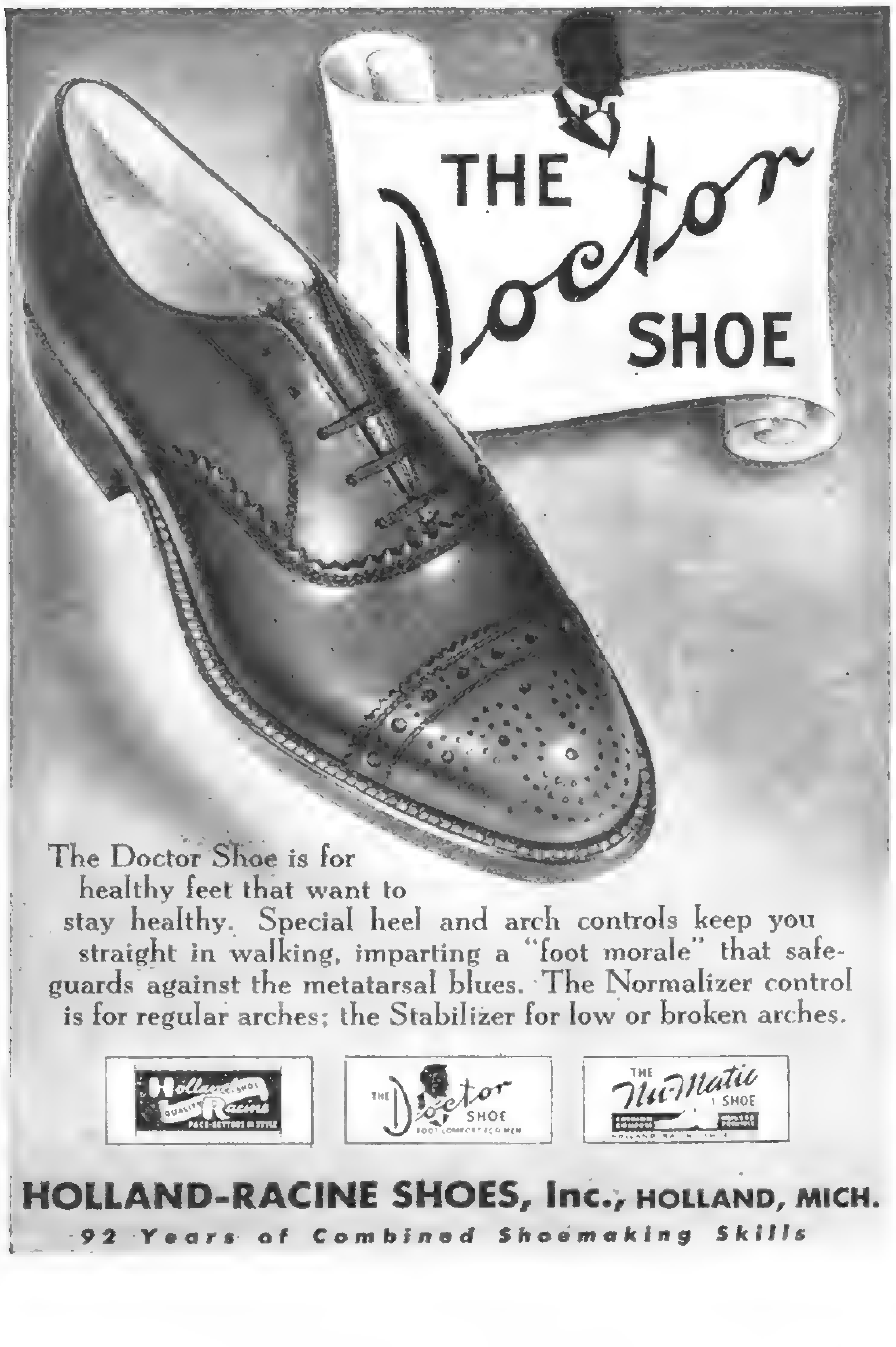
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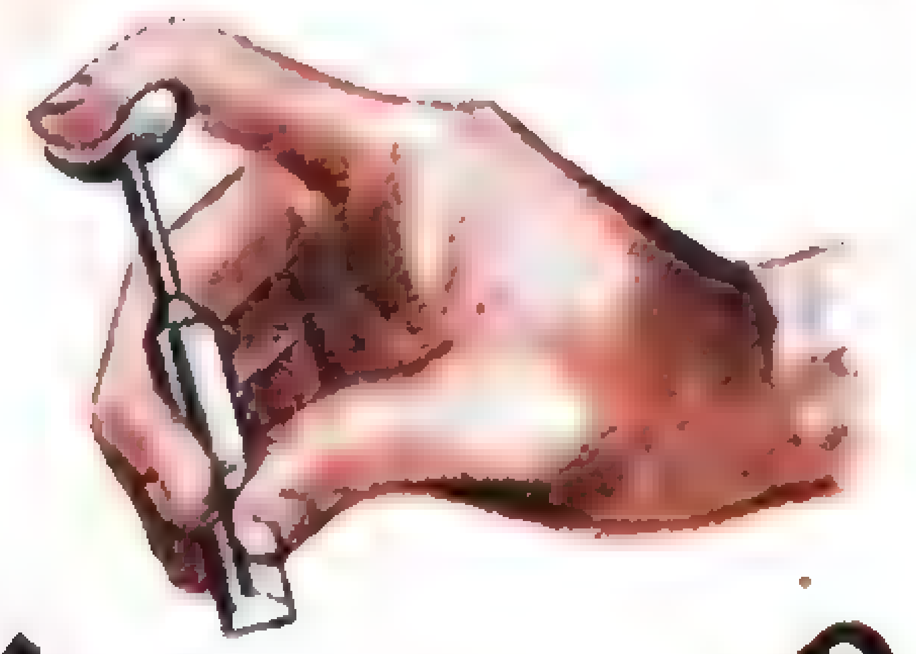

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Sam Goldwyn and the Movies

Continued from page 151

about himself which may have sold pictures, but which has certainly underplayed his importance in the picture industry.

I think he is a great instance of the extraordinary difficulties in the way of the movies—chiefly because he has surmounted them. He has had to fight a variety of business combinations, and his latest pictures have been shown in outlying halls as often as in metropolitan theatres. He has had to fight the dreadful pull of a studio waiting to be used—the pull of rent and salaries and overhead—so he has produced trivia. He has been an independent for a long time—but he has had to fight temperaments, even in United Artists which was founded as a place for rather special people to become free of control. He has had to fight the general Hollywood atmosphere, which he probably loves.

Whether he has had to fight any personal devils, except a tendency to play backgammon, I don't know or care. I am concerned with an important professional man in his professional capacity.

As a professional, Goldwyn is important because he is so much like the others—so successful—yet so much more aware of the infinite possibilities of the movies. If he had never made his ordinary comedies and elaborately useless musical shows, he wouldn't be half so significant a figure. For anyone can see that ideas are important; almost anyone can try to make movies out of them. But when the producer of a Cantor musical makes a movie of ideas, that's news. When he makes a fortune out of ideas, that's good news.

The dilemma of the movies couldn't be more clearly stated, or more happily resolved, than it is in the case of Mr. Goldwyn. They are the second most influential medium of communication and entertainment in history; and like the first, which is radio, they have to learn the most difficult of all lessons—to hold their audiences and at the same time to inform (or elevate) them. Most movie producers never give it a thought. But in the long run, they will answer the question or they will find it answered for them, not in the movies.

Perhaps it should be noted, for the record, that fifty times as much newspaper space has been given to Mr. Goldwyn's putative malapropisms than to his actual contributions to the art of the movies.

That's a comment on publicity, not on Goldwyn. ⧻

Continued from page 60

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How to Play Knock Poker

Continued from page 66

ing. It pays to knock when you think you have the best hand even after every opponent has had another turn to draw. In these circumstances the knocker has an advantage: Anyone who drops out must pay him immediately—and that's gravy which he keeps whether he wins or loses. Even apart from this, the knocker stands to win more than he can lose: He can lose no more than two chips per player, while he can win two chips per player *plus the pot.*

But if you examine the question more closely you see that the knocker doesn't have such an advantage at that. There are two reasons, one based on the unusual terms of the game, and another on a little-known (among card players, at least) mathematical fact.

First, the terms of the game: Bluffing is almost impossible, because any player with a fair hand has a double incentive to stay in. He will win if he happens to be high; he will win if anyone else in the game happens to beat the knocker. Because of this, no one drops a doubtful hand, and in many cases a player stays in on a worthless hand, simply because he thinks someone else will be better than the knocker.

Now, the mathematical twist: An apparently good hand becomes far less valuable when you consider that it is necessary to beat every other player in the game. Suppose, on the first round, you have a pair of aces. If you had only one opponent, you could bet six to one that you would beat him. In a six-handed game, with only five opponents and a six-to-one edge on each of them, it would appear that you still ought to top the entire field, wouldn't it? But the appearance is deceiving. Actually, the odds are against your winning.

That's the hazard in knocking; whereas, if you sit still and wait for someone else to knock, you win practically as much if you have the high hand and you escape losing if anybody else can beat the knocker.

Position. The man at the dealer's left is in the driver's seat; he is the first to draw, and no matter who knocks, he will always have had as many draws as anyone else. The dealer is in the worst spot; if he knocks, everyone else at the table will have had one more draw than he has before the showdown comes.

When to knock. In general, the more players in the game the stronger the hand you will need to knock. Here are some general valuations for a five-handed game.

No one should dream of knocking with a single pair, except pos-

Continued on page 154

PERSONNAlly Speaking by FRED ALLEN

Star of United Artists hit, "IT'S IN THE BAG"

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2—A quiz kid wised me up. "Dracula, there's nothing wrong with you that good grooming can't fix," he said. So I got hep. I got Personna!

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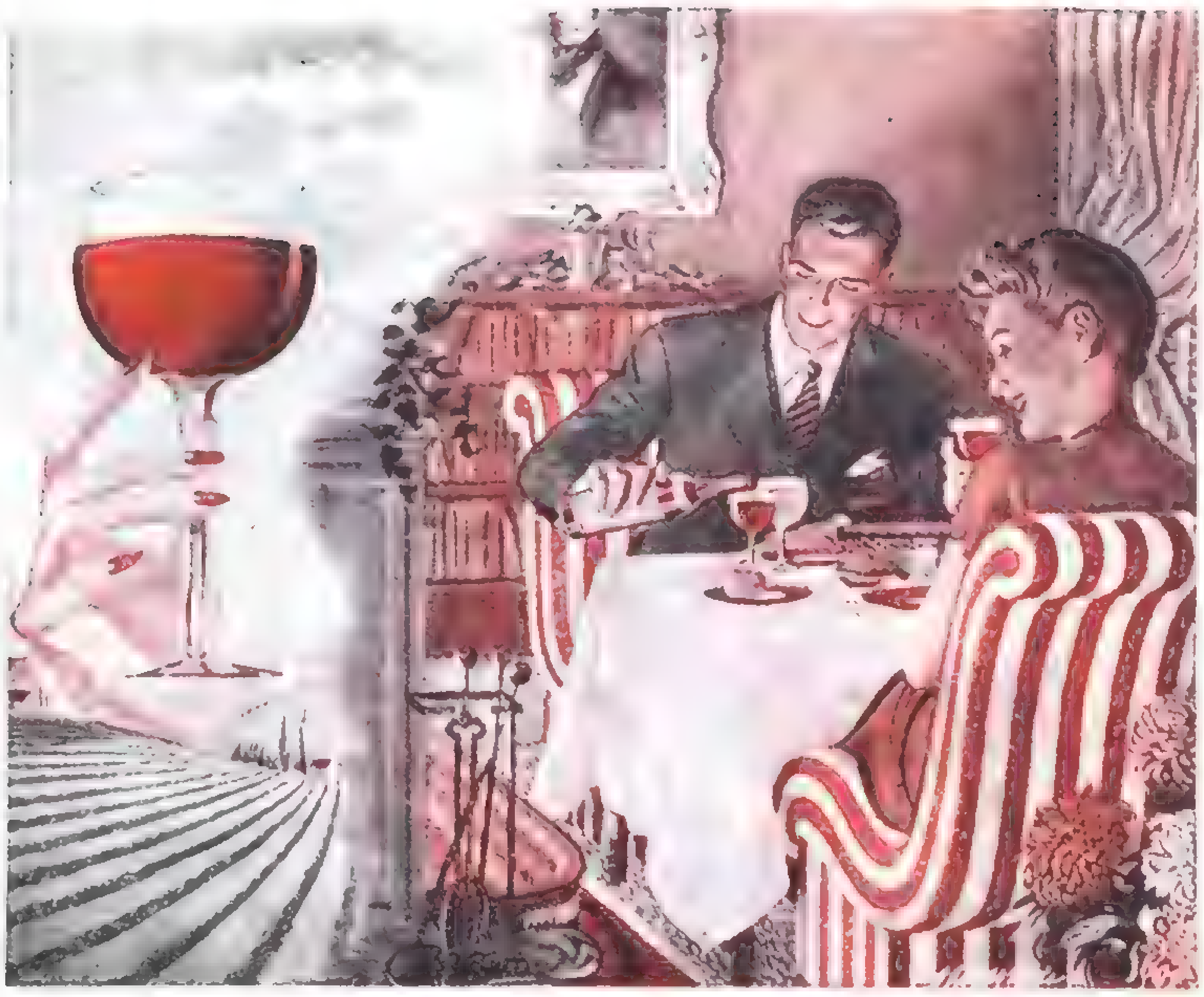

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How to Play Knock Poker

Continued from page 153

sibly the first or second man to play. Either of these will have the odds in his favor if he knocks on the first round with aces, but not by very much.

A low two pairs—anything less than tens up—is worth little more than aces. The third man may knock on the first round with two low pairs, the fourth man with a high two pairs, and the dealer should have aces up.

Three of a kind warrant a knock on the second round, but the farther a player is from the dealer, the higher his triplets should be. Besides, it may be more profitable to hold on to three of a kind for another round—as will be explained later.

A straight or flush is worth a second-round knock, but nothing less than a high flush or a full house should be considered in the third round (that is, when all other players will have had three or four draws before the showdown). Mathematically, there is an even-money chance that someone will have a full house by the end of the third round. Practically, there is a better-than-even chance, due to the unusual conditions of the game.

To Our Subscribers

Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . . and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

Helping your neighbor. You see, Knock Poker is not the cutthroat kind of game most other poker games are. If someone knocks against you, it pays to help your neighbor. If he wins, you profit from it. So someone who might not have made a full house otherwise will make one because the exact card he wants is thrown to him.

That brings up one of the traditions of Knock Poker, a tradition created in self-interest: If someone has knocked, you are supposed to throw a card which will better the hand of the player after you. For example, if he has previously picked up a six and you have a six in your hand, throw him the six. You wouldn't do this, of course, if you think you have the winning hand; but you would do it if the result is in doubt. If anyone beats the knocker it is to your advantage.

Even if you are dropping, you help out your neighbor as a reciprocal matter. All the rest of the table is in conspiracy against the

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knocker. In some future game, your neighbor will return the favor.

Now for the times you do not knock. There are certain hands good enough to knock on, which offer a still better chance if you hold on for awhile. For example, on the second round you hold.

♠ 10 ♠ 9 ♠ 8
♥ 7 ♦ 6

The discard on the table is the jack of spades. Pick it up and throw the six of diamonds. You could knock with a straight; but it is doubtful that this would give you victory. By holding your hand you retain the chance to make a straight flush, which is an almost sure win; you still have a straight, which *may* win if someone else knocks; and by holding on you stand to make a profit, even if slight, if someone else knocks and anyone beats him.

If you have three of a kind on the second round, the decision depends on your two unpaired cards. If both are "live," it is usually better to hold on and hope for a full house on the next round. A full house stands a better chance of winning on the third than triplets on the second, beset as they are by straights and flushes.

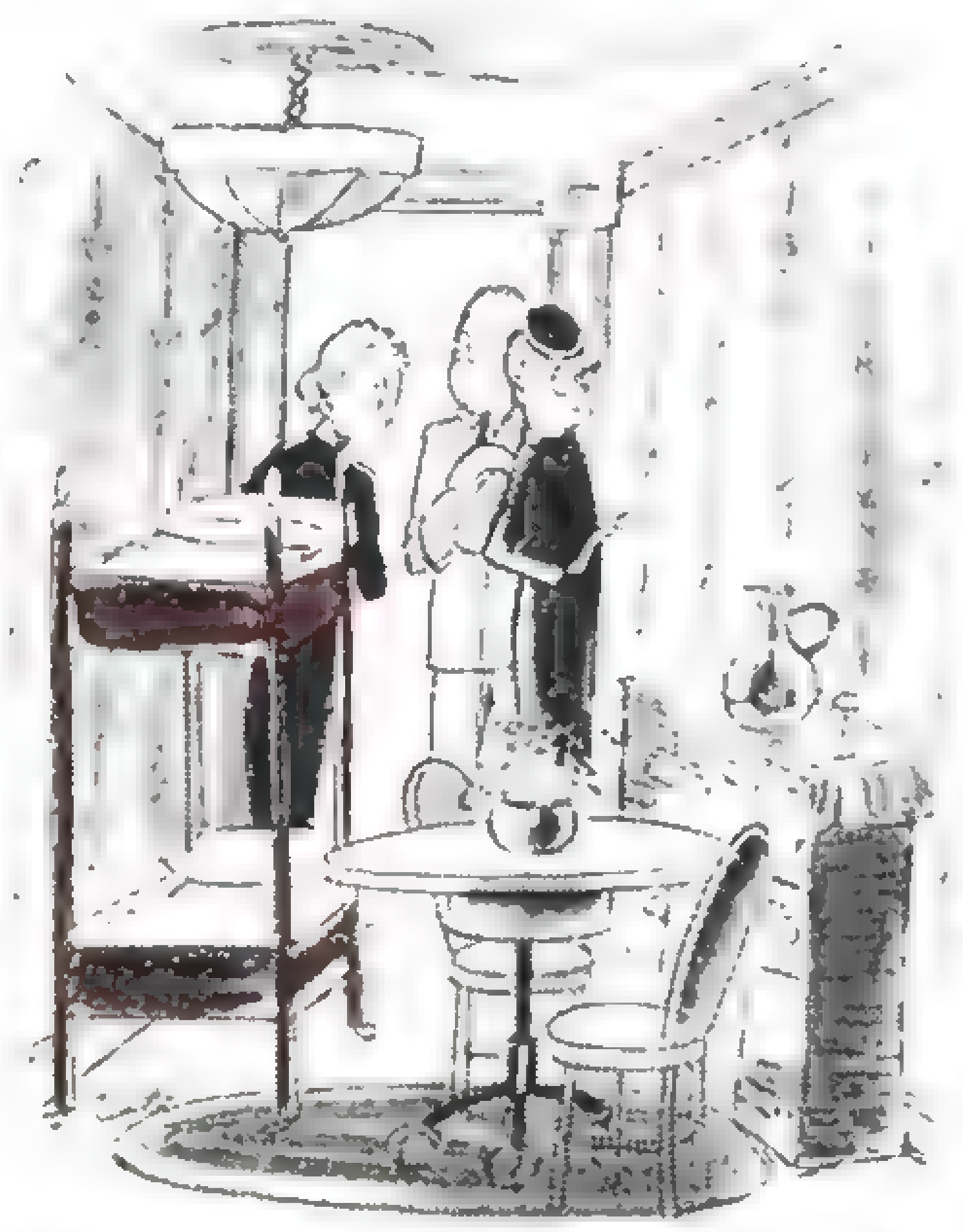
A live card, of course, is one whose soulmates have not shown up. Suppose on the second round you hold

♠ K ♥ K ♦ K ♠ Q ♣ 9

If a queen and a nine have already been discarded, you may as well knock; your chance of getting a full house on the next round, or even on the next two rounds, has been materially lessened by the fall of those cards. If no queen or nine has shown up, you have reason to hold your hand and wait for the next draw. Kings full on the third round are very close to a cinch; triplets on the second round, even if they are kings or aces, are touch-and-go.

The discards. It goes without saying that you should watch the discards—the ones made ahead of you so that you will know what cards are still at large, and the ones made by your left-hand neighbor so you will have some

Continued on page 156



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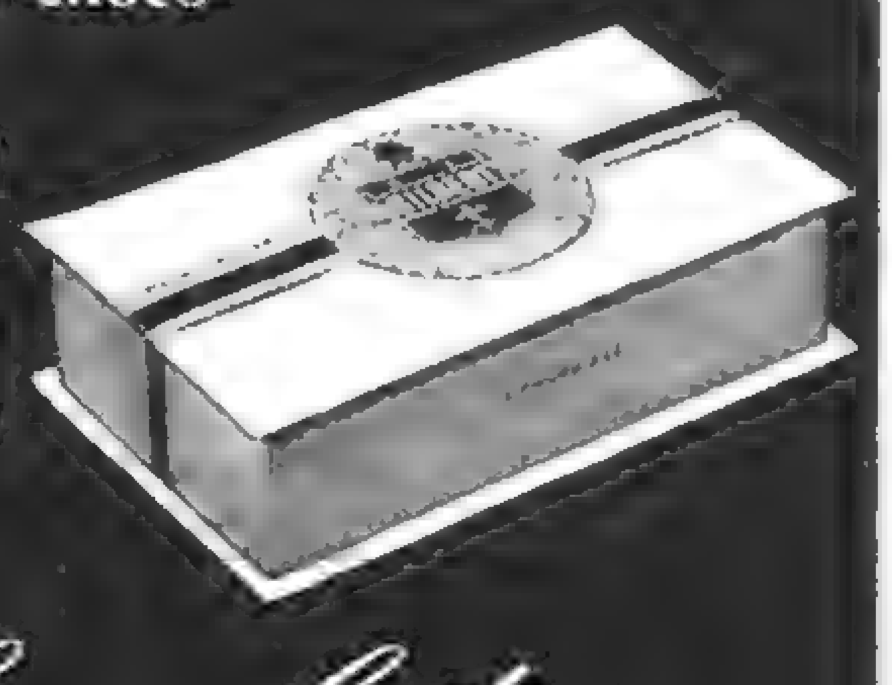

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How to Play Knock Poker

Continued from page 155

idea of what it is that he wants.

If your neighbor picks up a card, this will give you some idea of the type of hand he is trying to build. Suppose he picks up the eight of diamonds. Two eights have previously been thrown, so you know he is making either a straight including the eight, or a diamond flush. If you have a diamond in the same range as the eight—say the jack of diamonds—you will not throw it immediately. It may permit your neighbor to knock. But even if someone else knocks ahead of you, the jack of diamonds is a good card to throw. It may permit your neighbor to beat the knocker.

Picking up cards. If you have three cards in one suit and an otherwise valueless hand, pick up a card which will give you a four-flush. It will probably be more valuable than any card you could draw from the pack.

On the first or second round—or unless somebody has knocked—it usually pays to pick up a card which will give you two pairs. Although two pairs is not a winning hand, it is on its way to a full house.

Occasionally, after drawing, you will find that your six cards (from which you must now discard) give you a four-flush and two pairs; for example:

♣K ♥K ♥Q ♥7 ♥5 ♠5

It usually pays to hold the two pairs; in this case you would discard the seven or queen, whichever seems safer. While you have twice as good a chance of filling a flush as a full house, the flush may not win if you fill it. With

♥K ♥Q ♥7 ♥5 ♠5 ♦5

you hold the triplets, for now you have the added chance of making four of a kind.

Remember that the only advantage of knocking is to end the hand before anyone can draw out on you. Your decision on knocking will therefore depend partly on how good a chance there is that you can still improve your hand. You knock with this:

♠J ♠8 ♠6 ♠4 ♠2

a jack-high flush, because no card you draw will improve it materially and if you wait too long someone else will fill a full house. It is now or never.

There is some "sandbagging" in Knock Poker. You may sometimes choose not to knock on the second round with a full house; give the others a chance to improve and more of them will stay in.

And if there is any question about knocking, here is a good general rule: When in doubt . . . don't.

Don't forget: A bit of advice of special value to experienced poker players. Don't drop automatically

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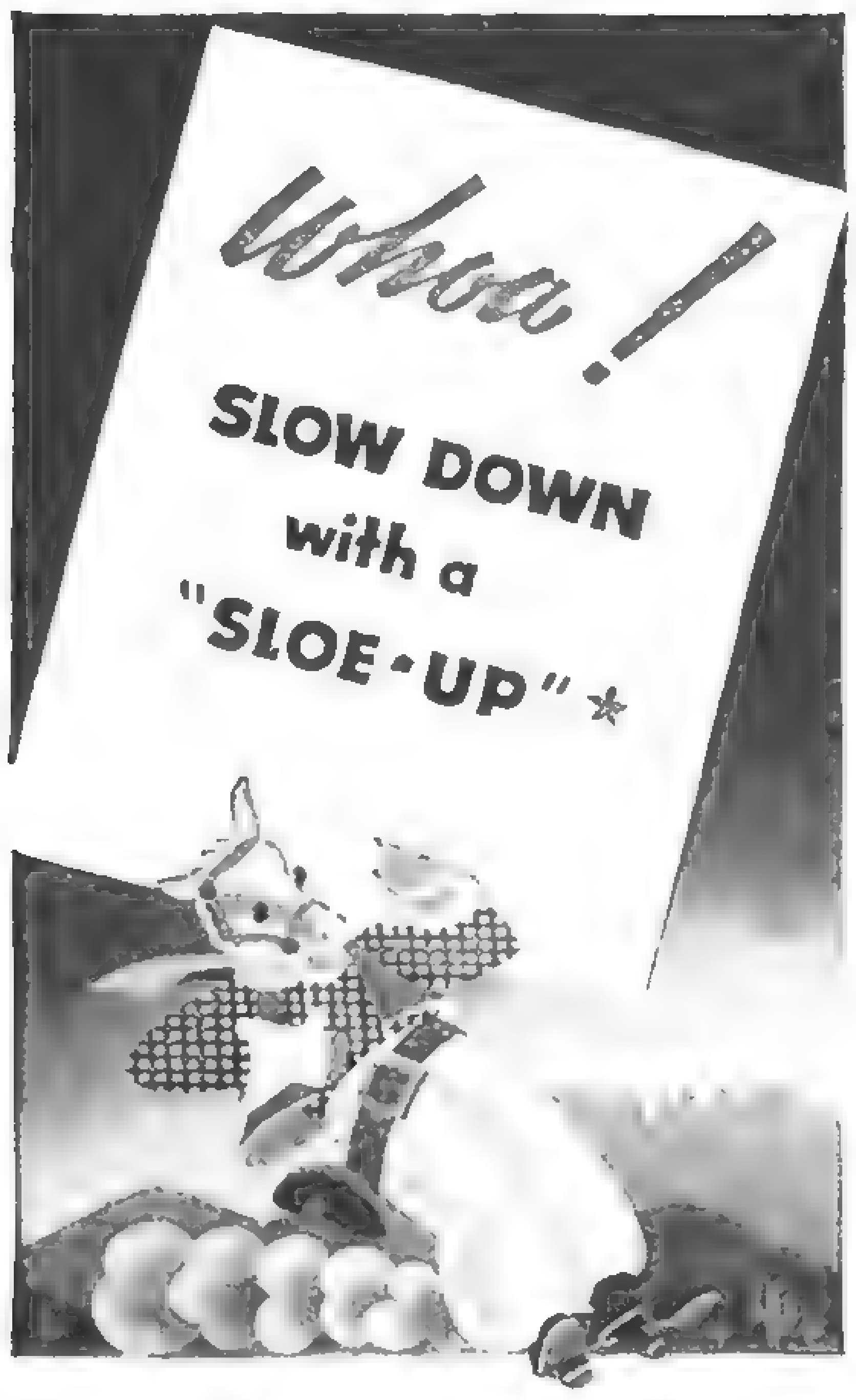

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* Pour 2 ounces Red Horse Sloe Gin into 8-ounce glass. Add ice. Fill up with lithiated lemon or lime sparkling soda. Stir briskly until frothy head foams.

simply because your own hand is weak. Remember that all the other players are working for you too. The more players staying in the pot, the better the odds in your favor—and at worst you are getting three to one, because if you drop you pay one chip automatically; if you stay in you put one extra chip to gain three, the two you may collect plus the one you would have lost by dropping.

Special rules

There are obviously some irregular situations which would never arise in poker, but which are possible in Knock Poker. These require special rules.

If you draw two cards from the pile, instead of one, it gives you a six-card hand (even after you discard). In accordance with poker tradition, your hand is dead—you must pay two chips into the pot and drop. Both of the cards you drew must be discarded and the next man may take his choice of them, or draw from the pile.

If you have too many cards when the showdown comes, your hand is dead. If you were the knocker, you pay everybody; if you were not the knocker you pay two chips into the pot.

But if on the first round you have six cards instead of five, you simply discard without drawing; and if you have only four cards you may draw two cards and discard only one.

If the knocker and another player tie for high hand, they divide everything—the pot plus the winnings—equally. An odd chip goes to the knocker.

If you pick up a card from the discard pile, you are not permitted to discard it on the same turn; you must wait till the next.

Optional features

Should you play Knock Poker with deuces wild? With a joker? With the various "freak hands" called cats, dogs, skeets, etc. which are popular here and there? Go ahead if you like, but you won't need them to make Knock Poker a faster poker game than you ever played before. In fact, the regular hands run so high that these additions tend to clutter up the game unnecessarily.

However, there are a few bonus features that increase the possible winnings and are worth using:

For knocking and winning without drawing a card (that is, on the first round). Even players who dropped out pay the two chips extra. But if the knocker loses, he pays only the usual penalties. *Bonus of two chips.*

For knocking before having drawn any card (that is, on the first round), then drawing from the pile, and winning. This bonus does not apply if you knock and then pick up the previous discard. *Bonus of one chip.*

For winning with a royal flush. *Bonus of four chips.*

For winning with any other straight flush. *Bonus of two chips.*

For winning with four of a kind. *Bonus of one chip.* #

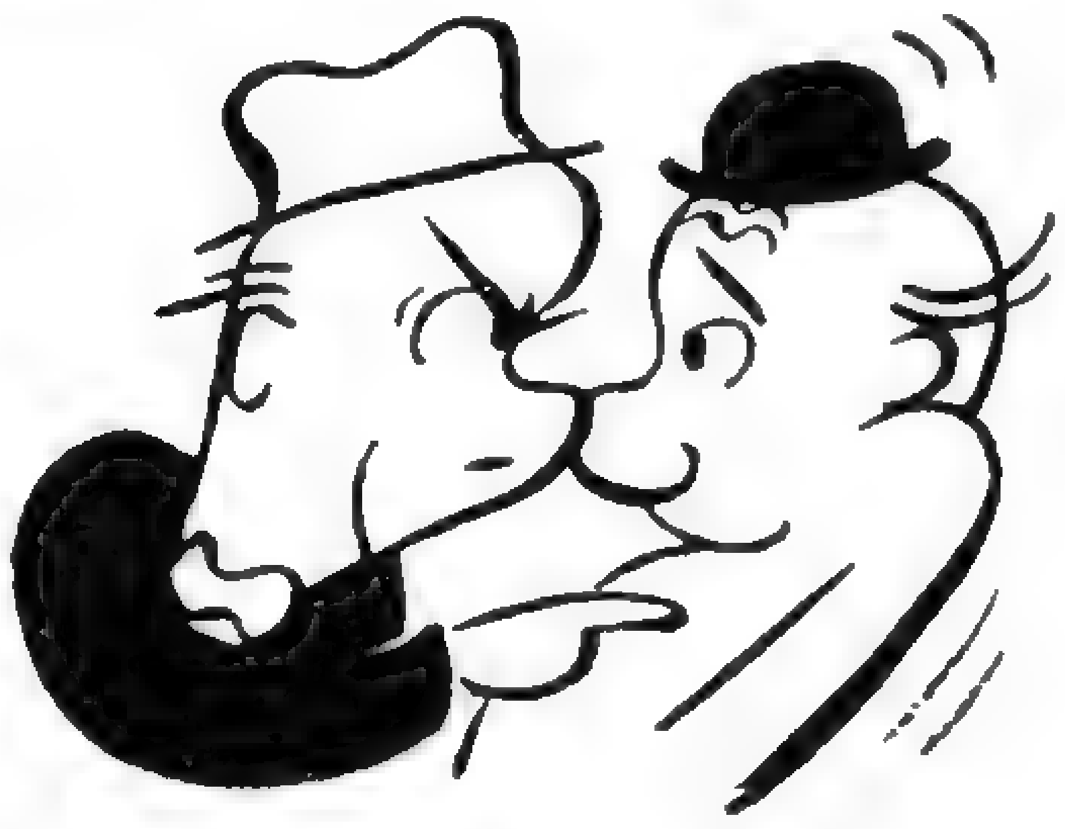
Continued from page 66

"Yes, officer, I slugged him!"

1. I am stooping over to pick up a nickel, when "bang" . . . I bust every button on my shorts. That is when this character steps up and says:

2. "Excuse me, brother, but Gripper fasteners end button-bother. Why, 9 out of 10 pairs of men's woven shorts had them before the war. They are neat, dependable, laundry-proof and they never come off. And . . ."

3. "Gripper fasteners?" I ask him. "Yeah," he says, "you can always tell 'em by the trademark *Gripper* stamped right in the fastener." "Where can I buy 'em?" I inquire.



4. "Oh," says he, "you can't!" Right then, officer, I let him have it. Yeah . . . I guess I *should* have figured that the folks who make Grippers would still be busy with war work. But what a relief it will be when I can get Gripper fasteners on my shorts again!

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Frances and the Golden Brew

Continued from page 87

we're at war is no excuse for lowering our standards . . . All right, start pouring."

I had opened one of the bottles of beer.

The last drop gurgled out and I shook the bottle.

"Quite a touch you have, Lieutenant," Frances said. "Don't stop now."

"What do you mean," I said, "don't stop?"

"That's hardly enough to wet my whistle," the mule said.

I opened a second bottle and poured it in.

"Looks beautiful," said Frances, "just beautiful. Go ahead. Not very nice to make me urge you."

I poured three more bottles into the bucket, Frances watching my every move. Foam was coming close to the top when I emptied the last one.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Lovely," said Frances, "just lovely. Now your drink, Lieutenant."

"My drink?" I said.

"Aren't you joining me?" asked the mule.

"Joining you!" I felt that it was definitely improper for an officer to mingle with enlisted personnel in such intimacies as drinking.

"Come on down off your high horse, Lieutenant," Frances said. "You look like you really need a drink."

I opened a bottle.

"Mud in your eye," said Frances. The mule took a long drink. I sipped my bottle. It tasted very fine.

"Very good," I said, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

Frances raised her eyes to the sky, swept them over the clouds. "There's something missing, Lieutenant," the mule said, "something definitely missing."

"What's missing?" I asked. I was on my second bottle and didn't much care.

"You know, Lieutenant." The mule was looking at the bucket. "That beer would taste better if it had just a touch of whiskey in it."

"Whiskey!" I said in amazement. "In beer! I never heard of such a thing."

"And you a commissioned officer!" said Frances. "Beer and whiskey is one of the oldest drinks in the Army. We call it a 'boilermaker'."

"Won't it hurt the beer?" I asked.

"No," Frances said, "nor the whiskey, if you want to get technical about it."

I opened the first bottle of Old Grandad, poured a little into the bucket.

"You have a very light touch," said Frances, watching the angle of the bottle as I measured it into the bucket.

I poured in a quarter of the

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bottle's contents and stopped.

"A dash more will hold it" said the mule.

I complied.

Frances wiped the foam from her lips with her tongue. Her brown eyes were quite wide and she blinked them rapidly. "Fit for a king," the mule said. "Or even the C. G. himself. Now you might pour a slug in your glass, Lieutenant."

I poured four fingers into my beer.

Frances lowered her head. I took a long drink.

"What a brew," said Frances when I put the glass down.

The mule seemed friendly. Suddenly it came to me how fond I was of the animal.

"You're a nice creature, Frances," I said.

The mule took another long drink, then looked at me. "I like you too." Frances said. "In fact, I like you tremendously."

"You know what we need?" I said.

"No, Lieutenant, what do we need?"

"Another drink."

"You're sharp today, Lieutenant," Frances said. "Right on the old ball. Yes, sir. On the nose."

I filled the bucket with beer.

"Slug her pretty," said Frances.

"How's that?" I tilted the bottle.

"A man of judgment," nodded the mule.

"Here's to you." I lifted my glass.

"Likewise." Frances ducked into the bucket.

"I think I'll feel better sitting down," I said, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand.

"Even in Burma that's allowed," the mule approved.

I backed up to the jeep and sat. Somehow I missed. I came down hard.

"Did you move that veh . . . vehic . . . (hic) . . . jeep?" I demanded.

"Certainly not," Frances said. "I was . . . (hic) . . . five feet away."

"You did too."

"How can you make such accusations, Lieutenant? You know I love you." Sorrow clouded the mule's eyes.

I felt ashamed of myself. "I'm sorry, Frances. I'm terribly, terribly sorry. I shouldn't have suggested such a thing. I feel awful about it. Will you forgive me, ol' pal, ol' pal?"

There were tears in the mule's brown eyes. "Forgive you, Lieutenant? Forgive you! Why, we're buddies. You and I together, one for all and all for one . . . (hic) . . . Forgive you! . . . I love you . . . Of course I forgive you."

"Friendship's a wonderful thing," I said.

"Makes the world go round," agreed Frances.

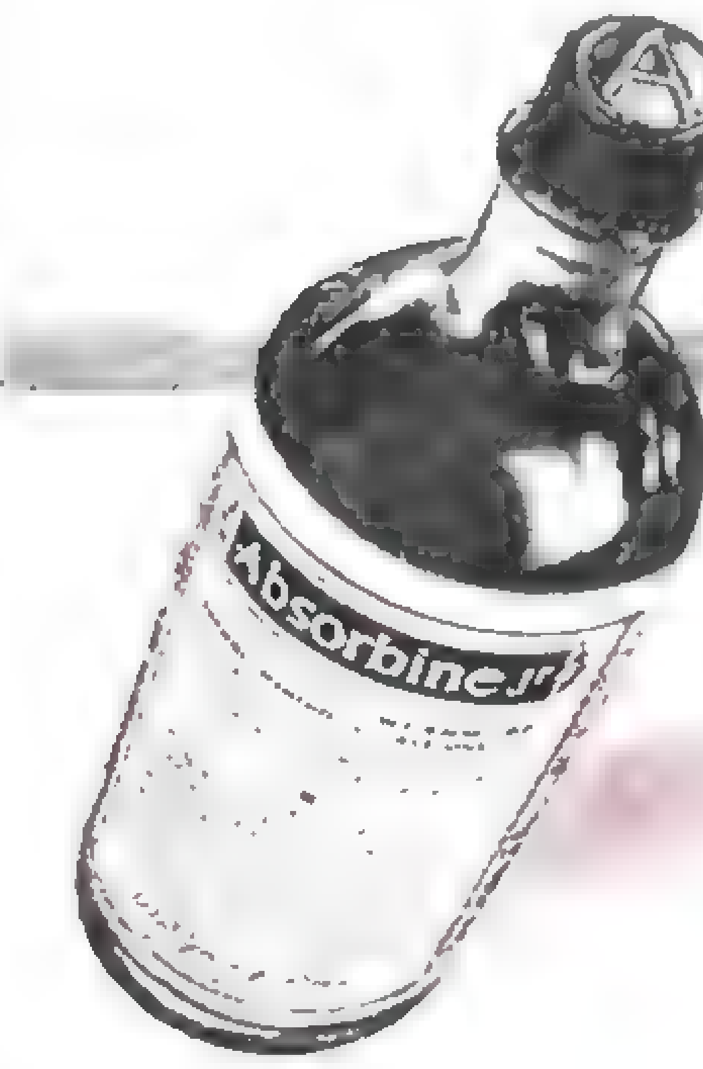
"What'll we drink to?"

"To the war," said Frances emphatically.

"What war?"

"The war . . . (hic) . . . we're

Continued on page 160



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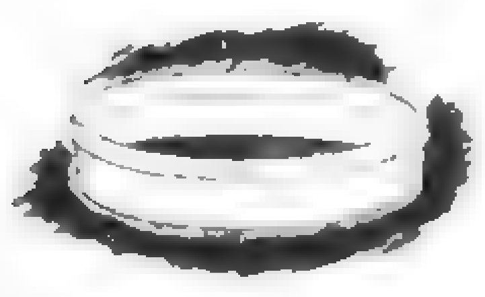

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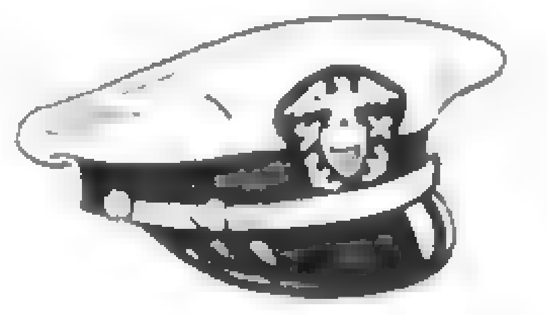

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Frances and the Golden Brew

Continued from page 159

fighting," said the mule firmly.

"Oh, that war. Shure . . . Shhhure. Fine war. Shure. Bottoms up."

"Loootenant," said Frances, "I think you're . . . (hic) . . . I think you're drunk."

"Don't be redi . . . redic . . . Don't be . . . (hic) . . . silly."

"I . . . (hic) . . . mean it," said Frances.

"No," I said, "I'm perfectly sober. Sober as a . . . (hic) . . . judge."

"Try standing up," the mule suggested.

"Oh no you don't," I said.

"Why not?" asked the mule.

"I just don't . . . (hic) . . . feel like standing up. But that doesn't mean I'm drunk."

"'Course it doesn't, Looey, 'course it doesn't. You're all . . . (hic) . . . right. Who's all right? Looey's all right. An' don't try to argue with me. I don't like to be argued with, see."

"I wasn't arguing," I said.

"Well, don't!" warned the mule again.

I was feeling sleepy. I was feeling terribly sleepy.

"I think," I said, "I'll take a little . . . (hic) . . . snooze."

"Don't you dare," said Frances. "I'd be all alone."

"Goodnight . . . (hic) . . . Franie Wanie," I mumbled.

I struggled back to consciousness. Reluctantly I opened one eye. A blockbuster exploded in my head and flame shooters were playing games directly in front of me.

"Where am I?" I groaned.

"Right where you were three hours ago," a voice said.

"Who's that?"

"Frances, who did you think it was?"

I sat up and opened my eyes. The earth was spinning at a terrific clip. Fog horns were challenging surf bells between my ears.

"Where are you, Frances?" I asked.

"Right here."

"I can't see you."

"You're leaning against me," said the mule in a hoarse voice. "Look around."

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Almost five o'clock."

"Five o'clock! I'm . . . (hic) . . . ruined," I said. "I'm completely and unutterably ruined!"

"You're drunk," said Frances. "But I wouldn't say you were ruined."

"I am," I said. I began to cry. Tears splashed down my cheeks. I licked them with my tongue. "My poor family, disgraced," I wept on. "My career ruined."

"A second lieutenant's career ruined?" said Frances. "Impossible!"

"Nobody cares about me," I wailed.

"Suppose you tell me what's

"Next time
I'll know better
Mr. D . . ."

"Mister, didn't your mother teach you *anything* about getting along with women?

"Why don't you use Mum?

"Do you think women admire underarm odor in a man, or something? *They don't!*

"Or do you think being a man makes you immune to underarm odor? It doesn't!

". . . it's about time you learned that people who get along with other people are considerate! They guard against underarm odor. Better use Mum, Mr. D!"

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the matter," said the mule.

"I have to make a speech tonight."

"A speech?" said Frances.

"That's . . . (hic) . . . right."

"Lieutenant, you're not ruined. You're saved."

"But you don't understand," I wept, "I'm supposed to speak at the general's . . . (hic) . . . Corps Dinner."

"The C. G. himself?"

"That's right."

"Hmf," said Frances. "We'd better do something about that. Can you drive the jeep?"

"Drive the . . . (hic) . . . jeep? I can't even see it!"

"Can you stand up?"

"I'll try," I said. I struggled to my feet. Burma was rocking all over the place. I sat down hard.

"That won't work," said the mule. "I'll have to carry you back to your quarters."

"You're wonderful," I said. "I love you, Frances."

"Calm down, Lieutenant. We have to work this thing out."

"I can't leave the jeep here," I said.

"You can if it's broken," the mule stated.

"But it isn't broken."

"It will be."

There was a loud crash and it was followed by the sound of falling metal.

"What happened?" I yelled.

"Nothing," said Frances. "I just kicked the jeep where it would do the most good."

"Are you hurt?"

"Of course not," said the mule. "Now we've got to throw these bottles away in case anyone comes around."

"That's easy," I said. "I'll throw them." I reached out, grabbed a bottle and threw it as far as I could.

"Ouch!" said the mule.

"What's the matter?"

"That bottle you threw hit me."

"It couldn't have," I said, "I threw it in the other direction."

"Well, it hurt anyway. Watch where you're throwing. Or better still, aim at me. Then I'll be safe."

I threw bottles all over the place. The woods surrounded us, but I seemed to have trouble hitting them. Twice I landed bottles in the jeep. Frances made me fetch them out and throw again.

I did the whole thing crawling and sitting down.

"All right?" I asked.

"It'll have to do," said Frances. "Now, climb on my back."

"Maybe a drink might help me," I suggested.

"Lieutenant," said the mule, "do you remember what I just did to the jeep?"

"Yes."

"Then climb on my back."

I caught hold of the mule's tail and started pulling myself up.

"Not that way!" yelled Frances. "I'm sensitive back there. Climb up my side."

"Is this better?" I asked, hoisting myself up the flank and sprawling all over the mule.

"Fine." The mule started off as

Continued on page 162

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Frances and the Golden Brew

Continued from page 161

I called, "Wait just a minute."

"What's the matter now?" asked Frances.

"I fell off. Come on back here. You must be a little . . . (hic) . . . drunk yourself."

"Nothing of the sort," said Frances, returning. "I'm just full of . . . (hic) . . . confidence. Climb on again, Lieutenant . . . All set?"

"All set."

I felt a tilt of the mule's back and realized Frances was going downhill.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Keep your eyes shut and hold on," said the mule.

"Look," I pointed out, "we're more than . . . (hic) . . . five miles from the post. You'll never get me back in time."

"If we cross the chasm we'll make it," said Frances, keeping on going.

"But that's suicide," I said.

"It will be if you don't keep your eyes closed and hold on."

"Are you going to . . . (hic) . . . fly?"

"Don't ask so many questions, Lieutenant."

The mule was bouncing unmercifully. I clung on, knowing that if I opened my eyes I'd fall.

Suddenly the animal stopped.

"This ought to help solve your problem." Frances bucked.

I felt myself sailing through the air. I screamed and opened my eyes. I saw a flash of clouds.

Then I was under water.

I'd been thrown head first into the river at the bottom of the chasm. It was cold. It was dirty. I came to the surface and spit out. Then I coughed. Then I spit some more. I was furious.

"You dirty, filthy scum!" I screamed.

"Me, or the stuff you have in your mouth?" the mule asked, standing on the bank looking at me.

"You!" I roared. "Wait till I get my hands . . . (hic) . . . on you. I'll pulverize you. I'll . . ."

"Duck your head under and hold it there," ordered Frances.

"I will like . . ."

"Duck your head!"

I went under.

"How do you feel now?" asked the mule as I rose to the surface.

"Terrible," I said.

"Climb on my back. We haven't any time to waste."

I climbed on.

My speech had been prepared well in advance. I faced the room filled with officers confidently.

Then I hiccoughed. It was a small burp, but it threw me off.

I was overcome with gratitude to Frances for all she had done for me. I felt that I must tell these officers about my dear friend.

I'm writing this back in the psychopathic ward. The nurses here all call me by my first name now. I'm an habitué. #

Continued from page 87

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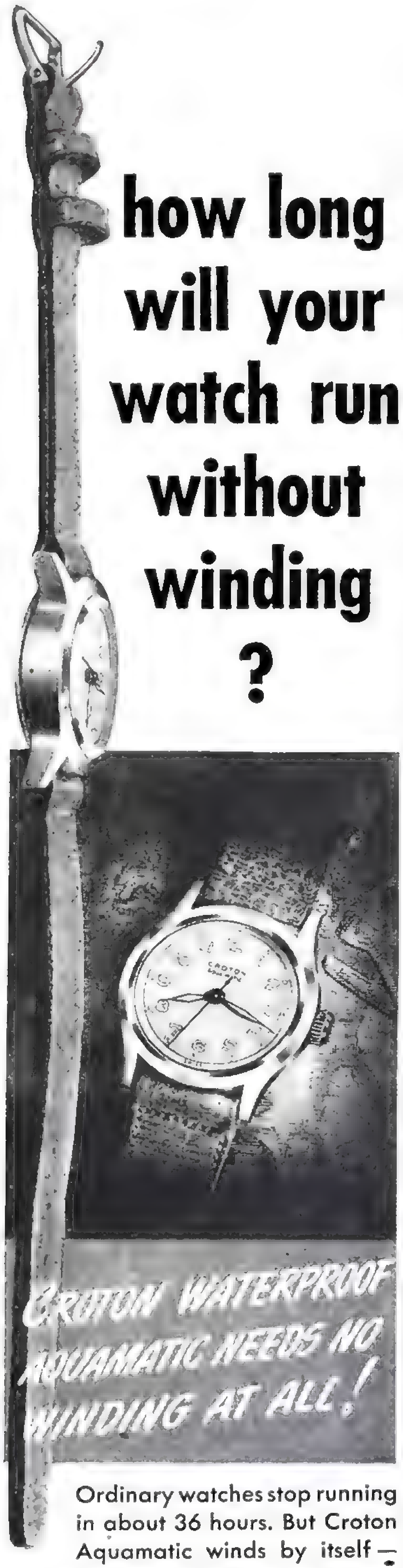
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Croton SELF-WINDING

WATERPROOF AQUAMATIC

This Man's World

Continued from page 42

who he was when the officer said, "You look a lot like Streicher..."

Any penny-a-line pulp writer could think up better disguises or more practical methods of evading capture, at least for a longer time, than that evolved by Himmler, especially considering the secret empire he had at his command. He did get away with killing himself, but all that proved was that he had neither the brains nor the guts to stay alive.

So that was the great policeman who terrorized all Europe!

Passing Thought

ONE more passing thought on the German mentality and why he couldn't win a war against America and never will. The grandiose, bombastic name given by the Germans to the rocket-firing anti-tank shoulder weapon, the design which was adapted from ours, was *Panzerfaust*—"armor-fist" or "tank fist."

The Americans called the same weapon "Bazooka," named after a screwy instrument played by radio comedian Bob Burns.

Rhus Toxicodendron

TO the many genial, witty and helpful correspondents who wrote in reply to my cry for help in warding off my annual bout with poison ivy, to those others who sent not only letters but packaged nostrums, salves and medicines, my thanks, *pro tempore*, until I can get around to answering them individually, which I shall. These letters are being collected and studied and in due time the assorted wisdom will be revealed in an article on proposed cures for poison ivy in this place with a listing of those who so generously and gallantly came to my assistance.

In the meantime, I am happy to announce that not only was an incipient case of Rhus Toxicodendron squelched within forty-eight hours by the application of a prescription, but darned if I haven't also been cured of a long and lingering and apparently unassailable case of athlete's foot. Isn't the world beautiful?

Movie Critique

THERE is at the present time, or has been, a movie floating around the country entitled *The Clock*, starring Judy Garland and Robert Walker, and if you take a very quick gander at the opening credit titles, and I mean as quick as possible without breaking your neck, because they don't leave it on long enough for you to blink your eye, you will note that this picture is from an original story for the screen by Paul Gallico and Pauline Gallico which means that the Missus and I collaborated on the tale, from which later on a screen play was written by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank,

Continued on page 164

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The perfume of promise...

JE REVIENS
WORTH

Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)

unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

This Man's World

Continued from page 165

mathematical problem of causing the Universe to function properly in spite of the theory of the bending of Space and Time when He found Himself distracted by a thin, persistent clamoring that ascended out of the Infinite to assail His ears and interfere with the complicated calculations he was conducting.

He summoned His Angel Gabriel and inquired, "Where is that noise coming from? It is interfering with My Work. I am trying to find an error of thirteen trillion light years in one of the outer Galaxies."

The Angel Gabriel replied, "It comes from Earth, oh Lord."

"Earth? What is that?"

"One of Your planets, Lord."

"Ah, yes, I remember. But this noise . . ."

"It is inhabited, Lord, by people."

"Very likely, but I still do not see why . . ."

"They are addressing You, Lord, with prayer and supplication, beseeching You to come to their assistance . . ."

The Lord God of All laid down His golden calipers and stylus and said, "Indeed. And how long has this been going on?"

"But a brief second, Lord, since first Your Presence became manifest to man on earth."

"Hm. I thought I had not noticed it before. Has anything been done about all these requests?"

"No, Lord. You were occupied with other matters, the creation of . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know. Still it is neither just nor merciful that these prayers should go unanswered. They are My people. See that for one day and one night on earth their petitions be granted."

The Angel Gabriel coughed deprecatingly. "Lord, if I might suggest . . ."

But the Lord God of All was already returning to His work, pausing only to say, "Now Gabriel . . . A brief moment here must be many thousands of years on earth. They have waited a long time for an answer to their supplications. As of this instant, and during the course of one revolution of the earth upon its axis, all requests made in My name are granted."

"Yes, Lord."

The next day, the Lord God of All worked far beyond the time usually devoted to the mathematics of the Universe. He had reduced the error to a mere three hundred and sixty billion light years, and was feeling pleased. A shadow fell across the page as the Angel Gabriel passed, and the Lord God of All paused in His labors.

"Ah," He said, "this peace and quiet. It is really Heavenly." He paused as though He were listening and then added, "It really is unusually quiet, you know. Only yesterday I was complaining that

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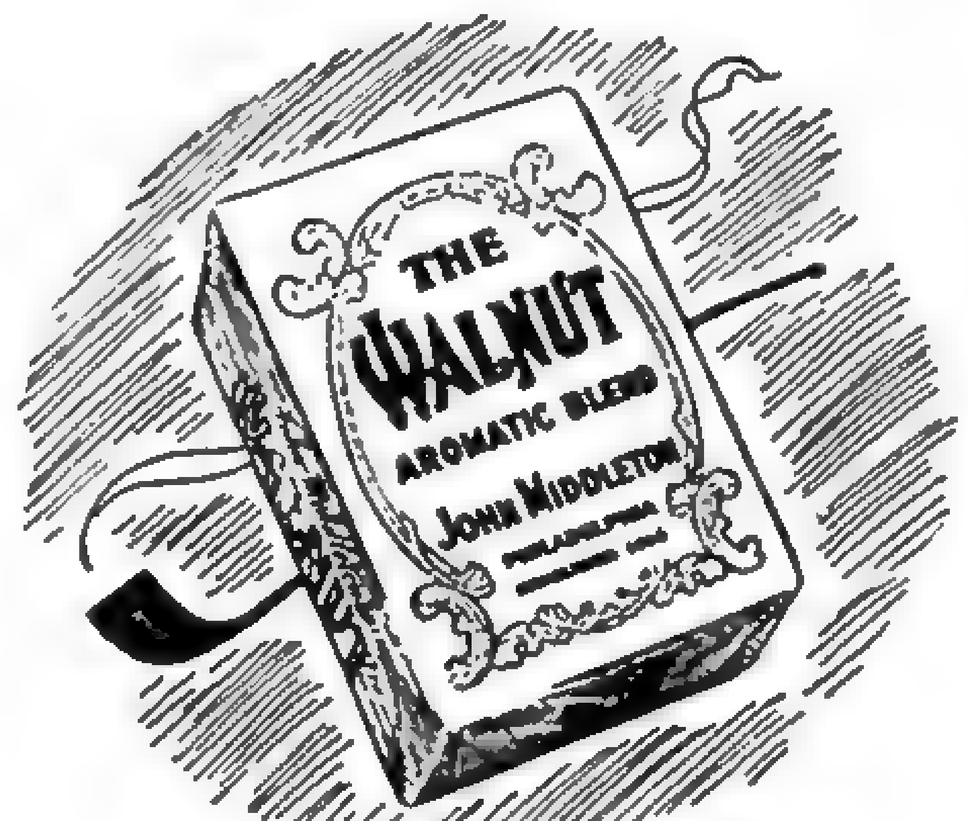

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. . . but of course, I remember now. That persistent clamoring from the planet you said was called Earth. I do not hear it now."

"Yes, Lord."

"They must be very happy there on earth now that all their prayers are granted, a superior people who are contented and beseech and importune no longer."

"No, Lord."

"Gabriel, what is this 'Yes, Lord, no, Lord,'? Is there something wrong? You can hear for yourself there is no sound coming up from Earth."

The Angel Gabriel hesitated and then coughed again. "That is true, Lord. It is indeed quiet. Earth and its people as it was once known is no longer."

The eyes of the Lord God of All flashed. "Gabriel! What does this mean? What have you been up to? I ordered that all their prayers be . . ."

"Yes, Lord. Your instructions were carried out. The peoples and the nations prayed destruction upon one another, Lord. They asked You to damn, to punish and to annihilate . . ."

The Lord of All was silent, and the Angel Gabriel took it as a signal to continue.

"We listened to every supplication, cry and importunity, every invocation, petition and prayer. They came in many languages and addressed You by many names and aliases by which You are known to them. Individuals asked You to remove rivals, husbands damned wives, groups begged You to punish other groups, political parties invoked Your assistance in eliminating opposite parties, sects beseeched Your aid in obliterating those who did not think or believe as they, races allied themselves with You in their work of exterminating neighbor races, tribes called upon their God to do violence upon their opponents, leaders of nations pleaded with You to send their adversaries to hell, whole nations implored the ruination, ravaging and desolation of other nations. Nothing remains. The prayers of all have been granted."

The Lord God of All said, "Hmmmm!" Then He inquired, "Is there anything left?"

The Angel Gabriel replied, "In a ruined city, a mother and son were starving. She prayed that she might be taken in order that his life might be spared. Deep in a forest a savage burned leaves before a carved idol and begged for fertility. She was granted a daughter. That is all."

The Lord God of All mused, "One man and one woman . . ." He turned to the Angel Gabriel and asked, "Wasn't that where we began the last time?"

The Angel replied, "Ahem! Practically, Lord."

The Lord God of All sighed. "Well," He said, "let them try again . . ." and picking up the golden stylus and calipers He returned once more to His cosmic calculations. ⧻

Continued from page 42

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Old Man Mischief

Continued from page 47

seemed like every time somebody bucked up against him they got hurt. Mind you, Hezekiah never once challenged any of our boys. No, it was jest the sight of him, an old duff like him, doin the work of a young jack an remarkin how the breed was better in the old days—it was this that always goaded our boys on to their misfortune. That's how Big John Simmons came to take his foot off with an ax, fer instance—tryin to match himself against Hezekiah at cuttin firewood, jest watchin the old boy make the chips fly like rain, an thinkin he could do a whole lot better.

Real trouble was, one incident like that was always leadin on to a lot more. There was always another lad to come along an say, "That old coot? Let *me* show him." An it ud cost the lad a hand er a foot. Of course, the gals had somethin to do with it, too, the way they was always eggin on the lads to show up Hezekiah—an specially Agatha Dean.

Ayeh, prettiest gal in the north country, though folks thought her mighty hard-nosed for drivin poor Samson Meade outa town with a broken heart. Folks said she had too high an opinion of herself, but old Hezekiah, with his compliments, kept encouragin the young lady to think well of herself. Those two, they became thickern pine gum, Agatha always takin sides with the old man.

"Goodness," she'd say, "what's the matter with the men of this town? Can't none of you lads keep up with a little old rheumatic like Mr. Ingrim?" Worse'n a buzz saw she was, the way she'd taunt all us young chaps.

He sure was hard luck, one way or another. This hand I seen you so curious about. Well, I'm splittin kindlin one mornin in thirty-below weather an, careless-like, I aint wearin gloves. Along comes Hezekiah shiverin an complainin of the cold. I look up for a second —I who could handle an ax in my sleep—to josh him. Down I comes hard on the block I was holdin an takes off two fingers neat as you please.

About this time the womenfolk finally got to turnin on Hezekiah, an especially the gals. He was changin the country into a hant of cripples. One after another we was losing valuable parts of our anatomy to that old coot, an it didn't look like one young man hereabouts was goin to be left complete. Folks got to callin him Old Man Mischief an droppin little hints about how much better he might like it somewhere else. They'd say fer instance that the pay was a lot better up chain-of-ponds way.

Hezekiah ud come right back, "Well why ain't none of you hard noses got gumption enough to take up some of them fine prospects yerselves?"

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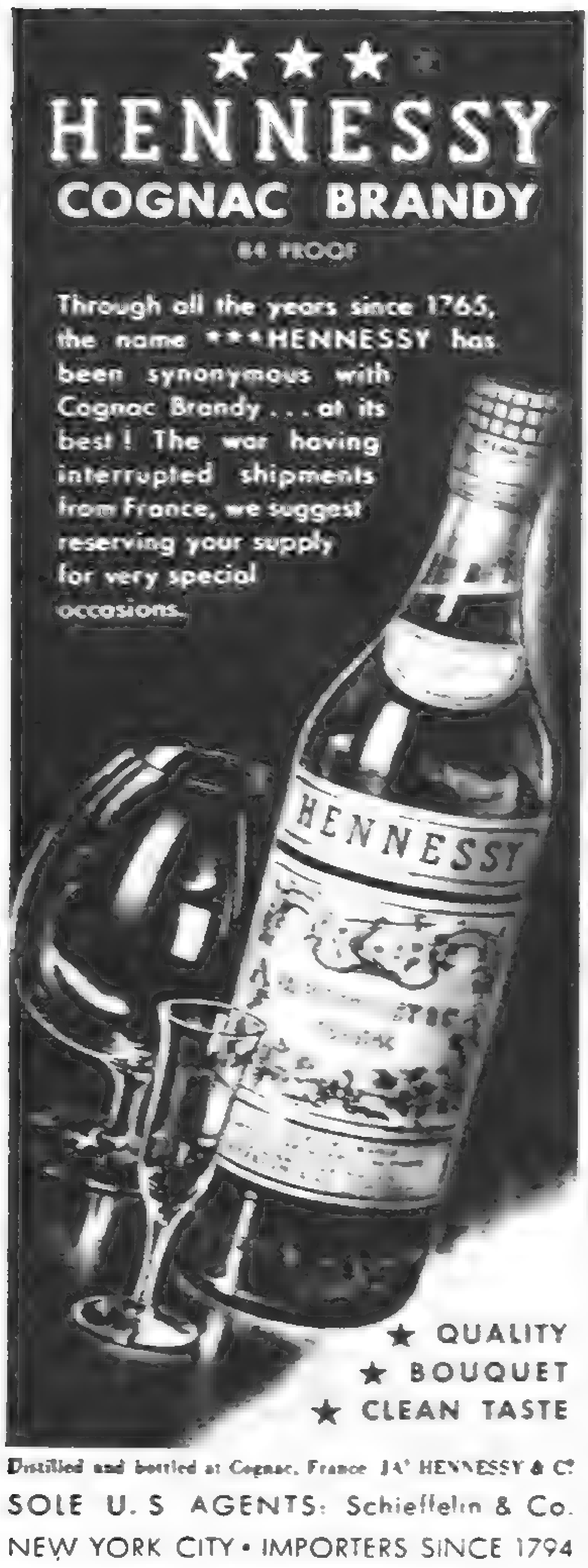
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ment. No use. An things got worsen worse. Whenever he'd hang around a cook shack the food was sure to spoil. Even Ma Wicks, best cook hereabouts, couldn't get biscuits to rise if Hezekiah was in the kitchen. If you was fishin an Hezekiah'd come along, you'd catch nothin but bottom while he'd pull out trout fast as he could cast. Another funny thing. No dog'd ever go near him, an cats'd slink away, though he never abused them. Let him come up to give a team a piece of sugar an they'd rear up an plunge aroun and wouldn't quiet down till he left.

One day Ma Wicks (she had a tongue that cut like a buggy whip) cornered him on the street an accused him straight out of castin a spell on our town.

"Why, mam," says Hezekiah politely, an actin real surprised, "such talk is fit only fer the State of Massachusetts where they used to burn poor old women for witches."

"Yer hard luck," Ma Wicks comes back, "an we don't want you around here causin all our young lads to be maimed."

"Heh, heh," cackles Hezekiah in that queer way of his. "Never did see such a bunch of mush muscles. You got to have one real man here in town."

Now Hezekiah said this in an offhand way, jokin an out of the side of his mouth. But when we talked it over later in Jud Dean's store (he's Agatha's father), we begun speculatin about what Old Man Mischief meant.

"The only way to shake him from this town," says Ed Watson, "is to outdo him. He ain't goin till one of us proves he's a better man than Hezekiah Ingrim."

Well, that's what all us lads was achin to prove anyhow. An where did it get us? A week later Ed Watson himself bust his guts tryin to lift the butt end of a big spruce log, an three other jacks got themselves shorn of fingers or toes. What's more, every blessed chicken in Musquacook stopped layin eggs, an Walt Richardson's barn burned down an he lost a nice herd of Ayrshires an we was all without milk and butter for a long time.

In our part of the State of Maine we are kindy delicate about tryin to influence the course of true love, but there was no way out. The gals begun to stir a ferment with Agatha Dean, they start plaguin her to write Samson Meade a letter to come back to Musquacook. Although Samson was no man fer studies, he was sure a mighty man in the woods an on the water. Ayeh, he was the last hope for outdoin Old Man Mischief an shamin him outa Musquacook.

But that hard-nosed Agatha—! The Boston lawyer was due up in the summer again for fishin, an Agatha was aimin to get the question outa him this time. So Agatha ud just shrug her shoulders an say Samson was no concern of hers. Caused some of the

Continued on page 170

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Old Man Mischief

Continued from page 169

women to talk real sassy to Agatha, but she was hardernosed than any of them.

So then there was talk of taking a rope to Old Man Mischief, cept that it was jest talk, since we come of real Abolitionist stock up here in the north an don't believe in ropes.

Well, it got so that we'd gather every night in Jud Dean's store to hear the day's bad news like folks go to look at casualty lists in a World War. There wasn't a gal in Musquacook who didn't cry herself to sleep in fear of what might befall her own young man next.

An where was that little old flea gettin the strength to outdo every manjack of us in Musquacook anyhow? That's somethin to think about.

One day we are standin in Jud's store again an discussin the newest calamity—Walter Niles got his shoulder crushed by a fallin tree--when who should strut in like a bull moose an actin like he owned the entire State of Maine, but Samson Meade!

You coulda knocked us over with a pine needle. Samson spots Agatha behind the counter and lets out a whoop that shook a lot of canned goods off the shelf an four bolts of calico. Then he lifts her clear over the counter and kisses her flush on the mouth, which is a pretty forward thing to do in the State of Maine. Agatha acts kindy stunned fer a second, then fetches him one across the face you coulda heard clear down to Bangor.

Samson shakes his head an stutters, "B-b-but you sent fer me, Agatha!"

"Why you stuck-up lunkhead, what ever gave you that idea?"

Samson fumbles in his jeans an pulls out a letter he received over in New Brunswick an that one of the strawbosses, educated feller, read for him. It was full of sweet sentiments an by the tone of it Samson had every occasion to kiss Agatha like he did. But Agatha looks at the letter an says, "Any man that could read would know that's not my handwritin, but was written by someone else who had the nerve to sign 'Agatha.' "

Gettin Samson back to Musquacook was a step in the right direction, but Samson was in no mind to do anything but mope like a sick calf. We kept tellin him all those strange things about Hezekiah an showin him our wounds an tryin to heat him up. No use. The lad was interested in dyin maybe, but not in anything else.

Finally, though, we got help from nobody but Hezekiah himself. From hearin so much about Samson bein the best man in the whole north country, he begun takin a deep interest in Samson, like you er me workin up agitation about a twelve-pound trout that is supposed to be hangin around

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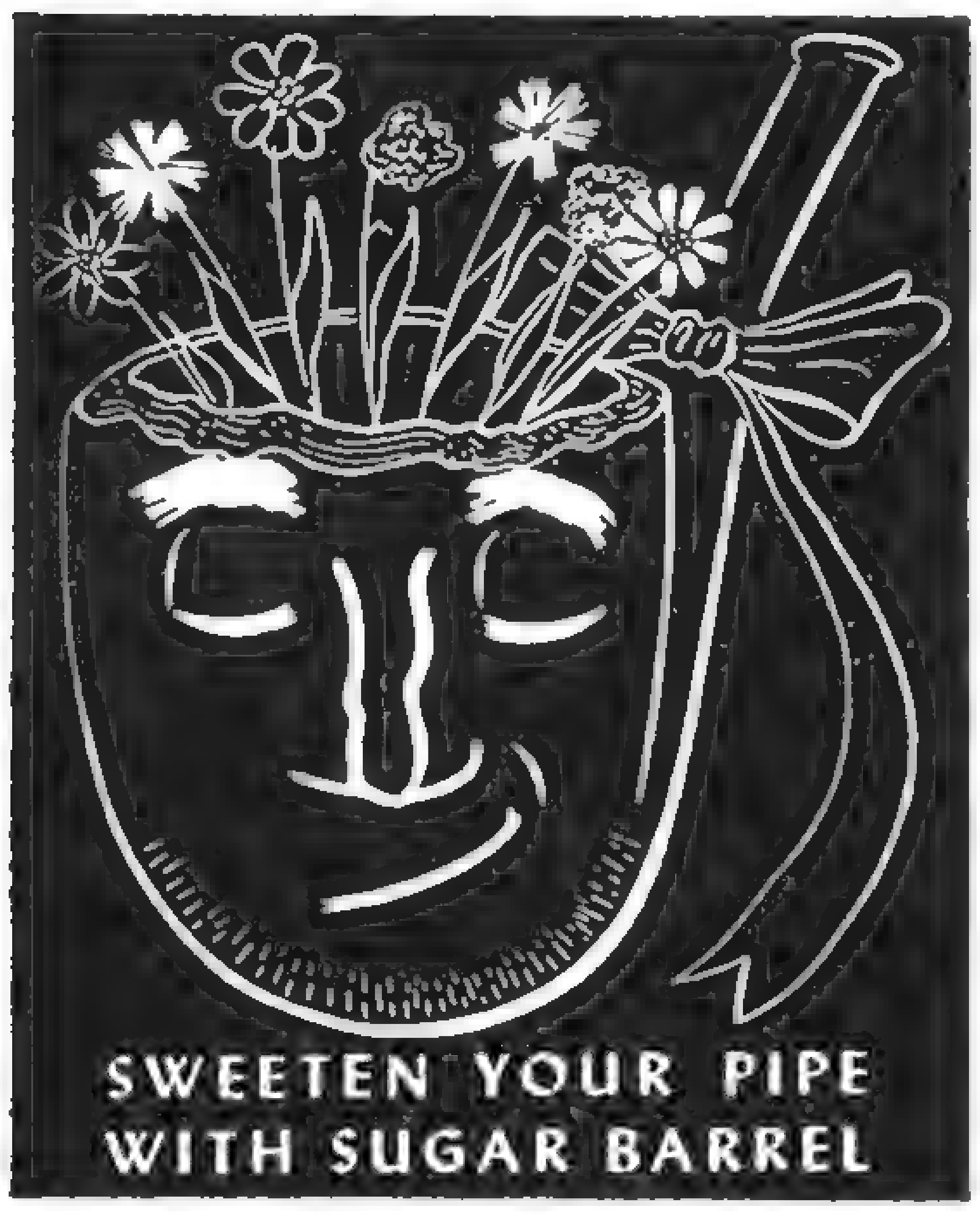
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in our favorite stream. So Hezekiah starts makin up to Samson, cheerin him with little jokes and invitin him to go fishin an huntin with him, an sech-like.

Samson was glad fer the company, but too lovesick to pay mind to anythin else. Hezekiah would try his same old stunt of groanin about his rheumatics an then knockin down a spruce with one hand. Samson wouldn't even see.

Well, one day they was out fishin together, but in separate canoes, an a shower comes up. Both had good catches, so they come in. Sudden-like Hezekiah starts settin a fast pace. Samson wasn't conscious of no race between em, but pushes a bit to keep up with the old man jest fer company's sake. Soon Hezekiah is paddlin so hard his canoe is standin right up in the water, creatin wakes like ocean waves.

This time Old Man Mischief is really workin—an Samson don't hardly have his senses with him. But when they hit the beach there wasn't a gnat's eye difference between em. Mind you, this was the first time any lad of ours had come through without losing to Hezekiah!

Samson gets out of his canoe with no knowledge of what he's done. Happened though that Agatha Dean was down on the beach watchin like the rest of us. An when Samson steps out foot fer foot with Hezekiah, she kindy drops her eyes an says, "Why Samson—!" That was all she said, but you could see the sun rise in the face of Samson Meade.

Hezekiah, though—all he does is give a squinty little smile, like when a big one suddenly starts nibblin at your bait.

Well, sir, you shoulda seen them two out in the woods after that, fellin trees together er sawin up logs er haulin big timber outa the brush. For the first time, Old Man Mischief had real competition on his hands, an never was so much work done by two men in the State of Maine, which is no place for slouches anyhow. Samson Meade with a purpose was a mighty impressive man, but so was Hezekiah, for all his groanin an complainin. But ax fer ax, they always came out even. Samson never topped Hezekiah, but Hezekiah never outdid Samson. The whole north country was talkin about it.

Week after week this went on. Then the log jam came.

I don't have to tell you about log jams. The hard truth is there's jest no undoin em till you find the key logs an tear em loose. Well, this one happened soon after we started the drive, an she plugged the river hard an tight just below the outlet. Mighty fast water it was, an it piled them logs highern a house, with a great torrent bustin over the top. It was real ticklish to work out there. If the jam ever broke with us on it, we'd be goners.

We all worked on it, but none

Continued on page 172

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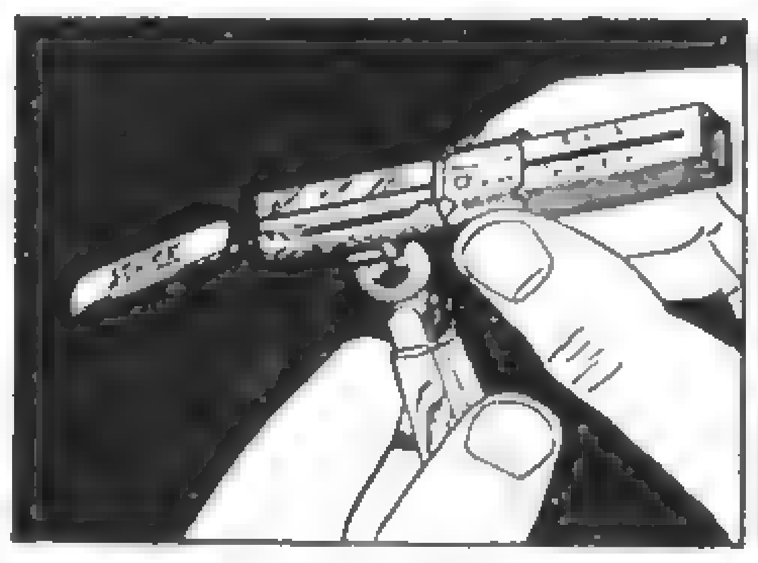

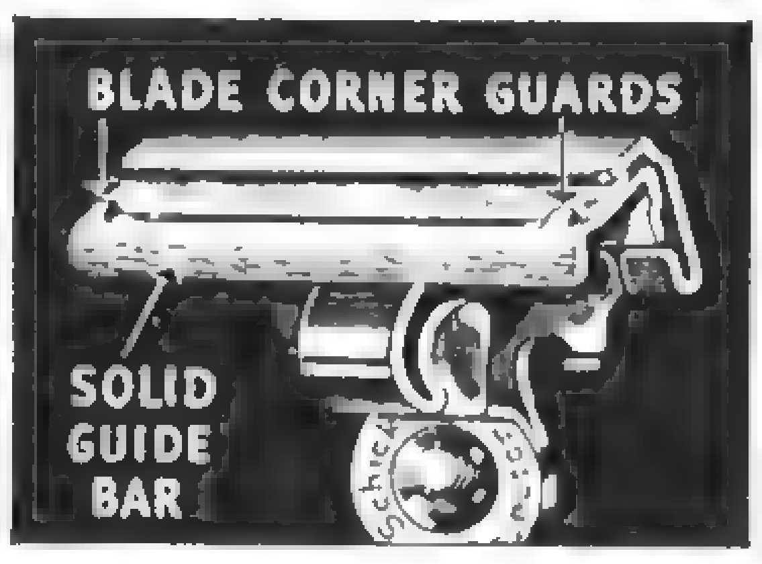

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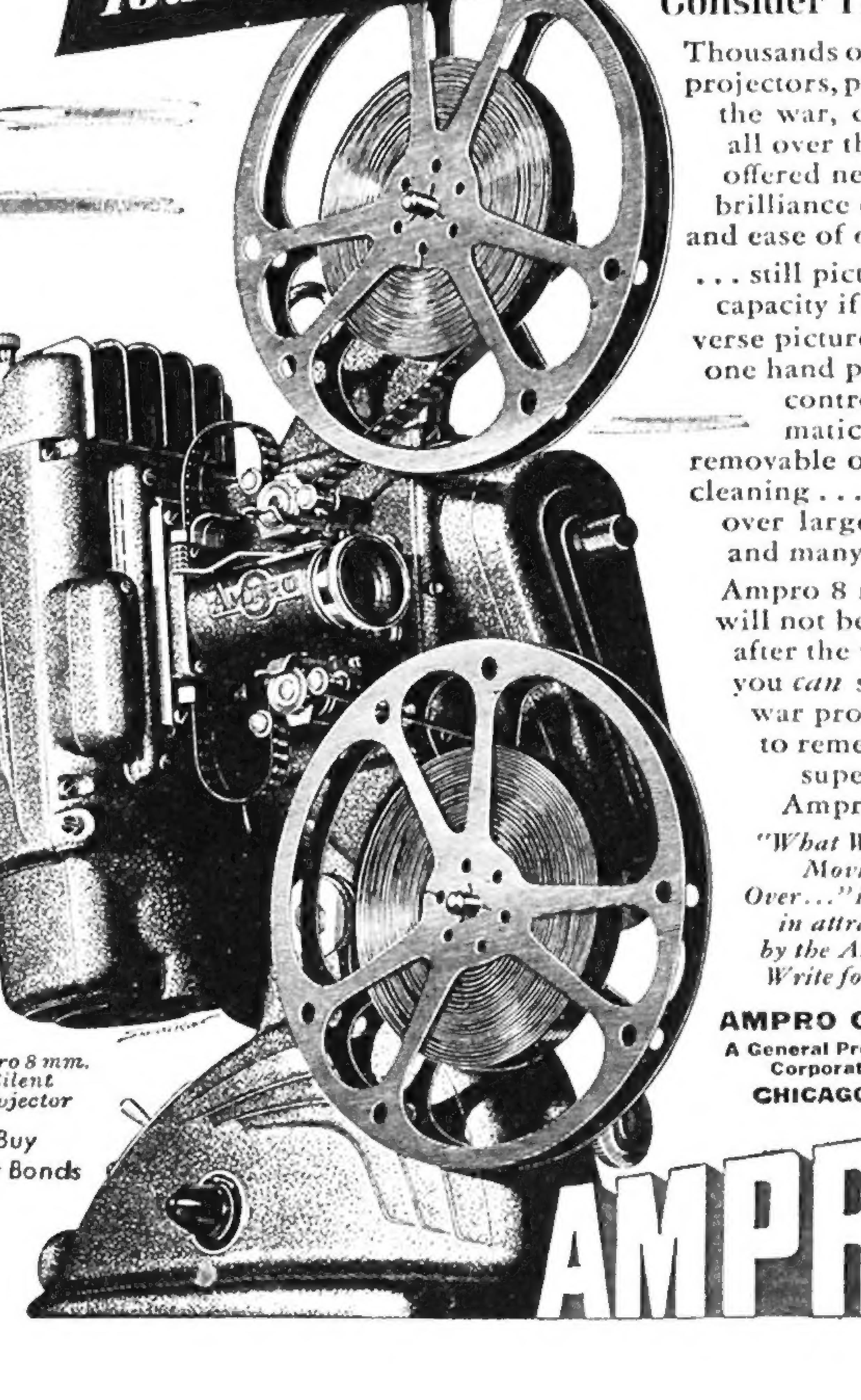

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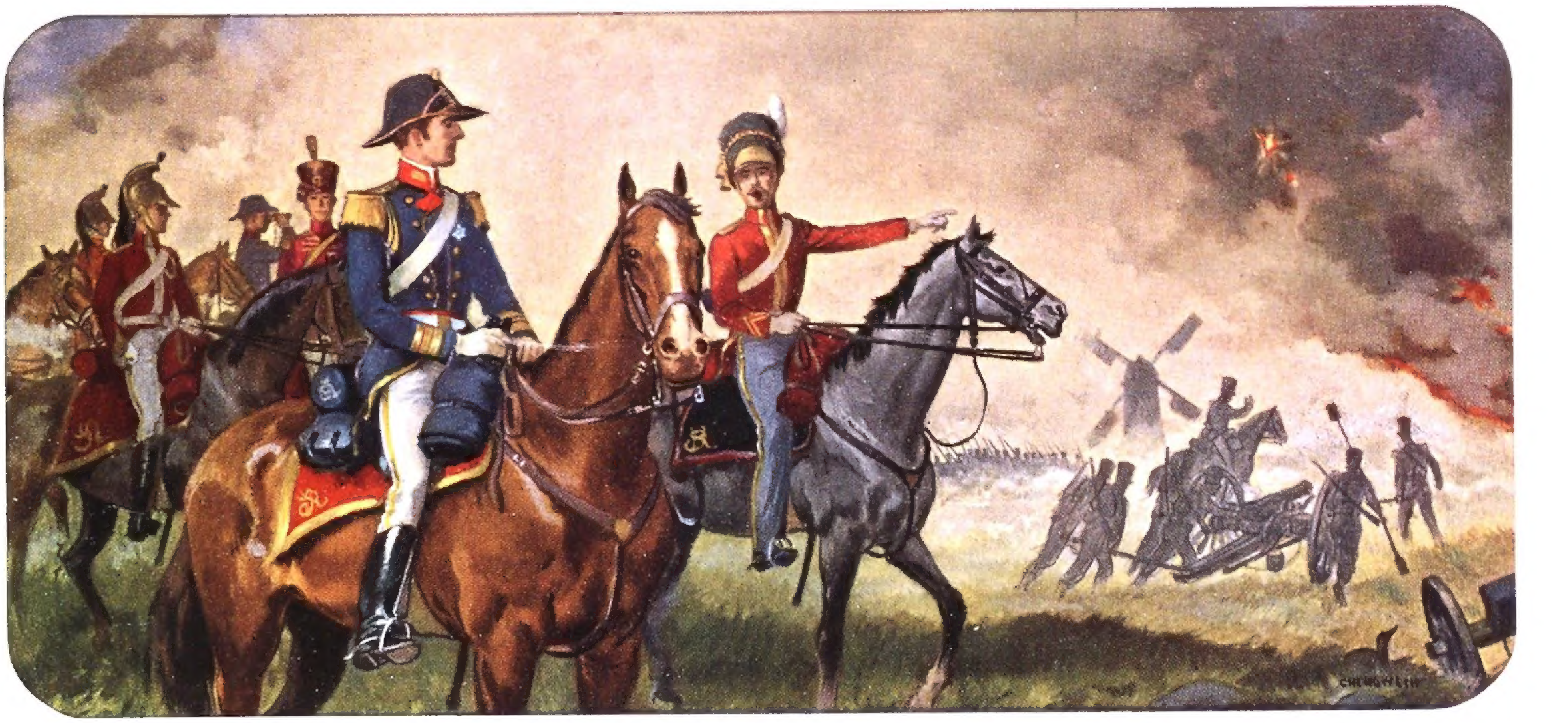

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